In dreams he came, that voice which calls to me.

And speaks my name. And do I dream again for now I

phantom of the opera IS there inside my
mind. He's there, the

phantom of the opera. Beware the

phantom of the opera.

Night-time sharp-ens, height-ens each sen-sa-tion; darkness stirs and

wakes imag-i-na-tion. Si-ent-ly the sens a-ban-don their de-fenc-es.

Slower still (J = 60) Ah!

Turn your face a-way from the gar-ish light of day, turn your thoughts a-way from cold, un-feel-ing light and
MEMORY

1ª Vez solo solista

pavement. Has the moon lost her memory? She is smiling alone. In the

daylight, the withered leaves collect at my feet and the wind begins to moan.

Ah, ah.

Burnt out ends of smoky days, the stale cold smell of morning.

street lamp dies, another night is over, another day is dawning.

Oh,  

Touch me. It's so easy to leave me all alone with the memory of my days in the sun. If you

touch me you'll understand what happiness is. Look a new day has begun!
Rock tempo

Hang on now Joseph, you'll make it some day.
Sha la la Joseph you're doing fine.

You and your dream coat a-head of your time.

Joseph, you know what they say... Hang on now Joseph, you'll make it some day.

Bb/c

Sha la la Joseph you're doing fine.
You and your dream coat a-head of your time.

Bb/c

Go go go Joseph, go go go Joseph. Go go go Joe.

Go, go Joe!

Ah