## <u>NIGHT MOVES</u>

Author: Bob Seger Intro G F С F Verse 1 G Could have used a few pounds I was a little too tall F F С G Tight pants, points, hardly renown She was a black haired beauty with big dark eyes FGF C C And points all her own, sitting way up high Way up firm and high C G Out past the cornfields, where the woods got heavy Out in the backseat of my '60 Chevy G F C Workin' on mysteries without any clues Chorus DC C D D  $\mathbf{E}_{\mathbf{m}}$ D Em Workin' on the night moves Tryin' to make some front page drive-in news D С Em D Workin' on the night moves Bridge 1 FCF G FCF G In the summertime In the sweet summertime Verse 2 G F С We weren't searchin' for some pie in the sky summit We weren't in love, oh no, far from it G F С F We were just young and restless and bored Livin' by the sword F F G С And we'd steal away every chance we could To the backroom, to the alley or the trusty woods G С I used her, she used me, but neither one cared We were getting our share Chorus C D D D Em **D** C  $\mathbf{E}_{\mathbf{m}}$ Workin' on the night moves Tryin' to lose those awkward teenage blues  $\mathbf{E}_{\mathbf{m}}$ C D D Workin' on the night moves **Bridge 2** FCF G F C G And it was summertime Sweet summertime, summertime **Instrumental** Em G **G**<sub>7</sub> Bridge 2  $\mathbf{E}_{\mathbf{m}}$ Em G Ohhh, the wonder We felt the lightning D G F And we waited on the thunder Waited on the thunder G C<sub>maj7</sub> I awoke last night to the sound of thunder How far off I sat and wondered C<sub>maj7</sub> С G Em Started humming a song from 1962 Ain't it funny how the night moves C  $\mathbf{E}_{\mathbf{m}}$ C Em C<sub>maj7</sub> When you just don't seem to have as much to lose Strange how the night moves G With autumn closing in **Instrumental** С G C G F F F

## Bridge 3



