

# Gimme! Gimme! Gimme!

Arr. C. Goodall



Half past twelve and I'm watch - in' the late - show in my flat all a lone . How I  
Mo - vie stars find the end of the rain - bow with a for - tune to win - It's too



hate to spend the eve - ning on my own. Au tumn winds blow in out side my win dow as I  
dif - ferent from the world - I'm liv in' in. Tired of T - V I o - pen the win - dow and I



look a - round the room - and it makes me so de pressed - to see the gloom.  
gaze in - to the night, - but there's noth - ing there to see, - no one in sight.



There's not a soul out there, - no one to hear my prayer  
ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh



Gim me! Gim me! Gim me! a man - af - ter mid night. Won't - some bod y help me chase the shad ows a way? -



Gim me! Gim - me! Gim me! a man - af - ter mid - night. Won't - some bod - y help me chase the



shad ows a - way? - Gim me! Gim me! Gim me! a man - af - ter mid - night. Won't



- some bod - y help me chase the shad ows a - way? - Gim me! Gim - me! Gim me! a man



- af - ter mid - night, take - me through the dark ness to the break of the day. -