



MÁLAGA

(Rev. 5/23/26)
[PABLO]

Music by
RYAN BLIHOVDÉ
& Lyrics by
VAIBU MOHAN

1 2 3

C#7 Bm F#m6 C#7

4 5 6

Out-side my

7

win-dow Par-is puts her dead on full dis-play Rows of stone and mar - ble in the cold

F#m Bm7 E7

10

3 3 11 3 12 3

No-vem - ber-day I stretch my can-vas, mix my paints, pre - tend I do not see But the

A DΔ AΔm7

13 3 14 3 3

dead are ver - y pa - tient And they're al - ways there for me

C#7

15

16 3 17 3

Oh, Má-la-ga, Oh, Má-la-ga Your cliffs a - bove the sea Where the

F#m Bm7 E7 3 AΔ 3 DΔ

18 3 3 19 3 3 20 3 3

sun bakes the white washed walls and the or-ang-es hang free In Par-is I'm a stran-ger In a

G#m7 C#7₃ F#m7 F#7 Bm7 E7₃

21 3 22 3 23

cit-y not my own and each day out my win-dow here Some-one is go-ing home

A₇ D₇ Bm/G# C7

24

25 26 27

My

F#m floating Bm7 E7₃ A₇

fa - ther used_ to tell me that_ the sea_ puts things in place That a

F#m Bm7

man who lives be-side it learnsto hold_ him-self_ with grace If I_ could see_ that wa-ter now that wide

E7 AΔ DMaj9

Slight Rit. ----- A Tempo

_ and o-pen blue in - stead I watch the grave dig - gers do what grave dig - gers

Bm/G# C#m11

do Oh, Má-la-ga Oh, sweet Má-la-ga Your cliffs a-bove the sea__ Where the

F#m Bm E7 AΔ DΔ

sun hits the white hot sand And the or-ang-es__ hang free When I'm there I'm not__ a strang-er But it's

G#m7 C#7 F#7 Bm7 E7

no long-er__ my own And out-side my win-dow here A sol-dier's go-ing home__ The

AΔ DΔ G#dim7 C#7 F#m7 *cresc.*

46

war keeps fil - ling up___ those rows___ They hard - ly keep up now___ Young

DA F#m7

men who bare - ly knew this world___ Now know on - ly fro - zen ground And I

DA F#m7

think a - bout___ my fa - ther And I think a - bout___ the sea___ I And

Bm7 F#m7

52 3 3 3 53 3 3 54

won - der where the tide is that is wait - ing to take me So I

C#7 F#m

55

3 3 3 56 3 3 57 3 3 3 3

paint a lit-tle long - er when the qui - et gets too near I fill the day with col - or so there's no

F#m Bm7 E(add9)

58 3 59 3 3 60 3

more room for fear But at night I leave the cur - tain back and try to hear them call I

A DΔ G#m7

(no breath)

61 *3* *3* 62 *3* *3*

hear them say I'm not a - lone I'm not A stran - ger a - fter all

C#7

63 *3* *3* 64 *3* *3* 65

Oh, Má-la-ga, sea-side Má-la-ga Your cliffs a - bove the sea Where the

F#m7 Bm7 E7 AΔ D

66 *3* *3* *3* 67 *3* *3* 68 *3* *3*

sun warms the o-cean breeze and no - bod-y thinks of me I am paint-ing all the stran - gers In a

G#m7 C#7 F7 Bm7 E7

69

cit - y not__ my own And one__ day like my friends here__ Hmm_____

A D Bm6/G# C#7

72

73 74

F#m7 Bm7 AMaj9/E

75

76 77

D7/C D7 F#sus2/C# C# F#m