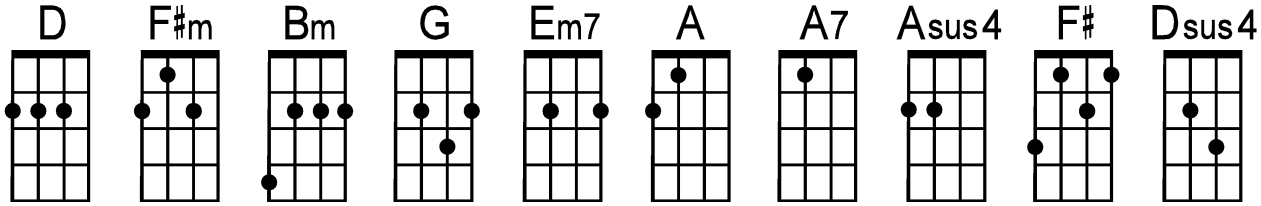


Our Last Summer

by Benny Andersson and Bjorn Ulvaeus (1980)



(sing f#)

D . . . F#m . . . | Bm . . . A
The summer air was soft and warm, the feeling right

. | G . D . . . | Em7 |
The Paris night— did it's best to please us—

A . . . Em7 . . | A | A7 . . | D . A7 . | D . . .
And strolling down the Ely-see— we had a drink in each ca-fé— and— you

. . . | Bm . . . D . . . | G . D . . . | Em7 . A . |
You talked of poli-tics, phi-losophy and I— smiled like Mona Li—sa—

Em7 | A | Asus4 . A . | Asus4 . .
We had our chance— It was a fine and true ro-mance—

Chorus: A . . . | D . F#m . | G . A . . | D . F#m . | G . .
I can still re-call— our last sum-mer I still see it all—

A . . . | D . F# . . | Bm . . .
Walks a-long the Seine— laughing in the rain—

F#m . . | G . . A7 . . . | Dsus4 |
Our last sum-mer, memories that re-main—

D . . . F#m . . . | Bm . . . A
We made our way a-long the river and we sat down

. . . | G . D . . . | Em7 |
In the grass— by the Eiffel To—wer—

A . . . Em7 . . . | A | A7 . . | D . A7 . | D |
I was so happy we had met It was the age of no re-grets— oh— Yes

Bm . . . D . . . | G . D . . . | Em7 . A . |
Those crazy years, that was the time— of the flower-po—wer—

Em7 | A7 |
But under-neath— we had a fear of flyin'

Em7 | A7 |
Of getting old— a fear of slowly dyin'

Em7 | A | Asus4 . A . | Asus4 . .
We took the chance— like we were dancing our last dance—

Chorus: A . | D . F#m . | G . A . | D . F#m . | G .
I can still re-call— our last sum-mer I still see it all—

A . | D . F# . | Bm .
In the tourist jam— round the Notre Dame—

F#m . | G . A7 . | D .
Our last sum-mer walking hand in hand

A . | D . F#m . | G . A . | D . F#m . | G .
Paris restau-rants— our last sum-mer, morning croi—sants—

A . | D . F# . | Bm .
Living for the day— worries far a-way—

F#m . | G . A7 . | Dsus4 . . . |
Our last sum-mer we could laugh and play—

D . F#m . | Bm . A
And now you're working in a bank, the family man

. | G . D . | Em7 . A . |
A football fan— and your name is Har-ry—

Em7 . . . | A7 . . . | Asus4 . A . | Asus4 .
How dull it seems— yet you're the hero of my dreams—

Chorus: A . | D . F#m . | G . A . | D . F#m . | G .
I can still re-call— our last sum-mer I still see it all—

A . | D . F# . | Bm .
Walks a-long the Seine— laughing in the rain—

F#m . | G . A7 . | D .
Our last sum-mer, memories that re-main—

A . | D . F#m . | G . A . | D . F#m . | G .
I can still re-call— our last sum-mer I still see it all—

A . | D . F# . | Bm .
In the tourist jam— round the Notre Dame—

F#m . | G . A7 . | D .
Our last sum-mer walking hand in hand

A . | D . F#m . | G . A . | D . F#m . | G .
Paris restau-rants— our last sum-mer, morning croi—sants—

A . | D . F# . | Bm .
Living for the day— worries far a-way—

F#m . | G . A7 . | Dsus4 . . . |
Our last sum-mer we could laugh and play—

(*slower*) F#m . | G . A7 . | D . Dsus4 . | D\
Our last sum—mer memories that re—main—