

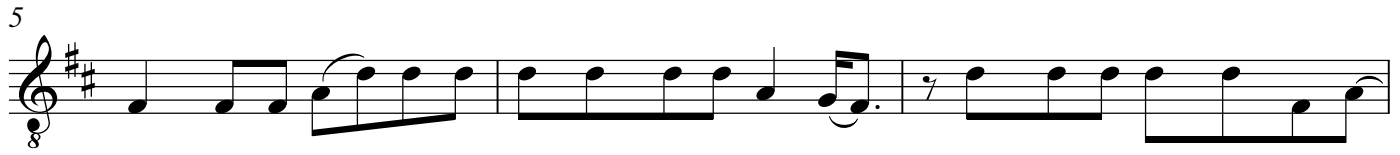
Some Nights

Tenor

Nate Ruess, Andrew Dost
Jack Antonoff and Jeffrey Bhasker
arr. Andy Beck



Some nights I stay up cash-ing in my bad luck, some nights I call it a draw.



Some nights I wish that my lips could build a castle, some nights I wish they'd just fall



off. But I still wake up, I still see your ghost. Oh Lord, I'm still not sure what I



stand for, oh, Whoa, whoa, stand for? Whoa, stand for? Hoo.



Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.



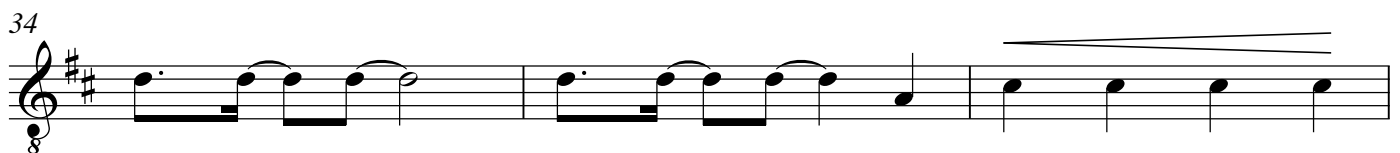
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.



Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.



Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, am.



Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

2 37 **mf** Tenor