Our Last Summer
by Benny Andersson and Bjorn Ulvaeus

D    F#m    Bm    G    Em7    A    A7    Asus4    F#    Dsus4

D .  F#m .   | Bm .   | A
G .  D .   | Em7 . . |

The summer air was soft and warm, the feeling right, the
Paris night--- did it’s best to please us---


and strolling down the Ely-see----- we had a drink in each ca-fé-- and-- you,
you talked of poli-tics, phi-lo-so phy and I----- smiled like Mona Li---sa----

We had our chance--- It was a fine and true ro-mance---------

Chorus: I can still re-call--- our last sum-mer I still see it all----------
Walks a-long the Seine---, laughing in the rain----

Our last sum-mer, memories that re-main-------------

D .  F#m .   | Bm .   | A
G .  D .   | Em7 . . |

We made our way a-long the river and we sat down
in the grass--- by the Eiffel To-wer---------

I was so happy we had met It was the age of no re-grets--- oh--- yes

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’
We took the chance--- like we were dancing our last dance----------

Chorus: 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----
Our last summer walking hand in hand

Paris restaurants--- our last summer morning croissants-----------------
Living for the day---, worries far away---
Our last summer, we could laugh and play-------

And now you’re working in a bank the family man,
And your name is Harry--------
How dull it seems--- yet you’re the hero of my dreams---------

Chorus: I can still re-call--- our last summer I still see it all-------------
Walks along the Seine----, laughing in the rain----
Our last summer, memories that remain--

In the tourist jam----, round the Notre Dame----
Our last summer walking hand in hand---

Paris restaurants--- our last summer morning croissants-------------
Living for the day---, worries far away---
Our last summer, we could laugh and play---

(slower) Our last summer memories that remain-----------------

San Jose Ukulele Club
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