

# SAL TLAY KA SITI

Words and Music by  
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Gently (♩ = 60)

C F/C C F/C

*p*  
(with pedal)

Fm/C Gsus C(9) Em

**Nabulungi:**

My moth - er once told me of \_\_\_\_\_ a place \_ with

F(9) F/G G C(9)

wa - ter - falls \_ and un - i - corns fly - ing. Where there was no suf - fer -

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Em F(9) F/G G

ing, no pain. — Where there was laugh - ter in - stead of dy - ing.

F C/E Dm7

I al - ways thought she'd made — it up, — to com - fort me — in times \_

Am(9) Am(9)/G F C/E

— of pain. But now I know \_ that place — is real, \_

Easy ballad ( $\text{♩} = 67$ )

Dm7(4) F2 Gsus C(9)

now I know \_ its name. — Sal Tlay \_ Ka

Am7(4) F(9) G

Si - ti, not just a sto - ry Ma - ma told, but a

C(9) Am7(4) F(9)

vil - lage in Ooh - tah, where the roofs are thatched with gold!

G Am Em7

If I could let my - self be - lieve, I

F D/F# C(9)/G

know just where I'd be: right on the next bus to

Am7 F2 G7sus

par - a - dise: \_\_\_\_\_ Sal Tlay \_\_\_\_\_ Ka Si -

C F/C Dm7(b5)/C C C(9)

ti. I can im - ag - ine what it

*cresc.* *mp*

Em7 F Gsus G

must be like, this per - fect hap - py place. I bet the

C Em7 F

goat meat there \_ is plen - ti - ful, and they have vi - ta - min in - jec - tions by \_

G F C/E

— the case. The war-lords there are friend - ly, they

Dm7 Am C/G F

help you cross the street. And there's a Red Cross on ev - 'ry cor -

C/E Dm7 C/E F(9) Gsus G

- ner, with all the flo - ur you can eat.

C(9) Am7 F(9)

Sal Tlay Ka Si - ti, the most per - fect place on earth.

G C(9) Am

Where flies don't bite your eye - balls and

F(9) G Am

hu - man life \_ has worth. \_ It is - n't a place \_ of

Em F D/F#

fair - y tales, \_ it's as real as it \_ can be. \_ A

C/G G/A Am G C2/F

land where e - vil does - n't ex - ist: Sal

Gsus C F/C Ab/C

Tlay — Ka Si - ti. And I'll

**A little faster (♩ = 68)**

Fm Cm/Eb Ab/Eb Db

bet the peo - ple are o - pen - mind - ed and don't care who - you've been, -

*mf*

Ab(9)/C Bbm7 Ab/C

and all I hope - is that when - I find - it, I'm

Eb/Db Db(9) Bbm/Eb Cm/Eb Bbm/Eb Ebsus Eb

ab - le to — fit in. — Will I — fit in? —

D/E E D/E Bm7/E

Sal Tlay - Ka Si - ti, — a land of hope - and joy, —

A(9) F#m7 D

and if I want - to get — there, I just

E C(9) Am7

have to fol - low that white — boy!

F<sup>6</sup><sub>9</sub> G7sus G



Am Em/G C/G F

You were right, ma - ma, you did - n't lie, this place is real, and I'm

**Slower, molto rubato**

D(9) C/G

gon - na fly! I'm on my way.

*rit.* *mp* *p subito* *sva.<sub>1</sub>*

C/F Cmaj7/G Am9

Soon life won't be so shit - ty. Now sal - va - tion has a name. .

*sva.<sub>1</sub>*

**Slow tempo, rall. al fine**

F2 C/G C F/C Fm/C C(9)

Sal Tlay Ka Si - ti.

*rit.*