Piano Vocal Album with Guitar Chords & Diagrams

Andy Williams

Popular Hits
Award Winning Albums
Plus Souvenir Photo Section

Featuring

Moon River

Call Me Irresponsible
This Is All I Ask
Wives
And Lovers
Never On
Sunday
Sunshine, Lollipops
And Rainbows
I Left My Heart In San Francisco
And Roses And Roses
I'll Remember You
My Coloring Book
and many others

Andy Williams
Award Winning Albums

HANSEN PUBLICATIONS Inc.

$2.50
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Recorded By ANDY WILLIAMS
CALL ME IRRESPONSIBLE

Words by
SAMMY CAHN

Music by
JAMES VAN HEUSEN

Slowly

Call me ir-re-spon-si-ble, call me un-re-li-a-ble,

throw in un-de-pend-a-ble too.

fool-ish al-i-bis bore you? Well, I'm not too elev-er.

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I just adore you. Call me unpredictable, tell me
I'm impractical, rainbows I'm inelined to pursue.

Call me irresponsible, yes, I'm unreliable, but it's
undeniably true, I'm irresponsibly mad for

you! you!
As I approach the prime of my life, I find I have the
time of my life learning to enjoy at my leisure... all the simple pleasures...

And so I happily conceede THIS IS ALL I ASK this is all I need...

Beautiful girls walk a little slower when you walk by me. Linger-

Soft-spoken men speak a little softer when you speak to me. Linger-

Sunsets stay a little longer with the lonely sea. Children everywhere, when you

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Am7 D7
shoot at bad men, shoot at me
Take me to that strange, enchanted land

C7 C7+ C7 F Fmaj7 D7-9
grown-ups seldom understand
Wandering rainbows leave a bit of color for my

Gm7 C7-9 F Fmaj7 Dm Gm7 C7 E7 Fmaj7 F
heart to own
Stars in the sky
make my wish come true before the night has

A7-9 Bb E7 Am F D7(-9) D7
flown, And let the music play
as long as there's a song to sing And

Gm7 CH

1.
I will stay younger than spring.
(8x) Beautiful spring.
(8x) Soft-spoken
NEVER ON SUNDAY

Lyric by
BILLY TOWNE

Music by
MANOS HADJIDAKIS

Moderato

Piano

Refrain

Oh, you can kiss me on a Monday, a Monday, a Monday is very, very good.
cool day, a hot day, a wet day, which ever one you choose.

mp (Small notes optional)

Or you can kiss me on a Tuesday, a Tuesday, a Tuesday, in fact I wish you would.
Or try to kiss me on a gray day, a May day, a pay day, and see if I refuse.

Or you can kiss me on a Wednesday, a Thursday, a Friday and Saturday is best.
And if you make it on a bleak day, a freak day, a weekday, why you can be my guest.
But never, never on a Sunday, a Sunday, a Sunday, Cause that's my day of rest.
But never, never on a Sunday, a Sunday the one day I need a little rest.
Any day you say, Any day you can be my guest,
but my day of rest. Just name the day that you like the best.
Only stay away on my day of rest. Oh, you can kiss me on a
SUNSHINE, LOLLIPOPS AND RAINBOWS

Words by
HOWARD LIEBLING

Music by
MARVIN HAMLISCH

Lively, with a beat

Sun - shine, Lol - li - pops - and Rain - bows, Ev - ry - thing - that's

wonder - ful is what I feel when we're to - geth - er;

Bright - er than a luck - y pen - ny, When you're near the
rain goes, Dis - ap - pears, dear and I feel so fine

Just to know that you are mine; My life is

Sun - shine, Lol - li - pops - and Rain - bows, That's how this re-

train goes So come on join in, Ev - ry - bod - y!

Sun - shine, Lol - li - pops - and Rain - bows, Ev - ry - thing - that's
Won-der-ful is sure to come your way, 'Cause
you're in love to stay.

My life is you're in love,
And love is here to stay!
I LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO

Words by DOUGLASS CROSS

Music by GEORGE CORY

Verse-Moderate Waltz

The loveliness of Paris seems somehow sadly gay.

The glory that was Rome is of another day.

I've been terribly alone and forgotten in Manhattan.

I'm going with the voice:

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To my city by the bay,
I left my home.

Chorus: With a slow, steady beat
In San Francisco,
High on a hill,
it calls to me.
To be where little cable cars
climb halfway to the stars!
The morning fog
may chill the air—
I don't care! My love waits there.
In San Francisco,
Above the blue
and windy sea,
When I come home to
you, San Francisco,
Your golden
sun will shine for me!
I left my
me!

\textit{dim. c rit}
AND ROSES AND ROSES

Words and Music by RAY GILBERT and DORIVAL CAYMMI

Bright Bossa Nova

Every day I sent another present Just to let

her know how very much I care.

Wrote

a little love note with each present But it did

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—n't seem to get me any-where. My—

—poor wor-ried heart was al-most cer-tain That—

—this love af-fair would nev-er be. Then—

—I sent a doz-en yel-low ros-es, And from—

—that mo-ment she be-longed to me.
Slow, with feeling

1. Roses, roses, roses, I thank all the roses that bloom in the spring.
I could not say.
Love is a wonderful thing;
The rest of my life I will bring her roses and roses and roses and roses of love.

2. Roses, roses, roses, I thank you for saying what.
Oh, what a wonderful way.
To tell her "I love you," each day with roses and roses and roses of love.
MY COLORING BOOK

Lyric by
FRED EBB

Music by
JOHN KANDER

Gently

These are the eyes that watched him as he walked a-

way.

Color them grey.

This is the heart that thought she would always be
true

Co-lor it blue

these are the arms that held
his and touched
her then lost
her some-how

color them empty now

These are the beads tile I wore until she came between.

Co-lor it green. This is the
I sleep in and walk in and weep in and hide in that no body sees,

Please,

This is the man the one I depended upon.

Color him gone.
I'll re-mem-ber you,
I'll re-mem-ber you,
Your voice is soft as a

sum-mer is gone,
I'll be lone-ly,
your sweet laugh-ter,
om-nings af-ter,

liv-ing on-ly to re-mem-ber you.
I'll re-mem-ber you.
To your arms some day

I'll return to stay. Till then, I will remember, too,

Every bright star we made wishes upon love me always,

Promise always, Ooh, you'll remember, too.
From The Paramount Picture "LOVE LETTERS"

Words by
EDWARD HEYMAN

Music by
VICTOR YOUNG

Moderately Slow with expression

The sky may be star-less the night may be moon-less, But deep in my

heart there's a glow: For deep in my heart I

know that you love me. You love me, be-cause you told me so!

Refrain

Love let-ters straight from your heart

Keep us so near while a
part

I'm not alone in the night

Am Gdim F7 Am Cm D7 G

When I can have all the love you write.

I mem-

rize ev'ry line

I kiss the name that you

sign

And, darling, then I read again right from the start

Am7 Fdim I G Cdim Am7 D7 2 G C

Love letters straight from your heart.
Words by
HAL DAVID

Music by
BURT F. BACHARACH

Moderato, Not Too Slowly

Hey, little girl, comb your hair, fix your make-up, soon he will open the door.

Don't think because there's a ring on your finger you needn't try any more. For wives should always...
be lovers too.
Run to his arms the moment he comes home to
you. I'm warning you.
Day after day there are
girls at the office and men will always be men.

Don't send him off with your hair still in curlers,
You may not see him again, for wives should always be lovers too. Run to his arms the moment he comes home to you. He's almost here.

Hey, little girl, better wear something pretty, something you'd
wear to go to the city; And dim all the lights, pour the
wine, start the music, time to get ready for
love. Oh, time to get ready, time to get
dim. poco a poco
ready, time to get ready for love.
MY WILD IRISH ROSE

By
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

Moderato

C         Fm        G                F

My Wild I - rish Rose,   The sweet - est
Wild I - rish Rose,   The dear - est

flow'r that grows!   You may search ev - ry - where, But
flow'r that grows!   And some day for my sake, She

G7          B - C    Am      D7       G7       Dm7

none can com - pare With My Wild I - rish Rose.
may let me

G7        2. C        F       C       D7       G7       C

My take The bloom from My Wild I - rish Rose.

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Piano-Vocal Album with Guitar Chords & Diagrams

Andy Williams

POPULAR HITS from
AWARD WINNING ALBUMS
PLUS SOUVENIR PHOTO SECTION

VITAL STATISTICS

Birthplace: Wall Lake, Iowa
Birthday: December 3
Height: 5'9"
Weight: 150 lbs.
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown

CAPSULE BIOGRAPHY

Jay Williams, Andy's father, was the local music dealer who organized the small town church choir. The entire Williams family – mother, father, and the four Williams brothers (Bob, Dick, Don and Andy) became the mainstay of the choir. It wasn't too long before the Williams family packed their bags and headed for Des Moines, where the Williams Brothers achieved tremendous popularity and wound up with their own radio show.

The word travelled throughout the mid-west and WLS in Chicago wooed the quartet. From Chicago to WWL in Cincinnati and much popularity.

While Andy was still in High School, the family moved to Los Angeles. The brothers continued to work together and in 1946 they teamed with Kay Thompson in what turned out to be one of the most successful night club acts of the time, touring the United States and Europe. In 1952, with Andy still a teenager, the Williams Brothers disbanded, because the three oldest were married and started raising families.

Andy went directly to New York and was signed as a featured vocalist on the Steve Allen “Tonight Show”. He started with a two week contract, but stayed with Allen for almost 3 years.

In 1959 he had captured the country's fancy. His “Tonight” appearances established him as a personality and his recordings were being bought by the millions. His single discs of “Canadian Sunset” and “Hawaiian Wedding Song” topped the best seller lists.

The rest is history. Successful summer TV shows, smash hit-hour-long spectaculars, and finally the “Andy Williams Show” which debuted in 1962 and was an instant success.


He is interested in sports, especially golf, and he can be found on the Bel Air links almost any day he is not working.
MOON RIVER

Words by
JOHNNY MERCER

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

Slowly

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Two drifters, off to see the world. There's such a lot of world to see. We're after the same rainbow's end waiting 'round the bend,

my Huckleberry friend, Moon River

and me.
THE SONG FROM MOULIN ROUGE
(Where Is Your Heart!)

Lyric by
WILLIAM ENGVICK

Music by
GEORGES AURIC

Moderato

When - ev - er we kiss, I wor - ry and won - der... Your

lips may be near, but WHERE IS YOUR HEART? It's

al - ways like this, I wor - ry and won - der... You're close to me

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here, but **WHERE IS YOUR HEART?** It's a sad thing to realize that you've a heart that never melts. When we kiss, do you close your eyes, pretending that I'm someone else? You must break the spell, this cloud that I'm under. So please won't you tell, darling, **WHERE IS YOUR HEART?** When
STRANGER ON THE SHORE

Lyric by ROBERT MELLIN

Music by ACKER BILK

Moderato (with feeling)

Here I stand watching the tide go out. So all alone and blue, just dreaming dreams of you. I watched your ship as it sailed out to sea, taking all my dreams and
taking all of me... The sighing of waves, the weeping of the wind.
The tears in my eyes burn, pleading "My love, retreat."

Why oh why must I go on like this? Shall I just be a

lonely stranger on the shore?
Verse

Some look for glory, It's still the old story Of

love versus glory, And when all is said and done,
YOU'RE NO-BODY TIL SOME-BODY LOVES YOU,
You're no-body till some-body cares;

may be king, you may possess the world and its gold,
But gold won't bring you happiness when you're growing old;
world still is the same, you'll never change it,

As sure as the stars shine above,

YOU'RE NOBODY TIL SOMEBODY LOVES YOU,

So find yourself somebody to love.

YOU'RE love.
IDA! SWEET AS APPLE CIDER

EDDIE LEONARD

Moderato

In the region where the roses always bloom,
When the sun am sinkin' in the golden West,
Breathing out upon the air their sweet perfume,
Little Robin Red Breast gone to seek their nests.

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Lives a dusky maid I long to call my own,
Then I sneak down to dat place I love the best,
For I know my ev'ry ev'n'ing
love for her will nev'er die;
there alone I sigh.

CHORUS
I
Seems
day
though
can't
live
without
you.

Sweet As Apple Cider,

Sweet
Lips,

than all I Ch, Hon'ry
Come out! I da!

know, do!

in the silv'ry moonlight,
I — I da — lize — yah,

whisper, so soft and low!

I love you, I da, heed I do!
"Won't you come home, Bill Bailey? Won't you come home?"

She moans de

whole day long.

"Til de cook-ing, dar-ling;
I'll pay de rent; I known I've done you wrong.

"Mem-ber dat rain- y eve Dat I drove you out Wid noth-ing but a fine tooth comb! I know I'se to blame. Well, ain't dat a shame? Bill

Bail-ley, Won't You Please Come Home?"
Moderato

A - las, my love, you do me wrong, To cast me off discourteously, And I have loved you

oh, so, long, Delight ing in your com pa ny.

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Green-sleeves was my heart of gold, And who but my lady Green-sleeves.

I've been ready at your hand, To grant whatever you would crave; And

I have waged both life and land, Your love and good will for to have.

D. S. al Fine
MARY'S A GRAND OLD NAME

Words and Music by GEORGE M. COHAN

Moderato

Piano

G  Edim  Am7  Cm  D7  G  Edim  Am7  Cm  D7

My mother's name was Mary, she was so good and true;
Now, when her name is Mary, there is no falsehood there;

G  B7  Em  A7  D7 Am7  D7

Because her name was Mary, she called me Mary, too;
When to Marie she'll vary, she'll surely bleach her hair;

G  Edim  Am7  Cm  D7  G  Edim  Am7  Cm  D7

She wasn't gay or sairy, but plain as she could be;
Though Mary's ordinary, Marie is fair to see;

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MONA LISA

Music and Words by
JAY LIVINGSTON
and RAY EVANS

Slowly

In a villa in a little old Italian town

Colla voce

lives a girl whose beauty shames the rose.

Many yearn to love her but their

hopes all tumble down.

What does she want? No one knows!

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Slowly Rubato

Refrain

Mo-na Li-sa, Mo-na Li-sa men have named you. You're so

like the la-dy with the mys-tic smile. Is it on-ly cause you're lone-ly, they have

blamed you for that Mo-na Li-sa strange-ness in your smile? Do you

smile to tempt a lov-er, Mo-na Li-sa. Or is

...
this your way to hide a broken heart? Many dreams have been brought to your

doorstep. They just lie there, and they die there. Are you

warm, are you real, Mona Lisa, Or just a

cold and lonely, lovely work of art? Mona art?
And Roses And Roses

By RAY GILBERT and DORIVAL CAYMMI

Ev - ery day I sent an - oth - er pre - sent Just to let her know how very much I care.

Wrote a little love note with each pre- sent But it didn't seem to get me any- where.

That this love so fair would nev - er be Then I sent a dar - en yel - low roses. And from that mo - ment she belonged to me.

1. Ro - ses, ro - ses, ro - ses, I thank all the ro - ses that bloom in the spring.

2. Ro - ses, ro - ses, ro - ses, I thank you for say - ing what I couldn't say.

Love is a won - der - ful thing The rest of my life I will bring her ro - ses and ro - ses and ro - ses of love.

Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?

By HUGHIE CANNON

"Won't you come home, Bill Ba - lley? Won't you come home?" she moans all day long.

I'll do de cook - ing, dar - ling; I'll pay de rent; I know I've done you wrong.

Mem - ber dat rain - y eve Dat I drove you out wid noth - ing but a fine tooth comb?

know I'm to blame. Well, ain't dat a shame? Bill Bai - ley, Won't You Please Come Home?"
Call Me Irresponsible

SAMMY CAHN & JAMES VAN HOUTEN

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Greensleeves

Tradition


Love Letters

EDWARD HEYMAN & VICTOR YOUNG

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Ida, Sweet As Apple Cider

Moderato

K. MUNSON

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I Left My Heart In San Francisco

DOUGLASS CROSS & GEORGE CORY

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I'll Remember You

I'll remember you,
long after this coldness
leaves,

I'll remember you,
your voice as soft
as a warm summer breeze,

I'll be lonely, oh, so lonely,
living on
I'll remember you,
your sweet laugh, meetings of
ever after

I'll remember you,
your

To your arms some
day
I'll return to stay.
Till then, I will remember,

Every bright star we made wishes upon,

love me always, promise always,

You'll remember, too.

You'll remember, too.

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Mona Lisa

Mo-na Li-sa, Mo-na Li-sa men have named you; You're so like the lady with the mystic smile. Is it

only 'cause you're lovely they have blinded you For that Mo-na Li-sa strangeness in your smile? Do you

smile to tempt a lover, Mo-na Li-sa? Or is this your way to hide a broken heart? Men

dreams have been brought to your door step. They just lie there, and they die there. Are you

warm, are you real, Mo-na Li-sa, Or just a cold and lonely, love-ly work of art?

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My Coloring Book
By FRED EBB and JOHNNY KANDER

There are the eyes that watched him as he walked away;
F Gm7 C7 F FT Gm7 C7
Color them grey.
F Gm7 Am F C7 F C7 F FT Gm7
This is the heart that thought she would always be true.

Color it blue;
Bb Bbmaj7 Bbmaj7 Bbmaj7 Bbmaj7
These are the arms that held her and touched her then.
F Gm7 F7 C7 F FT Gm7 C7 F Gm7 FT
Lost them, some how now these is the body tie I

Wore until the came between;
Cm7 F7 Bb Bbmaj7 Bbmaj7 Bbmaj7 Bbmaj7
Color them green.
Am7 D9 D6 F Bb F C7
This is the room I sleep in and walk in and weep in and hide in that no body sees;

Color it lonely, please;
F FT Gm7 C7 F FT Gm7 C7
This is the one I depended upon.

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Mary's A Grand Old Name
By GEORGE M. COHAN

My mother's name was Mary, she was so good and true;
G Edm Am7 FT G Edm Am7 FT G
She used her name was Mary, there is no false one there;
A7 D7 G Edm Am7 FT G Edm Am7 FT G
When to Marie she'll vary,
she called me Mary, too.
G Edm Am7 BT Em A7 D Edm D7 FT G" Edm Am7 FT G
She wasn't gay or airy, but plans as she could be,
D D7 G Edm Am7 BT Em A7 D Edm D7 FT G"
She'll sure by bleach her hair.
Though Mary's or damary, Marie is fair to see;

I'd hate to be contrary and call my self Marie.
D D7 G Edm Am7 BT Em A7 D Edm D7 FT G"
Don't ever fear sweet Mary, be ware of sweet Marie.
For it is Mary, Mary,
plain as any name can be;
G Edm Am7 BT Em A7 D Edm D7 FT G"
But with propriety, so cieley will say Marie.

But it was Mary, Mary, long before the fashions came.
G FT G Edm Am7 BT Em A7 D Edm D7 FT G"
And there is something there that sounds so fair, it's a grand old name!

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Moon River

JOHNNY MERCER & HENRY MANCINI

Am7 F C7 Bb7-6 Am7 F Am7 F#m7-5 B7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7
Moon River, wider than a mile: I'm crossin' you in style some day.
Old dream maker, you heartbreaker, wherever you're goin', I'm goin' your way.

C Am F Cmaj7 C6 F Cmaj7 C6 Bb7-6 B7
Two drifters, off to see the world. There's such a lot of world to see.
We're after the same rainbow end waitin' round the bend.

Am7 Am6 Fb C F Am7 Dm7 G7#9
My Huck-Le-ber-ry friend, Moon River and me.

Never On Sunday

By BELLY TOWNE and MANOS KAMIDAKAS

B7
Oh, you can kiss me on a Monday, a Monday, a Monday is very good.
Or you can kiss me on a cool day, a hot day, a wet day, whichever one you choose.

B7 Bb7
Tuesday, a Tuesday, a Tuesday, in fact I wish you would.
Or you can kiss me on a Wednesday, a Thursday, a gray day, a May day, a pay day, and see if I'm done.

B7
Or you can kiss me on a Wednesday, a Thursday, a gray day, a May day, a pay day, and see if I'm done.
And if you make it on a bleak day, a bleak day, a bleak day, a bleak day, a bleak day, a bleak day.

B7 B7 Fm
Friday and Saturday is my best. But never, never on a Sunday, a Sunday, a Sunday, a Sunday, the one day I need a little rest.
Most any rest day you can be my guest. Any day you say.

B7 B7 Eb
But my day of rest. Just name the day that you like the best.
Say, but my day of rest.

B7 Fm7 D7
On my day of rest. On you can kiss me on a

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My Wild Irish Rose

By CHAUNCEY OLCCOTT

My Wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows!
You may search every
Wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows.
And some day for my sake, she may let me

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Silver Bells

JAY LIVINGSTON & RAY EVANS

City sidewalks, busy sidewalks dressed in holiday style.
Strings of street lights,esen zoop lights blink a bright red and green.
As the shop-ports clash bone with their treasures.

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The Song From Moulin Rouge

WILLIAM ENGVICK & GEORGES AURI

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Stranger On The Shore

F Gm7 C7 F F F7 Bb Bbm F Fm7 C7
Here I stand watch-ing the tide go out, So all a lone and blue just

Gm7 C7 F Gm7 C7 F F7 Bb Bbm
dream-ing dreams of you, I watched your ship as it sailed out to sea,

F Fm7 Am F7 Bb C7 F Bb
Taking all my dreams and tak-ing all of me. The sigh-ing of waves, the

Gm7 C7 F Bb Am G7 Gm7 C7 F
wait-ing of the wind, The tears in my eyes burn plen-ding "My love, re-turn." Why, oh,

Gm7 C7 F F7 Bb Bbm F Dm7 Am F7 Bb C7 F
why must I go on like this? Shall I just be a lone-ly stran-ger on the shore?

Sunshine, Lollipops And Rainbows

F Dm C6 F Dm C6 F
Sun-shine, lol-li-pops, and rain-bows, Ex-ry-thing that's won-der-ful is what I feel when

Gm7 C7 F Dm C6 F Dm C6 F
Sun-shine, lol-li-pops, and rain-bows, Ex-ry-thing that's won-der-ful is sure to come your

Am Dm7 Bb C7 F Bb Bbm Coda Am Gm7 C7 F
we're to-get-her. Bright-er than a luck-y pen-sy; When you're near the rain goes,

Gm7 C7 F Bb Bbm Coda Am Gm7 C7 F
dis-appears dear, and I feel so fine Just to know that you are near. My life is

Sun-shine, lol-li-pops, and rain-bows, That's how this re-frain goes. So come on join

Gm7 C7 F Bb Bbm Coda Am Gm7 C7 F
in. Ex-ry-bod-y! way. Cause you're in love to stay.

This Is All I Ask

Slowly, with expression

Fmaj7 FFdim Cm Gm7 Edim F Am Dm7
(Sug) Beau-ti-ful girls, walk a lit-tle slower when you walk by me. Long-ing sun-sets

Gm7 Gm C7+ Bm7 E7 Am
(soft) Soft-spoken men speak a lit-tle softer when you speak to me. Stars in the sky

D7 G7 C7 Cm6 C
stay a lit-tle long-er with the lone-ly sea. Child-ern ev-ry-where, when you shoot at bad men,

Am F Eldim D7 Gm7 C7 Gb F Gb F
make my wish come true be-fore the night has

D7 G7 F Bb E7 Am F Eldim D7 Gm7 C7 Gb F Gb F
shoot at me, Take me to that strange en-chanted land grown-ups sel-dom un-der-stood. Won-der-ing

F A7 F Bb E7 Am F Eldim D7 Gm7 C7 Gb F Gb F
flown, and let the musi-cio play as long as there's a song to sing. And I will stay younger than spring.
You're Nobody 'Til Somebody Loves You

RUSS MORGAN, LARRY STOCK & JAMES CAVANAUGH

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Wives And Lovers

HAL DAVID & BURT F. BACHARACH

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