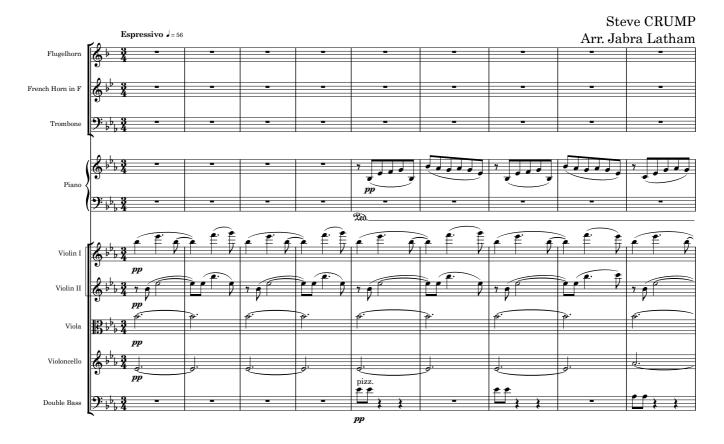
Composed by Steve Crump Lyrics by Bob Brown Arranged by Jabra Latham

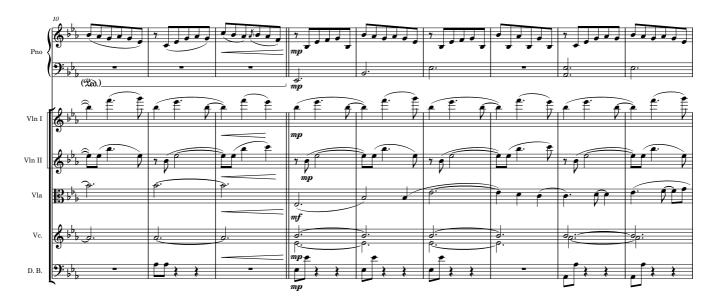
I strode a pristine plinth to seek out pees and quews and piddle from the battlements to keep the crowds amused. A grey gyrating mass I saw a minion made of ones the whole was great the unit nought. Fraternal cummerbunds.

I ambled on a plain and picked a buttercup then stood to know in privacy a world uncluttered up. A press of knowing nothing pressed nothing felt nor yet desired a vacuumed void a solid block. Clarity confusified.

I paddled in a raindrop where the roaring forties blew and pondered on a pondage where once Pedder pennies grew. And then with sweet euphoria sweeping sadness from my soul I flew up to the mountains where a lover made me whole.

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Piano

THOUGHTS WHILE STARING AT THE SKY

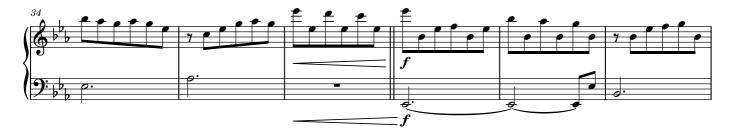












Piano







Steve CRUMP Arr. Jabra Latham



ppp











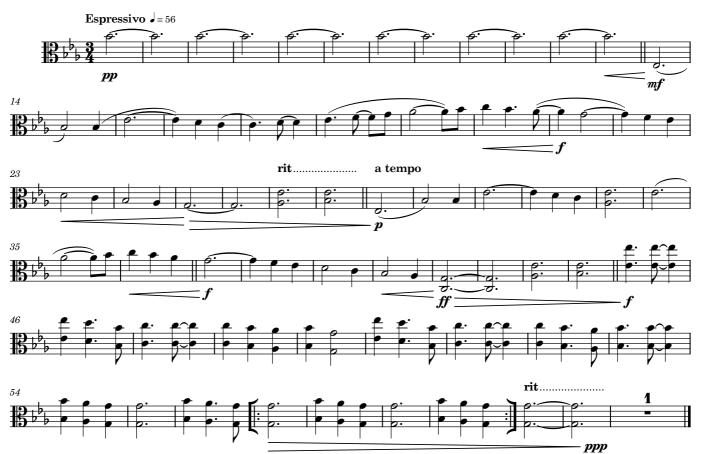


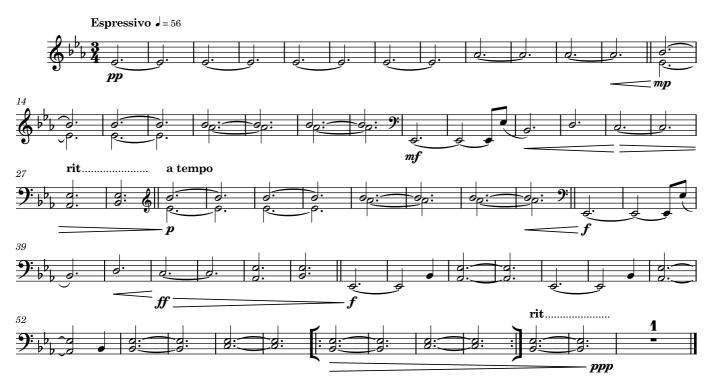


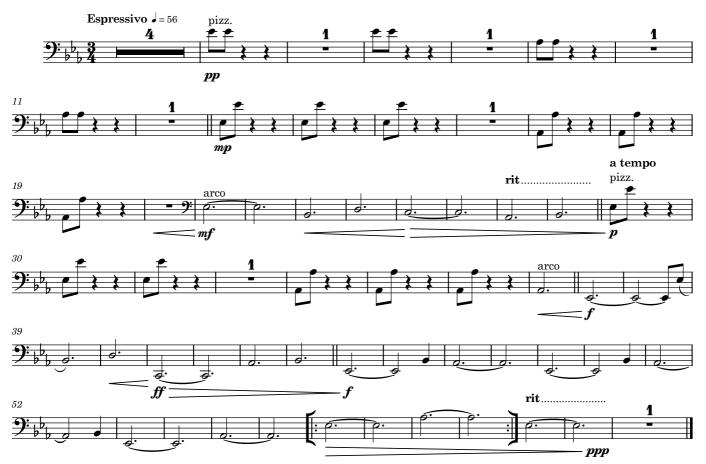


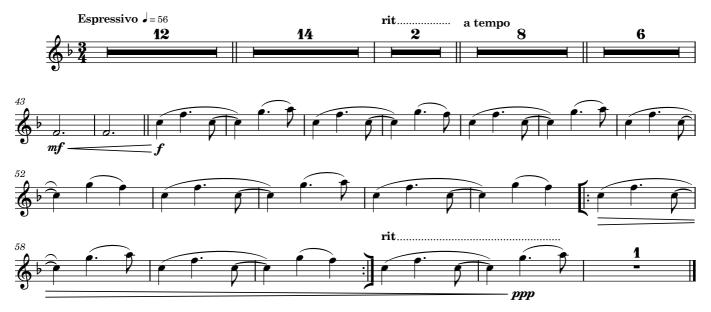
Viola

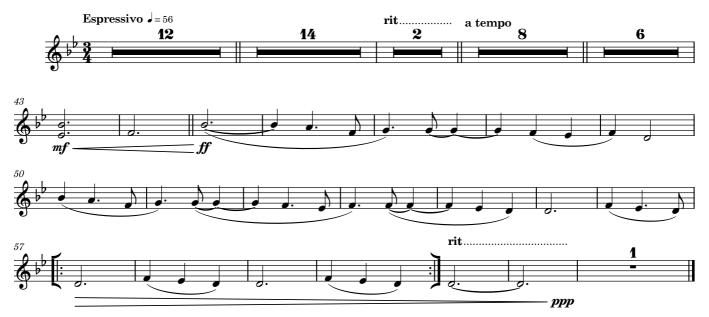
THOUGHTS WHILE STARING AT THE SKY

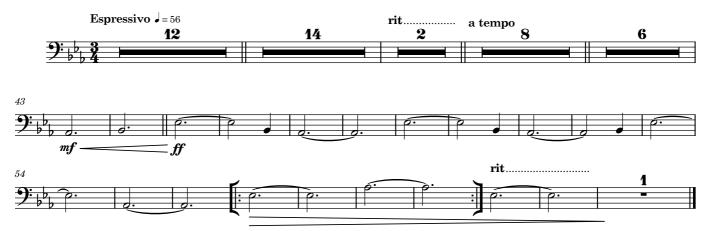












Full score	2
Piano	6
Violin I	8
Violin II	9
Viola	10
Violoncello	11
Double Bass	12
Flugelhorn	13
French Horn (F)	14
Trombone	15