

Tempted

arr. Yuri Broze
for the UNC Achordants
(Rockapella Ending)

one guitar solo

INTRO

1 oh 2 3 4 bahwop 5 to next staff

Tenor I & II

mf hoo oo oo ah ah mf hoo

Bari Bass

deet deet deet deet deet deet deet deet deet deet deet deet etc

6 7 8 9 10

oo oo **f** ja nah dah zah dat dah hoo bah dat dee

ja nah dah dat dat dah dat

11 12 13 14 15

oh oh oh ah ah ah (OFF!)

doh doht dah dat dee

16 17 18 19 20 ¹

doot dah woh - oh oh bah dat dah doot dah woh - oh oh bah dit doh doh doh

dee

21 22 23 24 25

dah no breath dit doh doh doh bah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah hoo ooo

bahdah dah dah dah dah... deedet...

26 27 28 29 30

ooo ahh ahh hoo ooo

31 32 33 34 35

ooo jah nah dit dit dihdit dit dit dit dihdit dit hoo bahdat dee oh oh

jah nah dahdat dat dahdat.. dohdot...

36 37 38 39 40

oh ah ah ah ah dit doh doh doh

dahdat

41 (Solo:) 42 43 44 45

I bought a no - vel

dot *mf* hoo - oo - oo - - ah - - - ah *f* (OFF!)

46 47 48 49 50

breath!

mp hoo - oo - - oo *f* heh - eh ee heh - eh ee heh - eh ee

dee

51 52 53 54 55

Enter perc

heh - eh ee - heh - eh ee heh - eh ee now that you have gah - ne ain't no o - thuh no - o o - thuh

56 57 58 59 60

temp-ted by the fruit no-o o-thuh thuh temp-ted but this what's been go-in on

61 62 63 64 65

hoo I'm tempt-by the fruit of a-nuh thuh hoo what's been what's been heh-eh ee heh-eh

66 67 68 69 70

ee heh - eh ee heh - eh ee heh - eh ee heh - eh eee

I bought a toothbrush, some toothpaste, a flannel for my face
Pyjamas, a hairbrush, new shoes and a case
I said to my reflection "let's get out of this place"

Past the church and the steeple The laundry on the hill
Billboards and the buildings
Memories of it still keep calling and calling.
But forget it all I know I will

Tempted by the fruit of another
Tempted but the truth is discovered
What's been going on, now that you have gone
There's no other
Tempted by the fruit of another
Tempted but the truth is discovered

I'm at the car park, the airport , the baggage carousel
The people keep on crowding I'm wishing I was well
I said it's no occasion It's no story I could tell

At my bedside empty pocket, a foot without a sock
Your body gets much closer I fumble for the clock
Alarmed by the seduction I wish that it would stop

CHORUS

I bought a novel, some perfume
A fortune all for you
But it's not my conscience
That hates to be untrue
I asked of my reflection
Tell me what is there to do

LAST CHORUS