DIANA KRALL
THE GIRL IN THE OTHER ROOM

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Stop This World

Words & Music by Mose Allison

Slow and bluesy $\frac{\text{b}}{\text{a}} = 78$

N.C.

Stop this world,
let me off,
there's
just too many pigs in the same trough,
there's too many buzzards
sit-tin' on the fence, stop this world it's started

making sense. Stop this show.

hold the phone better days this girl has known.

Better days so long ago hold the phone won't you
stop this show. Well it seems my little play-house is a-fallen down

I think my little ship has run a-ground feel like I'm in the

wrong place, my state of mind is a disgrace. So won't you

stop this game, deal me out I know too well what it's
all about__ I know too well that it had to be,

stop this game well it's ruinin' me

piano solo
got too smart for my own good. I just don't do the things I know I should. There's bound to be some better way I just got one thing more to say and that is; stop this game,
The Girl in the Other Room
Words & Music by Diana Krall & Elvis Costello

Medium waltz with a swing

Cm   Am7b5   A7b7(no3)   Cm11/G   Cm   Am7b5

A7b7(no3)   Cm11/G   Cm   Am7b5   A7b7(no3)

The girl in the other room she knows by

G7   Cm   Cm7/Bb   Fm9

now there's something in all of her fears. Now
she wears it threadbare she sits on the floor, the glass pressed
tight to the wall.
She hears murmurs low the
paper is peeling her eyes staring straight at the ceil

Emaj7 B9
B/E Gm N.C.
Gm/E
Boogie Woogie

E♭13  D7+  Gm  Fm7  C7sus2

maybe it's nothing at all as she draws lipstick smears on the wall.

Am11  D7  G  G/F♯  Em  Em/D  Cmaj7  Bm7

The girl in the other room she powders her face and

B♭maj7  Am11

stares hard into her reflection.

Cm  Am7♭5  A♭7  G7♭9  Cm

piano solo
The girl in the other room she stifles a yawn
ad-
justing the strap of her gown she tosses her tresses.

her lover undresses turning the last lamp-light down.

What's that voice we're hearing? We should be sleep-

- ing. could that be someone who's weep - ing?
May be she's there and maybe there's,

nothing to see, it's just a trace of what used to be.

The girl in the other room, she darkens her lash and blushes

cases she seems to look familiar.
Temptation
Words & Music by Tom Waits

Laid back groove = 106

Cm

G7

bass solo

Cm

G7

N.C.

Rusted brandy in a diamond glass

ev'rything is made
__ from dreams __
time is made from hon-ey slow__ and sweet__
on-ly the fools__

__ know what it means__
Tempta-tion__
tem-pa-

__ can't re-

__ sist. Well I know__ __ that he is made of smoke__
but I have lost my
way ay he knows that I am broke
but I must pay

yeah temptation ooh temptation

Cm Fm Cm G7

Cm Fm Cm D7

temptation temptation I can't resist

Cm G7

guitar solo
Men I've been seeing baby, got their soul upon a shelf. You

know they could never love me when they can't even love themselves. And I

need someone to love me. someone who really under-
stands, who won't

put themselves above me, who'll just love me like a man...

I've never seen such losers darlin', even though I tried to find a
man who could take me home, 'stead of takin' me for a ride. And I need

someone to love me,

darling I know you can.

Don't you put yourself above me you just love me like
They all want me to rock them like my back ain't got no bone.

Wanna man to rock me like my backbone was his own...
I feel like I wanna cry
hold back slightly

a tempo

guitar plays with piano R.H. to end

N.C.

drum fill

N.C.
Almost Blue
Words & Music by Elvis Costello

Slow, freely and with expression
N.C.

Settle into tempo

\[ \text{\( \text{\textbackslash d\textbackslash n} = 56 \text{ very slow and gentle} \)}\]

Almost blue
almost doing things we used to do
there's a boy here and he's almost you almost all the

things that your eyes once promised

his too. Now your eyes are red from crying.

almost blue Flirting with this dis-as-ter be-

Dm7/C Em7(add11) A7 sus4(b9) Fmaj7 Bb maj7 Em7(add11) A7 sus4(b9) Dm D7

Dm5 Bb/D Fmaj7 Eb7sus4

D7 Cdim7 Gm9 Em7 sus5 Am

Dm Esus4 Dm Dm Bb maj7 Em7 sus5
I've Changed My Address
Words by Elvis Costello & Diana Krall
Music by Diana Krall

Slow blues feel  \( \frac{3}{4} \)  \( \frac{3}{4} \)

\[ \text{Ab7b5} \quad \text{Gaug7} \quad \text{Ab7b5} \]

An invitation came my way
knowing it's dangerous to follow

\[ \text{Bm7} \quad \text{Fm7/B} \quad \text{Geug7in} \quad \text{F3} \]

that
girl in her Sunday suit would have forbidden it

\[ \text{C#m7} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{C/F#} \quad \text{F#m7} \quad \text{NC.} \quad \text{B7#9} \]

but since those days I've changed my

\[ \text{Gaug7} \quad \text{Ab7b5} \quad \text{Ab7b5} \]
address... I sit alone and drink it in
practising blowing up smoke rings... I learned of the sadness
the beauty and bitterness, but since those days I've changed everything.
And sometimes they would light it up
ran my hands down, silent keys...

for secrets like these...

and

ever since they turn up on my fingerprints...

I'm driving back across the bridge

red light is hitting the rear...

view and he'll wonder whether
blonde hair cascades on black leather, since then I've changed my address.
I started the bar plays the sports news to drown out the old ghosts that I knew. Oh
well I've changed my address and as I departed
I only took what I needed I guess I've changed my address
I guess I've changed my address
I'm Pulling Through
Words by Arthur Herzog Jr.
Music by Irene Kitchens

Laid back swing \( \frac{3}{4} = 64 \)

I'm pulling through and it's be-

pedal on each chord change

cause of you

When I was stranded came your helping hand

Lonely, hurt, I had not known which way to turn until you said "Try smiles, not tears. Just
laugh and learn.

I'm pulling through and it's because of you.

You made me see how lovely life could be,
lifted up my heart and made me

count the cost to find I'd gained not lost.
When I thought that hope was really gone,
you showed me I was wrong.
And you taught me how to carry on.

Thanks for the lifting time, and thanks for your song.

I'm pulling through and it's because of you.
I'd do the same for you if your turn came.

Hope it never will, for I've been through the mill. I won't for-

get this debt, I'm pulling through.
When I thought that hope was really gone,

you showed me I was wrong.

And you taught me how to carry on,

thanks for the lifting time, and thanks for your song.

I'm
pulling through and it's because of you.

I'd do the same for you if

your turn came.

Hope it never will, for I've been

Straight 8's, rubato

rall.

through the mill. I won't forget this debt, I'm pulling through.
Narrow Daylight
Words by Elvis Costello & Diana Krall
Music by Diana Krall

Straight 8ths ballad \( \frac{7}{8} \) = 88

\[
\begin{align*}
B^\flat & \quad E^\flat/B^\flat \quad B^\flat \\
E^\flat/B^\flat & \quad B^\flat & \quad F/A & \quad Gm \\
\end{align*}
\]

express.

Narrow daylight

\[
\begin{align*}
E^\flat & \quad B^\flat & \quad E^\flat/B^\flat & \quad B^\flat & \quad F/A & \quad Gm & \quad F_{sus4} & \quad E^\flat & \quad A^\flat/E^\flat & \quad B^\flat \\
\end{align*}
\]

pedal on each chord change

entered my room.

Shining hours were brief.

\[
\begin{align*}
B^\flat & \quad F/A & \quad E^\flat & \quad B^\flat & \quad E^\flat/B^\flat & \quad B^\flat & \quad F & \quad E^\flat & \quad E^\flat/B^\flat \\
\end{align*}
\]

winter is over, summer is near, are we stronger than we believe?
I walked through halls of reputation
among the infamous too.
As the camera clings to the common thread,

beyond all vanity,
in to a gaze to shoot you through.

Is the kindness we count upon
up on
ad lib. 2°
hid-den in ev-ry-one?
I stepped out in a sun-

hid-den in ev-ry-one?
I stood there in the salt.

lit grove al-though deep down I wished it would rain.
spray air felt the wind sweep-ing ov-er my face.

Wash-ing a-way all the sad-ness and tears that will nev-er fall so hea-vi-ly a-

again.
Is the kindness we count

up through the rocks to the old wooden cross, it's a place where I can find some peace.
Boogie Woogie.RU

Narrow daylight entered my room. Shining hours were brief;

poco rall.

winter is over, summer is near. Are we stronger than we believe?

slightly slower molto rall.
Black Crow

Words & Music by Joni Mitchell

Gentle Latin rock (1 = 160)

(shaker continues throughout)

There's a crow flying dark and ragged tree to tree...
He's black as the highway that's leading me.

Now he's diving down to pick up on something.

I feel like that.

black crow flying in a blue.
Took a ferry to the highway, then I drove to a pontoon plane.

I took a plane to a taxi, and a taxi to a train.

I've been traveling so long, how am I ever gonna know my home.
when I see it again?

I am like a

black crow flying in a blue

guitar solo (loco):

blue sky.
I looked at the morning after being up all night.

I looked at my haggard face in the bathroom light.
I looked out the window and saw
that ragged soul.

I saw a black crow,

flying in a blue.
Oh, I'm like a black crow,

flying in a blue

sky.

Repeat ad lib. to fade
I'm Coming Through
Words by Elvis Costello & Diana Krall
Music by Diana Krall

Gentle Latin rock \( \frac{j}{r} = 144 \)

\[
\text{Pedal on chord changes}
\]

looked down at a sparkling band, and only saw my mother's hand.

the door, I can’t pretend I don’t descend

I know I should be joyful now, but time means nothing

Only the love you gave to me will save me

I think she knew
raise my voice and shake the walls, but if I chance to cry at all

I hope you hear me now I'm coming through...
down at a twist of lace and only saw my fa-

ther's face. The things we shared have

hurt us both so much sometimes we each go places

guitar cue (8vb.)

love can't touch.
A calendar marks days,

to keep.
The moon shone down,

upon chilled waters running deep.
The veil so thin that light poured in.

The sight.
was so astonishing
the time meant nothing
On

bass cue

tightly a kiss that felt like this could move me

think she knew

raise my voice and shake the walls; but if I chance to cry at all
raise my voice and shake the walls, but if I chance to cry at all

hope you hear me now I'm coming through...
ad lib. to fade

guitar and bass play ad lib. fills to fade

\[\text{Sheet Music Image}\\]
Departure Bay
Words by Elvis Costello & Diana Krall
Music by Diana Krall

Gentle rock ballad  \( \frac{d}{108} \)

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Fm7} & \quad \text{E7/G} \\
\text{A7} & \quad \text{Fm7} \\
\text{E7/G} & \quad \text{Ab7}
\end{align*}\]

\begin{align*}
\text{pedal on each chord change}
\end{align*}

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Fm} & \quad \text{Db} \\
\text{Fm} & \quad \text{Db}
\end{align*}\]

The fading scent of summertime

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Fm7} \\
\text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Fm7}
\end{align*}\]

The glinting of rain-

\[\begin{align*}
\text{bu-tus trees and firs.}
\end{align*}\]

- soaked moss_

Going to the Dairy Queen at dusk

Down narrow roads

in autumn light

The

salt air and the sawmills and the bars are full of songs and

tears.

To the passing of the tugboats and
people with their big ideas

I just get home, and then I leave again.

It's long ago and far away.

Now we're

skimming stones, and exchanging rings.
scattering and sailing from Departure Bay.

The house was bare of Christmas lights, it came down hard that year.

Outside in our overcoats,

drinking down to the bitter end.

Tryin' to make things right...
like my mother did.

Last year we were laughing, we sang in church so beautifully. Now her perfume's on the bathroom counter and I'm sitting in the back pew crying.

I just get home, and
then I leave again. It's long ago and far away.

Now we're skimming stones, and ex-

-changing rings. We're scattering and sailing from De-

-par - ture Bay.
A♭/C  B♭/C  Cm¹³

A♭/C  A♭maj⁹  A♭maj¹³  B♭/C  Cm

song plays on the gramophone... and thoughts turn back to life...

F₇(add⁹)  D♭  E♭

We took the long way to get back,
like driving o-ver the Ma-la-hat... Now a sea-plane drones.

and time has flown... I won't miss all the glam-

our while my heart is beat-ing and the li-lacs bloom... But who knew when I start-
that I'd find a love and bring him home?

Just get me there, and one day we'll stay.

A long time off and far a
Now we're skimming stones, and exchanging rings.
We're scattering and diving in the par\-t\-ure bay... guitar cue

pochiss. rall.

molto rall.
I'll Never Be The Same
Words by Gus Kahn
Music by Matt Mainek & Frank Signorelli

Very freely, expressively

Colla voce ($j = c.92$)

Stars have lost their meaning for me.

Colla voce ($j = c.112$)

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Nothing's what it once used to be.

Swing 8ths (12/8 feel) \( \text{\textit{j}} = c \cdot 60 \)

And the song-birds that sing

tell me it's spring... I can't believe their song...
Once, love was king.

but kings can be wrong.

never be the same.

There is such an ache in my heart.
I'll never be the same,
there is such an ache in my heart...
push through

never be the same,

since we're apart.

There's such a
Abandoned Masquerade
Words by Elvis Costello
Music by Diana Krall

Ballad (half time feel) \( j = 98 \)

\[ \text{very laid back} \]

The glare on a paint and

\[ \text{plaster face} \]

\[ \text{cymbal cue} \]

is covering desire

and disgrace.

We could be lovers, but no...
one suspects at all once you're inside that costume

ball. And now I'm sitting here before a mirror

I have the skill still to disguise my tears

Then as the magic starts to fade, I find myself a-
Abmaj7\#11

G'sus4

-ban\-
don-ing\-
the mas-quer-
de.

G74\#13

NC.

Ab13

Ev-en though you're suf-fer-ing
you try to

G7

hide it

Ab13

and pre-tend you're so non-
cha-

lant.
You can cry a pool of tears and sit be-
push through

-N.C.(G) -side it,

and perhaps you'll know what you want.

I hope you never feel this
Ballad (as before)

much despairs' or know the meaning of that

empty chair. As the illusions that we

made all fall away in this abandoned masquer-
Fmaj7/G

G13

NC.

Even though you're

Gentle half-time rock

Ab

N.C.

G13

suffering.

you try to hide it

Ab13 Ab9

E9

Dm11

G13

N.C.

and pretend you're so nonchalant

You can cry a
guitar cue
pool of tears and sit beside it.

then perhaps you'll know what you want.

Ballad (as before)

I hope you never feel this much despair

or know the meaning of that empty chair.
As the illusions that remain all fall away in
this abandoned masquerade.

Much slower
poco rall.

rall.
a tempo, rall.
bass cue

112