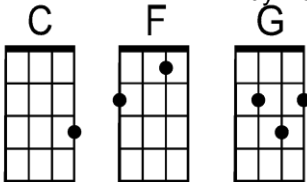


Come a Little Bit Closer

by Tommy Boyce, Bobby Hart & Wes Farrell (as sung by Jay and the Americans) (1964)



1 2 & - & 3 &
(suggested strum: D DU UDU)

In a little café— just the other— side of the bor-der—
 She was sitting there giving me looks that made my mouth wat-er—
 Well I start-ed walking her way— she be-longed to Badman Jo—sé—
 And I knew, yes I knew I should leave but I heard her say—ay—ay

Chorus: Come a little bit clos-er, you're my kind of man. So big and so strong
 Come a little bit clos-er, I'm all a-lone and the night is so long

So we started to dance, in my arms she felt so in-vit-ing—
 And I just couldn't resist, just one litt-le kiss, so ex-cit-ing—
 Then I heard the gui-tar play-er say— "Va—moose! Jo—sé's on his way—!"
 And I knew, yes I knew I should run but then I heard her say—ay—ay

Chorus: Come a little bit clos-er, you're my kind of man. So big and so strong
 Come a little bit clos-er, I'm all a-lone and the night is so long

Then the music stopped, when I looked, the café was emp-ty—
 Then I heard Jose say, "Man you know you're in trou-ble plen-ty—
 So I dropped my drink from my hand— and through the window I ran—
 And as I rode a-way, I could hear her say to Jo-sé—ay—ay

Chorus: Come a little bit clos-er, you're my kind of man. So big and so strong
 Come a little bit clos-er, I'm all a-lone and the night is so long

C . F . | G . . . | C . F . | G . . . | C . F . | G . . . | C\
 La—la— la-laaa— La—la— la-laaa— La—la— la-laaa— la Laaa—