

# Gravity

for Casey

arr. by James D. Walters

Gently ♩ = 80

6 *mp*

Solo

Some-thing al - ways brings

Soprano  
Alto

Men

Piano

7

me back to you. It nev-er takes too long. No mat-ter what I say or do, I'll

S  
A

takes too long.

M

Pno.

12 *p* 15

S  
A  
M

still feel you — here till the mo-ment I'm gone. ———

mo-ment I'm You hold me — with-out touch,

Pno.

17

S  
A  
M

you keep me — with-out — chains. I nev-er want - ed an - y - thing — so much than to

Pno.

21 *mf* 24

S  
A  
M

drown in your love — and not feel your rain. — Set — me free, leave

Pno.

2

25

S  
A

— me be. — I don't want to fall an-oth - er mo - ment in - to your — gra - vi - ty. — Here

M

Pno.

28

S  
A

I am — and I stand — so — tall — just — the way I'm — sup - posed to be. — But you're

M

*proudly*

Pno.

32

S  
A

on to me — and all o - ver me. — Oh. You loved me — 'cause I'm

M

*p* 35 *mp*

Pno.

36 *mf*

S  
A — fra-gile, — and I — thought that I — was — strong. But you — touch me — for

M *mf*

Pno.

40 *f*

S  
A — a lit-tle while and all my — fra-gile strenth — is — gone. Set —

M *f*

Pno. *mf*

44

S  
A me free, leave — me be. — I don't want to fall an-oth - er mo - ment in - to your

M

Pno.

47

S  
A

— gra - vi - ty. — Here I am — and I stand — so — tall — just — the way I'm —

M

Pno.

51

S  
A

— sup - posed to be. — But you're on to me — and all o - ver me.

M

Pno.

55

S  
A

mf

M

Oh,

mf

Pno.

f

59 *f*

S  
A

I live here on\_\_ my knees as I\_\_ try to make you see\_\_ that you're ev-'ry-thing I think I need\_\_

M

Pno.

62

S  
A

here on the ground.\_\_\_\_\_ But you're nei - ther friend nor foe\_\_ though I can't seem to let you go.\_\_\_\_

M

Pno.

*cresc.*

65 *cresc.* 66 *ff*

S  
A

The one thing that I\_\_ still know is that you're keep-ing me down.\_\_\_\_\_

M

*cresc.* *ff*

Pno.

*ff* *f*

6

69 *f* *mf*

S  
A  
M

down, down, down... Keep-ing me down

down, down, down, down...

Pno.

74 *mp*

S  
A  
M

Ahh... ooo... You're on to me you're on to me and all o-ver.

Pno.

79 *mp* solo

S  
A  
M

Some-thing al-ways brings me back to you, It nev-er takes too long.

takes too long.

Pno.

83

No mat-ter what I say or do, I'll still feel you here till the mo-ment I'm gone.

S  
A

M

Pno.

83

*pp.*