

EVIL WOMAN

Words and Music by
JEFF LYNNE

Rubato

C⁹ F⁹ F#dim C

You made a fool of me _ but them bro-ken dreams _ have got to end. _____







mp

Strongly rhythmic

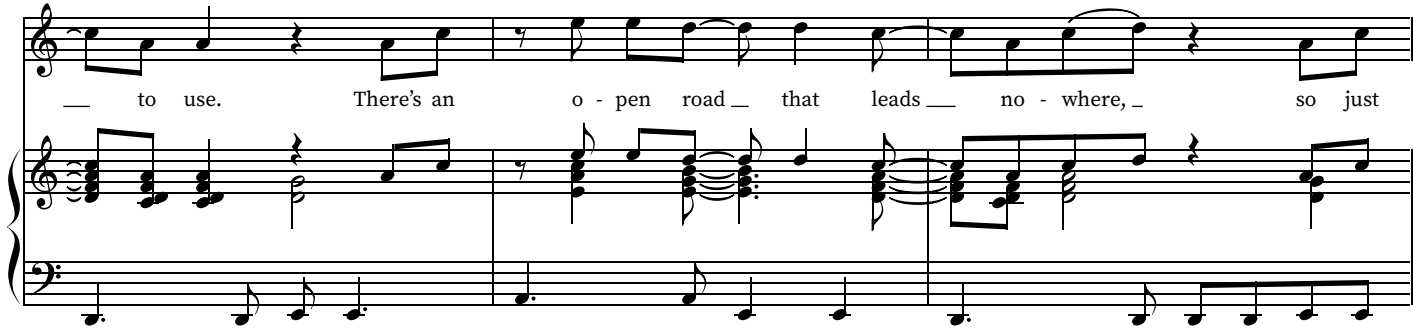
C Am Em⁷ Dm⁷ Em⁷ Am Em⁷ Dm⁷ Em⁷







Am Em⁷ Dm⁷ Em⁷ Am Em⁷

Hey wom-an, _ you got the blues 'cause you ain't got no _ one else _

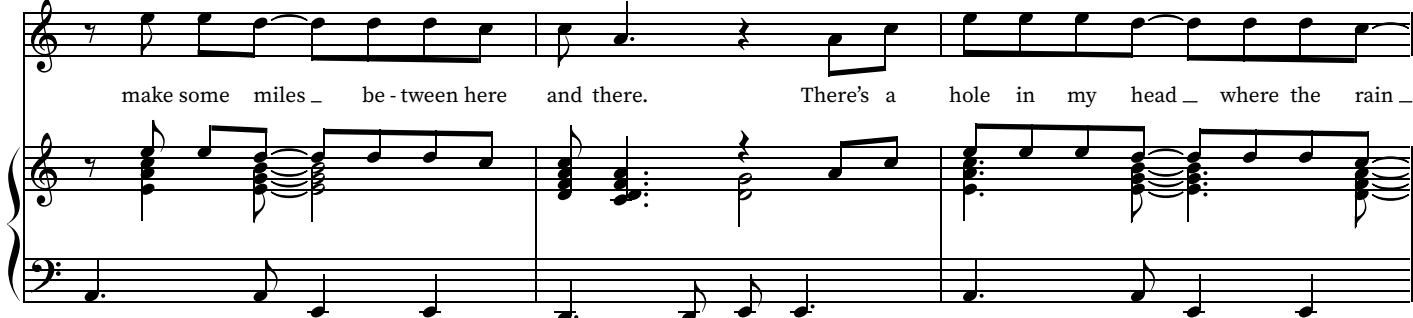















— to use. There's an o - pen road — that leads — no - where, — so just
















make some miles — be - tween here and there. There's a hole in my head — where the rain —













— comes in, you took my bod - y and played — to win. Ha ha, wom-an, it's a



cry - in' shame, but you ain't got no - bod - y else — to blame.



Am Em⁷ Dm⁷ Em⁷ Am Em⁷ Dm⁷ Em⁷

E - vil wom - an, e - vil wom - an,

f

Am Em⁷ Dm⁷ Em⁷ Am Em⁷ Dm⁷ Em⁷ To Coda

e - vil wom - an, e - vil wom - an.

Am Em⁷ Dm⁷ Em⁷ Am Em⁷

Rolled in — from an - oth - er town, hit some gold too hard to set -

mp

Dm⁷ Em⁷ Am Em⁷ Dm⁷ Em⁷

- tle down, but a fool and his mon - ey soon go sep - 'rate ways. _ and

Am



Em7



Dm7



Em7



Am



Em7



you found a fool ly - in' in a daze. — Ho ha, wom - an, what you gon-

Dm7



Em7



Am



Em7



Dm7



Em7



- na do? You de - stroyed all the vir - tues that the Lord gave you.

Am



Em7



Dm7



Em7



It's so good — that you're feel - in' pain, but you

Fmaj7



G



C



D.S. al Coda

bet - ter get your face on board the ver - y next train. —



E - vil wom - an, how you done me wrong, — but

mp









now you're try - in' to wail a dif - f'rent song. Ha ha, fun - ny how you



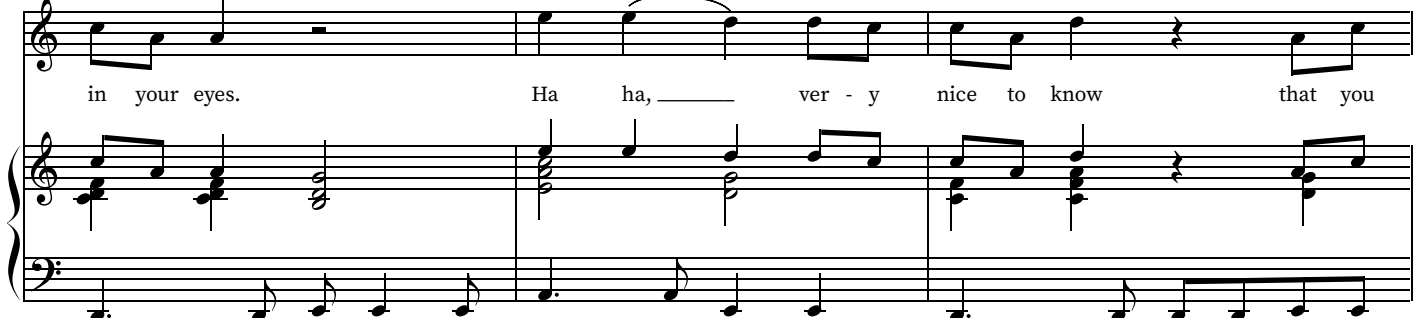
broke me up; you made the wine, now you drink a cup.








I came run - nin' ev - 'ry time you cried, thought I saw love smil - in'

















in your eyes. Ha ha, — ver - y nice to know that you














ain't got no — place left — to go. — E - vil wom -






-an, e - vil wom - an, e - vil wom -



1.   2. 

-an, e - vil wom - an. — an. —

