

Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

SOMETHING LIKE MY OWN

Music by Eddie Arkin

Ballad ♩ = 66 1/8 Notes Swing Feel

rit.

INTRO - RUBATO

Cmi add⁹ Fadd⁹/C F/C Fmi⁹ Bb¹¹ G7#⁵b⁹

5 **A** A Tempo - espressivo

1. Somewhere outside of this rac - ing train, Lie the lit - tle towns that
 2. Somewhere beyond the tremb - ling glass, Days of joy and pain have

Cmi add⁹ Cmi Fadd⁹/C F/C Abadd²/C Bbadd²

8

dot the plain. Every house is wrapped in a win - try sleep, In
 come to pass. They re - turn in dreams be - fore the dawn, When

Fmi⁷ G7#⁵ G7#⁵b⁹ Cmi add⁹ Cmi Fadd⁹/C F/C

11

fra - gile se - crets night will keep, And every life that's burning there a -
 streets are emp - ty, shades are drawn. The mem - or - ies a - wak - ened are un -

Fmi⁷ G7b⁹#¹¹ Cmi⁹sus Cmi Ami⁷b⁵ Dmi⁷b⁵

14

lone, Is something like my own.
 known, But something like my

G7b⁹ G7#⁵ G⁷ AbMaj⁷ Bb¹¹

17

own.

Cmi add⁹ Cmi⁹#⁵ F⁶/C Cmi⁹#⁵

2 19

B

Someone_ says a name, Takes in a_ sudden_breath, Re - cap - tur_ ing a love, Re -

F/C Fmi⁶⁹/C A^{b13}

22

mem - ber_ ing a death, Longing to be safe, Needing_ to be free,

G^{7#5} G⁷ A^{b69} A^{7#5#9} A^{7b5#9}

25

rit.

Pno. Cue Rubato

Much like me.

Dmi^{7b5} A^{b9#11} G^{7#5}

28

C

A Tempo

Somewhere out - side on the shrouded land, Are the peo - ple I_ don't

Cmi add⁹ Cmi Fadd⁹/C F/C A^badd²/C B^badd²

31

un - der - stand, Hidden from view_ by a ti - ny line_ That

Fmi⁷ G^{7#5} G^{7#5b9} Cmi add⁹ Cmi Fadd⁹/C F/C

34

se - pa - rates_ their world from mine, Yet every_ life that's burning_ there a -

Fmi⁷ G^{7b9#11} Cmi⁹ sus Cmi Ami^{7b5} Dmi^{7b5}

37

rit.

Rubato

lone, Is something like my own.

G^{7b9} G⁷ A^bMaj⁷ G¹¹ Fmi⁶⁹/G Cmi