
Oh the bit—ter winds— are com—in’ in— and I’m

Al—ready mis—sin’ the sum-mer—

Stock—holm’s cold— but I’ve— been told I was

Born to en—due this kind of wea—ther—

When it’s you— I find— like a ghost in my mind, I— a—am

F . . | Am . . | C . . . . . . . . .
De-feated and I gladly wear the crown—

Chorus: I’ll be your Emmy-lou and— I’ll be your Ju-u-une and

Bb . . . . | C . . . . | F . . . .
You’ll be my Gra-a-aham and my— Johnny to-o. No, I—I’m no-ot a—askin’

Dm . . . . | F . | C . . . . | F . . . . . . .
Much of yo-u Just sing— little darlin,’ sing with me——

Now so much I know— that things just don’t gro—ow if you

Don’t— bless them with your patience— And I’ve

Been there be—fore— I held up the door— for

Eve—ry stran—ger— with a pro—mise— But

I’m hold—in’ back— that’s the strength that I lack. Ev-ery

Mornin’ keeps return—in’ at my win—dow— And it

Brings me to you— and I won’t just pass through— but I’m

Not— askin’ for a storm——
Chorus: I'll be your Emmy-lou and—I'll be your Ju-u-une and
Bb | C | F | Bb | You'll be my Gra-a-aham and my—Johnny to-o. No, I-I'm no-ot a-asking'
Dm | F | C | F | Much of yo-u Just sing— little darlin,' sing with me——