

UP ON THE ROOF

(For Organ: Registration No. 3)

Words and Music by
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Slowly G Em C

When this old world starts get-ting me down And peo-ple are just too much for me to
I come home feeling tired and beat, I go up where the air is fresh and
Right smack dab in the mid-dle of town I found a par - a - dise that's trou- ble

G Em

face, I climb 'way up to the top of the stars And
sweet, I get a - way from the bust - ling crowds And
proof, And if this world starts get-ting you down, There's

C G Fine

all my cares just drift right in - to space.
all that rat race noise down in the street.
room e - nough for two Up On The Roof.

C G

On the roof it's peace-ful as can be, And there the world be -
On the roof's the on - ly place I know Where you just have to

C D7 D7 G D. S. al Fine

low can't both - er me. Let me tell you now, When
wish to make it so, — Up On The Roof.

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