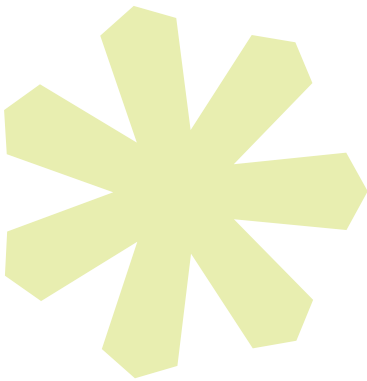


SNOWBALL IN CINCINNATI IN JULY

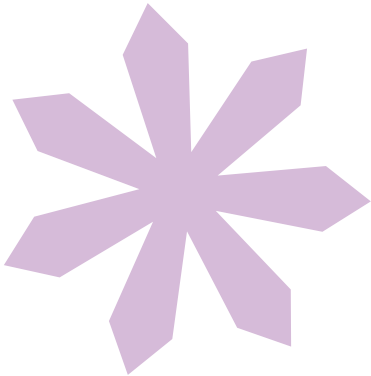
Song Lyrics by William Overington

(instrumental jazz introduction)



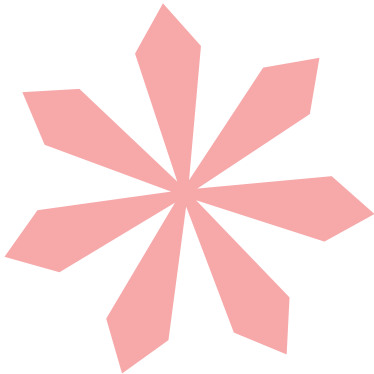
A Snowball in Cincinnati
On a July afternoon
The chances are
that it would melt
Very, very soon
I had got to know you
I had seen you around
We'd talked on an occasion or two
Like those of a snowball in Cincinnati in July
I thought my chances with you

(two lines of instrumental)



Tuesday afternoon
The art gallery foyer
Albert and his band
Playing ragtime
Practising for Saturday
For the concert that is planned
I saw you there
I caught your eye
You glanced for a moment or two
Like those of a snowball in Cincinnati in July
I thought my chances with you

(Next an instrumental verse, with a jazz trombone as a featured instrument)



A probability amplifier
Appeared upon the scene
And though July
snowflakes fell
and made a wintry scene
Heptagonal-shaped snowflakes
In pastel colours too
The snowball survived in Cincinnati in July
And all my dreams came true
Yes the snowball survived in Cincinnati in July
And all my dreams came true

(more instrumental jazz)