

swing (bebop-ish)

GOOD TO BE BAD TO FEEL BETTER

Words and Music
by Paul Busby
PRS

$\text{♩} = 178$



A coupl' a days a-go I'm wo-ken up in the mor-ning with a

head-ache, And sud-den-ly then I rea-lised

All the bed-clothes round me were dri-ping wet,

And I was stea-ming like a de-mon, down

in Hell. I thought my run-ny nose

had turned to wa-ter; My

eyes were sore, my throat was raw and ev-ery-thing else felt just

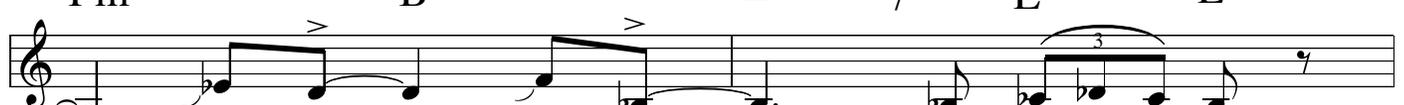
as if I'd been in the wars.

Fm¹¹ B^{b7} Gm⁷ / C⁷ F^{#m7}



As I was ly- ing there I thought: "I'm ill, I need

Fm⁷ B^{b7} E^{bΔ} / E^Δ E^{bΔ}



a pill, or two, to send it a- -way."

E^{bm11} A^{b7} D^{bΔ} / G^{b7} B⁷



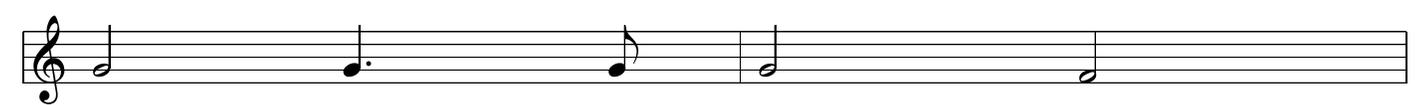
But when I tried to get up out of bed My ach-

C[∅] / F⁷ C^{#∅} D[∅] G⁷_{b tr}

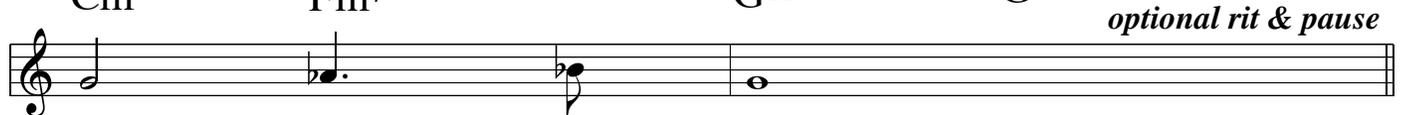


-ing head wished I were dead.

Band Cm Fm^{6/9} Cm G⁷



Cm Fm⁷ G¹¹ G⁷ *optional rit & pause*



C A⁷⁽⁹⁾ Dm⁷ G⁹



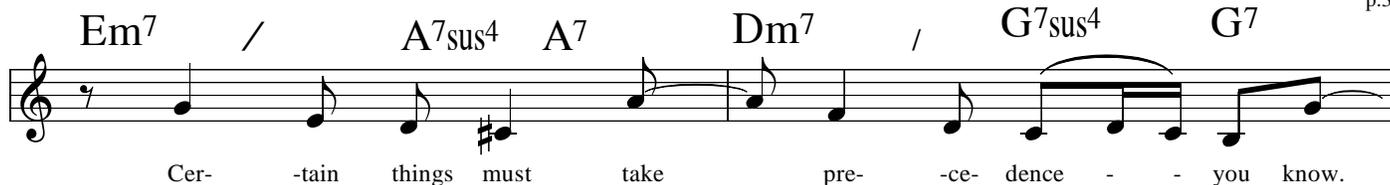
Yet ve- -ry soon I felt the need to get out- ta bed for, well, you-

Em⁷ A⁷ Fm⁷ B^{b13}



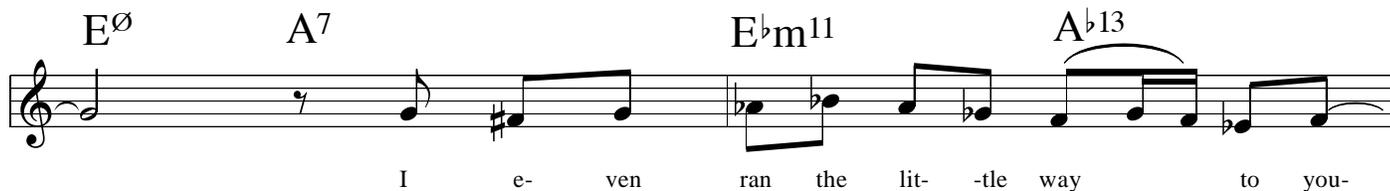
know- what, And much as I'd like to lie there,

Em⁷ / A^{7sus4} A⁷ Dm⁷ / G^{7sus4} G⁷



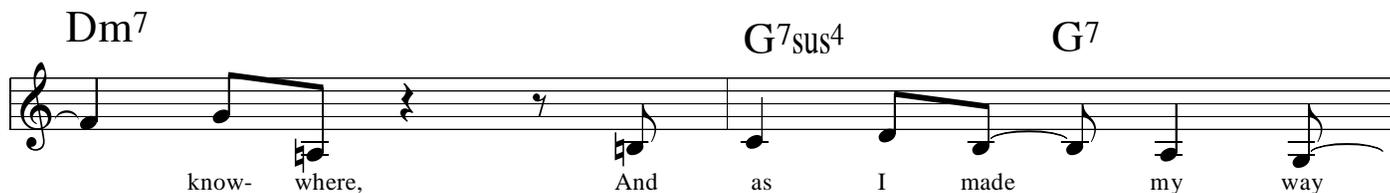
Cer- -tain things must take pre- -ce- dence - - you know.

E[∅] A⁷ E^bm¹¹ A^b13



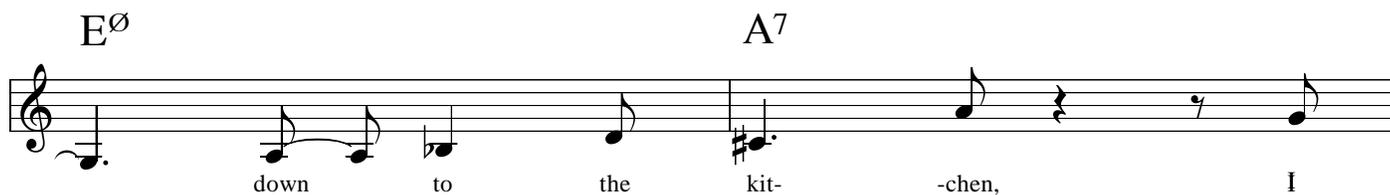
I e- ven ran the lit- -tle way to you-

Dm⁷ G^{7sus4} G⁷



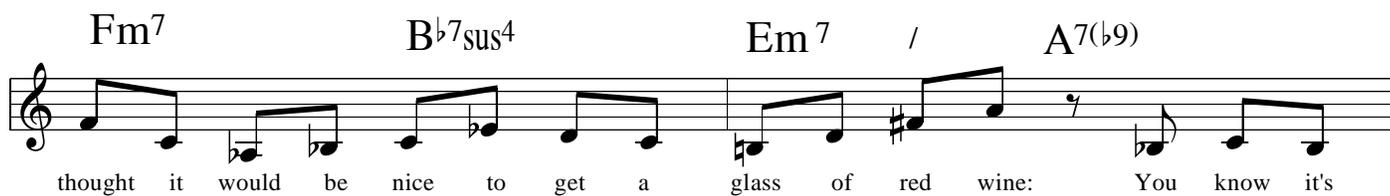
know- where, And as I made my way

E[∅] A⁷



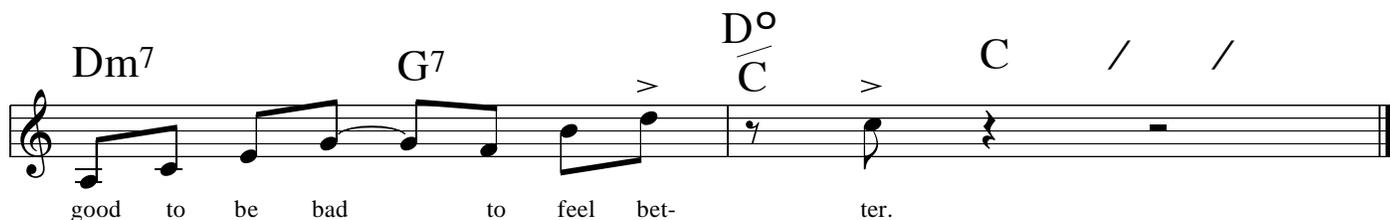
down to the kit- -chen, I

Fm⁷ B^b7sus4 Em⁷ / A^{7(b9)}



thought it would be nice to get a glass of red wine: You know it's

Dm⁷ G⁷ D[∅]/_C C / /



good to be bad to feel bet- ter.

GOOD TO BE BAD TO FEEL BETTER

(Words & music by Paul Busby)

A coupl' a days ago I'm woken up in the morning with a headache,
And suddenly then I realised -
All the bedclothes round me were dripping wet,
And I was steaming like a demon, down in Hell.

I thought my runny nose had turned to water,
My eyes were sore, my throat was raw
And everything else felt just as if I'd been in the wars.

As I was lying there I thought: "I'm ill.
I need a pill or two to send it away."
But when I tried to get up out of bed
My aching head wished I were dead.

Instrumental passage

Yet very soon I felt the need to get outta bed for, well, you-know-what,
And much as I'd like to lie there
Certain things must take precedence, you know.
I even ran the little way to you-know-where.

And as I made my way down to the kitchen,
I thought it would be nice to get a glass of red wine:
You know - it's good to be bad to feel better.