

# Cosmic Girl

Music by Jason Kay and Derek McKenzie  
Words by Jason Kay

(♩ = 120)

N.C.

1. 2.

I must-'ve

Em7 F#m7 B7#5

died and gone to hea-ven, cos it was quar - ter past e - le - ven on a  
scan - ning all my ra-dars, well, she said she's from a qua - sar for - ty

Em7 F#m7 B7#5

Sa - tur - day in nine - teen nine - ty nine, right a -  
thou - sand mil - li - on light years a - way, it's a

Em7



F#m7



B7#5



- cross from where I'm stand - ing, on the dance floor she was land - ing. It was clear -  
dis - tant so - lar sys - tem, tried to phone, but they don't list 'em, so I asked

Em7



F#m7



B7#5



— that she was from an - oth - er time, like some  
— her for a num - ber all the same. She said,

Em7



F#m7



B7#5



ba - by Bar - bar - el - la, with the stars as her um - brel - la. She  
'Step in my trans - port - er, so I can te - le - port ya

Em7



F#m7



B7#5



asked me if I'd like to mag - net - ise. Do I have  
all a - round my hea - ven - ly bo - dy. This could be

Em7



F#m7



B7#5



— to go Star - trek-king, cos it's you I should be check - ing, so she  
 — a close\_ en - coun - ter I should take care not to floun - der,

Em7



F#m7



B7#5



las - er beamed me with\_ her cos - mic eyes, oh, now.  
 sends me in - to hy - per - space, when I see her pret - ty face\_

G#m



4fr

F#m



B7



C#m



4fr

She's just a cos - mic girl, oh yeah,

G#m



4fr

F#m



— from an - oth - er gal - ax - y, my heart's at ze - ro

B7 C#m G#m F#m

gra - vi - ty, she's from a cos - mic world, \_\_\_\_\_

B7 C#m

put-ting me\_ in ec - sta - sy, \_\_\_\_\_ trans-mit-ting on\_ my fre-

G#m F#m B7 C#m

-quen-cy, \_\_\_\_\_ she's cos-mic.

1. Em7 F#m7 B7#5 Em7 F#m7 B7#5

Em7



F#m7



B7#5



Em7



F#m7



B7#5



I'm

2.

G#m



F#m



Sends me in - to hy - per - space when I see\_ her pret - ty face,\_

B7



C#m



play 4 times

G#m



F#m



sends me in - to hy - per - space when I see\_ her pret - ty face.

B7



C#m



She's just a cos - mic girl\_\_\_\_\_

from an - oth - er gal-

G#m 4fr F#m B7 C#m 4fr

- ax - y, — trans-mit-ting on my fre - quen-cy, — yeah

G#m 4fr F#m

— cos - mic, oh, — why can't you be my cos-mic wo - man?

B7 C#m 4fr G#m 4fr F#m

— I need you, I want you to be

B7 C#m 4fr

— my cos-mic girl for the rest of time, oh, —

*repeat and fade*