

# Seven Days

Sting – Ten Summoner's Tales (1993)

Intro		5/4   C6/9   %   %   Cmaj6/9     Cmaj9   C6/9   %   %
A1	Seven days, was all she wrote – A kind of ultimatum note She gave to me – she gave to me When I thought the field had cleared It seems another suit appeared to challenge me – Woe is me	C6/9   %   Eb6/9(#11)   Bb6/9     Gadd9   %   Fadd9   F6/9     C6/9   %     Eb6/9(#11)   Bb6/9     Gadd9   %   E   %
A2	Though I hate to make a choice My options are decreasing mostly rapidly Well, we'll see I don't think she'd bluff this time I really have to make her mine It's plain to see, it's him or me	C6/9   %     Eb6/9(#11)   Bb6/9     Gadd9   %   Fadd9   F6/9     C6/9   %     Eb6/9(#11)   Bb6/9     Gadd9   %   E   %
B1	Monday, I could wait till Tuesday If I make up my mind – Wedn'sday would be fine Thursday's on my mind – Friday'd give me time Saturday could wait – But Sunday'd be too late	F   F#m7b5   G     E7/g#   Am7   F     E7/g#   Am7   Bb7b5   Am7     Bb7b5   Am7   Fm(maj)     C6/9   %   %   %
A3	The fact he's over six feet ten might instil fear in other men But not in me – The mighty flea Ask if I am mouse or man – the mirror squeaked, away I ran He'll murder me in time for his tea	C6/9   %   Eb6/9(#11)   Bb6/9     Gadd9   %   Fadd9   F6/9     C6/9   %   Eb6/9(#11)   Bb6/9     Gadd9   %   E   %
A4	Does it bother me at all? My rival is Neanderthal It makes me think – Perhaps I need a drink I.Q. is no problem here – We won't be playing Scrabble for Her hand, I fear – I need that beer	C6/9   %   Eb6/9(#11)   Bb6/9     Gadd9   %   Fadd9   F6/9     C6/9   %   Eb6/9(#11)   Bb6/9     Gadd9   %   E   %
B2	Monday, I could wait till Tuesday If I make up my mind – Wedn'sday would be fine Thursday's on my mind – Friday'd give me time Saturday could wait – But Sunday'd be too late	F   F#m7b5   G     E7/g#   Am7   F     E7/g#   Am7   Bb7b5   Am7     Bb7b5   Am7   Fm(maj)     C6/9   %   %   %
C	Seven days will quickly go The fact remains, I love her so Seven days – So many ways But I can't run away I can't run away	Bb9#11   %   Cadd9   %     Bb9#11   %   Cadd9   %     Bb9#11   %   Fmaj   %     Bb9#11   %   C6/9   %     Bb9#11   %     C6/9   %   %   %
B2	Monday, I could wait till Tuesday If I make up my mind – Wedn'sday would be fine Thursday's on my mind – Friday'd give me time Saturday could wait – <b>But Sunday'd be too late</b>	F   F#m7b5   G     E7/g#   Am7   F     E7/g#   Am7   Bb7b5   Am7     Bb7b5   Am7   Fm(maj)
Coda	Sunday'd be too late Do I have to tell a story of a thousand rainy days Since we first met? It's a big enough umbrella but it's always me that ends up Getting wet – yeah, yeah	C6/9   %   Bb9#11   %     C6/9   %   Bb9#11   %     C6/9   %   Bb9#11   %     C6/9   %   Bb13#11   Bb9#11     C6/9   %   Bb9#11   %     C6/9   %   Bb9#11   %     C (break)