

Dionne Warwick
**RAINDROPS KEEP
 FALLIN' ON MY HEAD**

Testo di Hal David

Musica di Burt Bacharach

Rhythmically

Rain-drops keep fall-in' on my head, and just like the guy whose feet are
 too big for his bed, noth-in' seems to fit. Those
 rain-drops are fall-in' on my head. They keep fall-in' so I just
 did me some talk-in' to the sun. And I said I did-n't like the
 way he got things done. Sleep-in' on the job. Those rain-drops are fall-in' on my
 head. They keep fall-in'! But there's one thing I know the blues
 they send to meet me won't de-feat me. It won't be long till
 hap-pi-ness steps up to greet me.
 Rain-drops keep fall-in' on my head, but that does-n't mean my eyes will
 soon be turn-in' red. Cry-in's not for me 'cause I'm nev-er gon-na stop the
 rain by com-plain-in'. Be-cause I'm free noth-in's wor-ry-in' me.

Handwritten notes: "I know" circled in blue; "I know" written above the staff in blue; "603" written at the bottom right.

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