

Consider Me Gone

Quarter = 110

By Sting, arr. Paul Kim (c)2015

You can't say that! You can't say that. There were
rooms of forgiveness in the house that we shared, but the space has been emptied of what
ever was there, there were cupboards of patience, there were shelf-loads of care, but who
ever came calling found nobody there. Af - ter to - day, a -
af - ter to - day con - si - der me go - ne.
You can't say that, you can't say that.

35 ro-ses have thorns and shin-ing wa-ters mud, the can-cer lurks deep in the

VERSE 2 (bass and vocals only)

41 swee-test bud clouds and e-clip-ses stain the moon and the sun, and

(Band back in)

47 his-to-ry reeks of the wrongs we have done. Af-ter to-day, af

Eb9 Db6 C7 Db6 Am7

53 -ter to-day con-si-der me go-ne gone gone gone gone con-si-der me go-ne gone gone gone gone con-si-der me

Abmaj9 F+7

59 con-si-der me con-si-der me gone gone gone gone

Bbm9 Eb6/9 Abm9 Db6/9 Gbmaj9 **OPEN FOR SOLOS**

65 I've spent too ma-ny years at war with my-self,

(last 2 of solos) **VERSE 3**

71 the doc-tor has told me it's no good for my health, to search for perfec - tion

77 is all ve - ry well, but to look for hea-ven is to live herein hell.

83 Af - ter to - day, af - ter to - day con - si-der me gone gone gone gone gone

E^b9 D^b6 C7 D^b6 Am7 A^bmaj⁹ F+7

89 con - si-der me go - ne gone gone gone gone gone con - si-der me con - si-der me

93 con - si-der me gone gone gone gone gone gone gone gone!

Play 4 times, with short hits on final repeat

B^bm⁹ E^b6/9 A^bm⁹ D^b6/9 G^bmaj⁹ F+7(#9) B^bm