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


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 fallin’.  
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 fallin’.

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 happy-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 . . . | . . . . . . . . . |
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 happy-ness steps up to greet me.

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soon be tur-nin’ red. Cryin’s not for me ‘cause I’m never gonna stop the
Rain by com-plainin’, Be-cause I’m free, nothin’s worry-in’ me—e—e

San Jose Ukulele Club