Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head
by Hal David and Burt Bacharach

Intro: F . C | Bb . C |
F . . . . . . . . . . | F7 . . . . . . . . . .
Rain-drops keep fallin' on my head—— and just like the guy whose feet are
Too big for his bed. Nothin' seems to fit, those
Gm7 . . . . . . . . . .
Rain-drops are fallin' on my head, they keep fall—in'.

C7 . . . | F . . . . . . . . . . | F7 . . . . . . . . . .
So I just did me some talkin' to the sun—— and I said I didn't like the
Way he got things done. Sleepin' on the job those
Gm7 . . . . . . . . . .
Rain-drops are fallin' on my head, they keep fall—in'.

Bridge:
But there's one thing—— I know—— the blues they send to meet me
Won't de-feat me——— It won't be— long till happ-i—ness steps up to greet me.

Gm7/\ C\ --- | Gm7/\ C\ --- |

F . . . . . . . . . . | F7 . . . . . . . . . .
Rain-drops keep fallin' on my head, but that doesn't mean my eyes will
soon be tur-nin' red. Cryin's not for me 'cause
Gm7 . . . . . . . . . . | C7 . . . . . | F . . .
I'm never gonna stop the rain by com-plainin', Be—cause I'm free——
nothin's worry-in' me.

It won't be— long till happ-i—ness steps up to greet me.
Rain-drops keep fallin' on my head, but that doesn't mean my eyes will
soon be turnin' red. Cryin's not for me 'cause I'm never gonna stop the

Rain by complainin', Be-cause I'm free------ nothin's worry-in' me-- e-- e

San Jose Ukulele Club
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