

Soppy and the Sentimentals

Lyrics by Tony Penultimate
 Melody adapted from the work of the
 Czech composer Jaroslav Jezek (1906-1942)
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Of all the dumb things known to men, To sell your soul is the dumbest of them,



And you don't go grab-bing 'ol Sat-an's pen, He'll eat you up and he'll spit you back out again.



The greatest sing-er sing-ing in Sing-a-pore, was do wop-pin' Sop-py and his Sent-i-men-tal Four.



He sang each night at the Heart-break Ho-tel, Where the cli-en-tele, thought he was the tops,



He was the tops but so un-sat-is-fied, And when a stran-ger pulled him to one side, and said



"Come to my suite on the thir-teenth floor, and we'll work out a deal for more."



Sop - py, took the el-e-va-tor, to the pent-house suite, the world lay at his feet,



The stranger said "A red hot gui-tar will make you a star".



Sop - py, want-ed to be fam-ous, so drunk on Chi-nese wine,



The stran-ger let him sign and Sop-py sold his soul a - way.



Slow-ly, Sop-py rued his fol-ly, his char-i-ot a trol-ley, in a cru-ci-ble of a-gents ly - ing and knick-ers fly-ing



Sop - py, left the Sent-i-men-tals, went back to Sing-a-pore, the Heart-break was no more,



I'll tell you some-thing more, there nev-er was a thir-teenth floor at that ho-tel.



This song is the title track of a CD by Tony Penultimate which is available through:

www.TonyPenultimate.com

Purchase from:
 Longman Records: www.Longman-Records.com
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 Just search on "Soppy"

Easier alternative chords are shown to the right of these two extended chords