Cm . . . | G . . . | Cm . . . | D . .

(sing b)
If a pi—ture paints— a thou—sand words— then why— can’t I paint you—?
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—?
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—
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—
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—
Way———

San Jose Ukulele Club