

Up on the Roof - 1962 The Drifters

Words & music by Gerry Goffin & Carole King

Alto (tune)

When this old world starts getting me down,
And people are just too much for me to face.
I climb way up to the top of the stairs,
And all my cares just drift right into space.
On the roof's the only place I know,
Where you just have to wish to make it so.
Up on the roof.

When I get home feeling tired and beat,
I go up where the air is fresh and sweet.
I get away from the hustling crowd,
And all that rat-race noise down in the street.
At night the stars put on a show for free,
And darling you can share it all with me.

I keep telling you that right smack dab in the
Middle of town,
I found a paradise that's trouble proof.
And if this old world starts getting you down,
There's room enough for two up on the roof.
Up on the roof.
Come on babe, come on babe,
Up on the roof.
Come on babe,
Up on the roof.
Up on the roof.

Sops/tenors/basses

Oo ----- oo do-do dit do-do dit do-do dit do
Climb way up to the top of the stairs,
Ah ----- oo do-do dit do-do dit do-do dit do
On the roof's the only place I know, do doot-do do do doot-do
Ah -----oh ----- oh ---
Oo ----- (Up on the roof.)

I get home feeling tired and beat,
Oo ----- oo do-do dit do-do dit do-do dit do
Get away from the hustling crowd,
Ah ---- oo do-do dit do-do dit do-do dit do
Night the stars put on a show for free, do doot-do do do doot-do
Ah -----oh -----oh ---

Right, smack,
Middle of town,
Found a paradise - do-do dit do-do dit do-do dit do
This old world starts getting you down,
Oo ---- oo do-do dit do-do dit do
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on babe, come on babe,
Up on the roof (up on the roof, babe,)
(Come on babe,) come on babe,
Up on the roof.
Up on the roof.