Another Park, Another Sunday (Tom Johnston, ca. 1973) (A)

Intro A Amai7 A7sus4 A Amai7 A7sus4	Amaj7
A Amaj7 A7sus4 A Amaj7 A7sus4 A	
A7sus4 A7sus4 And I wonder where you've gone. A Amaj7 A7sus4 A7sus4 Thinkin' back on the happy hours , just be – fore the dawn.	A7sus4
D Dsus4 D Bm7 G A Outside the wind is blow-in', it seems to call your name a-gain. Eadd4 Dadd2 E A Amaj7 A7sus4 Where have you gone?	Dsus4
A Amaj7 A7sus4 City streets and lonely highways I've travelled down. A Amaj7 A7sus4 A7sus4	• •
My car is empty and the radio just seems to bring me down. D Dsus4 D Bm7 G A I'm just tryin' to find me a pretty smile that I can get in-to. Eadd4 Dadd2 E It's true. I'm lost without you.	Eadd4
Amaj7 An - other park, another Sunday, why is it life turns out that way? Bm7	Dadd2
A7sus4 It's warm outside, no clouds are in the sky,	Esus4
Baritone Amaj7 A7sus4 Dsus4 Eadd4 Dadd2 Esus4	

Amaj7	Am7
	Another park, another Sunday; why is it life turns out that way?
Bm7	Dsus4 - D C G A C G A A
	Just when you think you got a good thing, it seems to slip a – way.
Amaj7	Am7
	Another park, another Sunday; its dark and empty, thanks to you
Bm7	Dsus4 - D C G A C G A A
	got to get my-self to-gether, but it's hard to do.
Instru	mental Verse
Amaj7	' Amaj7 Am7 <u>Am</u> 7
	Dsus4 D C G A A C G A A
Amaj7	Am7
•	Another park, another Sunday; why is it life turns out that way?
Bm7	Dsus4 - D C G A C G A A
Ju	ust when you think you got a good thing, it seems to slip a – way.
Amaj7	Am7
•	Another park, another Sunday; its dark and empty, thanks to you
Bm7	
	've got to get myself to-gether, but it's hard to do.
	to Fade
A A	maj7 A7sus4 A Amaj7 A7sus4 A

Another Park, Another Sunday (Tom Johnston, ca. 1973) (C)

<mark>Intro</mark> C Cmaj7 C7sus4 C Cmaj7 C7sus4	Cmaj7
C Cmaj7 I'm sittin' in my room, I'm starin' out the window, C7sus4 C7sus4	
And I wonder where you've gone. C	C7sus4
C Cmaj7 C7sus4 City streets and lonely highways I've travelled down. C Cmaj7 C7sus4 C7sus4 My car is empty and the radio just seems to bring me down.	
F Fsus4 F Dm7 Bb C I'm just tryin' to find me a pretty smile that I can get in-to. Gadd4 Fadd2 G It's true. I'm lost without you.	Gadd ⁴
Cmaj7 An - other park, another Sunday, why is it life turns out that way? Dm7 Fsus4 - F Just when you think you got a good thing, Eb Bb C It seems to slip a – way.	Fadd2
C7sus4 CIt's warm outside, no clouds are in the sky, Gm7 C But I need myself a place to go and hide C7sus4 C Bb CI keep it to myself, I don't want nobody else to see me cryin' F Gsus4 G All those tears in my eyes.	Gsus4
Baritone Cmaj7 C7sus4 Fsus4 Gadd4 Fadd2 Gsus4	

Cmaj7	Cm7
Dm7	Another park, another Sunday; why is it life turns out that way? Fsus4 - F Eb Bb C Eb Bb C C C Ist when you think you got a good thing, it seems to slip a – way.
	ist when you think you got a good thing, It seems to slip a – way.
Cmaj7	
Dm7	Another park, another Sunday; its dark and empty, thanks to you Fsus4 - F
Cmaj7	<mark>mental Verse</mark> ′ Cmaj7 Cm7 C <u>m7 </u> Fsus4 F Eb Bb C C Eb Bb C C
Dm7	Cm7 Another park, another Sunday; why is it life turns out that way? Fsus4 - F
Dm7	Cm7 Another park, another Sunday; its dark and empty, thanks to you Fsus4 - F
	<mark>to Fade</mark> maj7 C7sus4 C Cmaj7 C7sus4 C

Another Park, Another Sunday (Tom Johnston, ca. 1973) (E)

<mark>Intro</mark> E Emaj7 E7sus4 E Emaj7 E7sus4	Emaj7
E Emaj7 I'm sittin' in my room, I'm starin' out the window, E7sus4 E7sus4	
And I wonder where you've gone. E	E7sus4 Asus4
E Emaj7 E7sus4 City streets and lonely highways I've travelled down. E Emaj7 E7sus4 E7sus4 My car is empty and the radio just seems to bring me down.	• •
A Asus4 A F#m7 D E I'm just tryin' to find me a pretty smile that I can get in-to. Badd4 Aadd2 B It's true. I'm lost without you.	Badd4
Emaj7 Em7 An - other park, another Sunday, why is it life turns out that way? F#m7 Asus4 - A Just when you think you got a good thing,	Aadd2
E7sus4 EIt's warm outside, no clouds are in the sky, Bm7 E But I need myself a place to go and hide E7sus4 E D EI keep it to myself, I don't want nobody else to see me cryin' A Bsus4 B All those tears in my eyes.	Bsus4
Baritone Emaj7 E7sus4 Asus4 Badd4 Aadd2 Bsus4	

Emaj7	' Em7
	Another park, another Sunday; why is it life turns out that way?
F#m7	•
	Just when you think you got a good thing, it seems to slip a – way.
Emaj7	' Em7
-	Another park, another Sunday; its dark and empty, thanks to you
F#m7	
	got to get my-self to-gether, but it's hard to do.
	<mark>mental Verse</mark>
	' Emaj7 Em7 Em7
F#m7	Asus4 A G D E E G D E E
Emaj7	Em7
•	Another park, another Sunday; why is it life turns out that way?
F#m7	
	Just when you think you got a good thing, it seems to slip a – way.
Emaj7	
	Another park, another Sunday; its dark and empty, thanks to you
F#m7	·
!	've got to get myself to-gether, but it's hard to do.
Outro	to Fade
	maj7 E7sus4 E Emaj7 E7sus4 E

"Another Park, Another Sunday" was the A-side release; it's B-side was "Black Water" which eventually became the first #1 hit for The Doobie Brothers.

Another Park, Another Sunday (Tom Johnston, ca. 1973) (G)

<mark>Intro</mark> G Gmaj7 G7sus4 G Gmaj7 G7sus4	Gmaj7
G Gmaj7 I'm sittin' in my room, I'm starin' out the window, G7sus4 G7sus4	
And I wonder where you've gone. G Gmaj7 G7sus4 G7sus4 Thinkin' back on the happy hours , just be – fore the dawn. C Csus4 C Am7 F G Outside the wind is blow-in', it seems to call your name a-gain. Dadd4 Cadd2 D G Gmaj7 G7sus4 Where have you gone?	G7sus ² Csus ⁴
G Gmaj7 G7sus4 City streets and lonely highways I've travelled down. G Gmaj7 G7sus4 G7sus4 My car is empty and the radio just seems to bring me down.	
C Csus4 C Am7 F G I'm just tryin' to find me a pretty smile that I can get in-to. Dadd4 Cadd2 D It's true. I'm lost without you.	Dadd4
Gmaj7 An - other park, another Sunday, why is it life turns out that way? Am7 Csus4 - C Just when you think you got a good thing, Bb F G It seems to slip a – way.	Cadd2
G7sus4 It's warm outside, no clouds are in the sky, Dm7 G But I need myself a place to go and hide G7sus4 G I keep it to myself, I don't want nobody else to see me cryin' C Dsus4 D All those tears in my eyes.	Dsus4
Baritone Gmaj7 G7sus4 Csus4 Dadd4 Cadd2 Dsus4	

Gmaj7	7 Gm7
Am7	Another park, another Sunday; why is it life turns out that way? Csus4 - C Bb F G Bb F G G Just when you think you got a good thing, it seems to slip a – way.
Am7	Gm7 Another park, another Sunday; its dark and empty, thanks to you Csus4 - C Bb F G Bb F G G got to get my-self to-gether, but it's hard to do.
Gmaj7	<mark>mental Verse</mark> 7 Gmaj7 Gm7 <u>Gm7</u> Csus4 C Bb F G G Bb F G G
Am7	Gm7 Another park, another Sunday; why is it life turns out that way? Csus4 - C Bb F G Bb F G Just when you think you got a good thing, it seems to slip a – way.
Am7	Gm7 Another park, another Sunday; its dark and empty, thanks to you Csus4 - C Bb F G Bb F G G 've got to get myself to-gether, but it's hard to do.
	<mark>to Fade</mark> imaj7 G7sus4 G Gmaj7 G7sus4 G