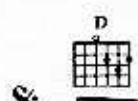


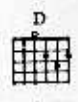
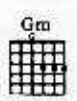
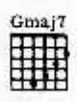
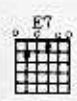
SPREAD YOUR WINGS

Words and Music by
JOHN DEACON

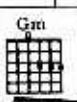
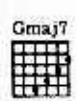
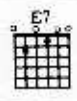
Moderate



Sam - my was low — just
Since he was small — had



watch-ing the show — o - ver and o - ver a - gain.
no luck at all — noth - ing came eas - y to him.



Knew it was time — he'd made up his mind — to leave his dead life be - hind. —
Now it was time — he made up his mind, — "This could be my last chance".

D Bm Bm (A Bass) Bm (G# Bass)

His boss said to him, "Boy, you'd bet- ter be - gin to
His boss said to him, "Now lis-ten Boy! You're al-ways dream-ing, you've

G A D Em

get those cra - zy no - tions right out of your head, Sam - my, who do you
got no real am - bi - tion, you won't get ver - y far. Sam - my boy, don't you

C# D F# G#m7 Gm

think that you are? You should have been sweep-ing up the Em-er - ald
know who you are? Why can't you be hap - py at the Em-er - ald

D D Bm E7 A

Bar. " Spread your wings and fly a-way, fly a-way, far a-way.
Bar. " (So hon-ey)

D Bm F7 A7

Spread your lit - tle wings and fly a - way, — fly a - way, — fly a - way. —

Gm D Gm

Pull your-self to - geth - er, 'cos you know you should do bet - ter; — that's be - cause you're a

D To Coda Gm C D Bm Bm (A Bass)

free man, — He spends his eve - nings a - lone — in his

Bm (G# Bass) A F#sus F#

ho - tel room, — keep - ing his thoughts to him - self. He'd be leav - ing soon, —

Bm (A Bass) Bm (G# Bass) A

wish-ing he was miles and miles - a-way. ————— Noth-ing in this world, noth-ing would

F#sus F# G A D Gm Bdim E7 A

make him stay. —————

D.S. al Coda §

Coda Gm D D Bm

Come on hon-ey!

E7 A7 D Bm Em A7

Repeat and Fade