Fm . . . | C . . . | Fm . . . | G7 . .
(sing e)
If a pi—ture paints—a thou—sand words—then why—can’t I paint you—?
.Fm . . . | C . . . | Fm . . . | G7 . .
The words—will ne-ver show—the you I’ve come to know—
If a face—could launch—a thou—sand ships—then where—am I to go—?
.Fm . . . | C . . . | Fm . . . | G7 . .
There’s no one home but you—you’re all that’s left me to—
And when—my love—for life—is runn-ing dry—
You come—and pour—your-self—on me—
If a man—could be two pla—ces at one time I’d be with you—
.Fm . . . | C . . . | Fm . . . | G7 . .
To—mor-row and to—day—be—side you all the way—
If the world—should stop re-volv-ing spin—ning slow-ly down to die—
.Fm . . . | C . . . | Fm . . . | G7 . .
I’d spend the end with you— and when the world was through—
Then one—— by one—— the stars—would all go out——
Then you—— and I———would sim-ply fly—— a-
C . . . | F . . . | Fm . . . . | C\ 
Way———————

San Jose Ukulele Club