

# Sad Trombone

## Sting & Shaggy

From way back here on the bandstand,  
She looked like a goddess in the lights,  
At some point in the set she'd turn  
her face and glance my way most nights,  
I'd take a little solo,  
I'd play for her, she'd smile, return the favor,  
I'd make the sweetest love to her with every semiquaver. "There's a sadness in your playing,"  
she said,

"That penetrates my bones,  
Something in your intonation, something in your tone,  
Always understated, never overblown,  
My name for you is Sad Trombone.  
Yes, my name for you is Sad Trombone."

It seemed like she'd found the secret key to my soul,  
And gathered up my broken life and somehow made me whole,  
We'd share a room together, my bandmates were all green,  
And they warned me 'bout some story in a movie they'd all seen. "There's a sadness in your  
playing," she said,

"That penetrates my bones,  
Something in your intonation, something in your tone,  
Always understated, never overblown,  
My name for you is Sad Trombone.  
Yes, my name for you is Sad Trombone." Now when the light goes out and the  
music stops and the curtains close,  
That's when your heartbeat race,  
Sadness on your face, and you can't take no more.  
I see you searching for your smile,  
We haven't seen that in a while,  
Now when the light goes out and the  
music stops and the curtains close,  
That's Sad Trombone.

We never made much money, the ticket counts were light,  
We'd count the bars until we reached some hotel for the night,  
She was my morning coffee, the butter on my toast,  
'Til she got a better offer from some outfit on the coast. Oh, there's a sadness in my playing now,  
A desperate cry, a moan,  
Something in my choice of notes,  
Something in my tone,  
Sliding to the deepest bass from a lonely baritone,  
I guess I'll always be the Sad Trombone,  
I guess I'll always be the Sad Trombone. It's an old, old story, and one you've probably heard,  
You start out in a major key, then you're down a minor third,

Aimlessly sliding, sinking like a stone,  
It doesn't get no deeper, than the scraps that you've been thrown,  
But some things they just stay with you, long after they have flown,  
And it always comes back down...to the bone,  
And it always comes back down...to the bone,  
Down to the bone,  
Down to the bone.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>