



# The Day Before You Came

Words & Music by Benny Andersson & Bjorn Ulvaeus.

Highest Chart Position  
No.32  
23rd October '82



1. 1



must have left my house at eight be - cause I al - ways do.  
(Verses 2 & 3 see block lyric)

My train, I'm - cer - tain, left the sta - tion just when it was



due.— I must have read the morn-ing pa - per,



go - ing in - to town and



hav-ing got-ten through the e - di - to - ri - al, no doubt I must have frowned.—

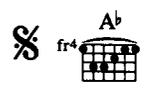
I must have made my desk a-round a quar-ter af - ter



nine— with let - ters to be read and



heaps of pa - pers wait - ing to be signed.— I



must have gone to lunch at half past twelve or so, the us - ual place, the us - ual bunch.  
*(D.%. see block lyric)*



And still on top of this I'm pret - ty sure it must have rained

To Coda ⊕ 1.

2.



the day be-fore you came. I came.





*D.%. al Coda*

I came And

⊕ Coda





Repeat to fade

Verse 2:

I must have lit my seventh cigarette at half past two  
 And at the time I never even noticed I was blue.  
 I must have kept on dragging through the business of the day  
 And without really knowing anything I hid a part of me away.  
 At five I must have left, there's no exception to the rule  
 A matter of routine, I've done it ever since I finished school.  
 The train back home again, undoubtedly I must have read the evening paper then  
 Oh yes, I'm sure my life was well within its usual frame  
 The day before you came.

Verse 3:

I must have opened my front door at eight o'clock or so  
 And stopped along the way to buy some Chinese food to go.  
 I'm sure I had my dinner watching something on T.V.  
 There's not, I think, a single episode of Dallas that I didn't see.  
 I must have gone to bed around a quarter after ten.  
 I need a lot of sleep and so I like to be in bed by then.  
 I must have read a while the latest one by Marilyn French or something in that style.  
 It's funny but I had no sense of living without aim  
 The day before you came.

D.♯.

And turning out the light I must have yawned and cuddled up to yet another night  
 And rattling on the roof I must have heard the sound of rain  
 The day before you came.