They Don't Know (Key of C)
by Kirsty MacColl (1979)


(sing g)
C . . . . . . . | F . . . . . .
You've been a-round for such a long time—now
C . . . . . . . | F . . . .
Oh, maybe I could leave you but I don't know—how
C . . . . . . . | F . . . .
And why should I be lonely ev-er-y night
C . . . . . . . | F . . . .
When I can be with you, oh yes, you make it—right
C . . . . . . . | F . . . .
And I don't listen to the guys who say
C . . . . . . . | F . . . .
That you're bad for me and I should turn you a-way—
C . . . . . . . | Dm . . . . | Em . G .
'Cuz they don't know a-bout us———
F . . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C . . . .
And they've never heard of love———

C . . . . . . . | F . . . .
I get a feeling when I look at you
C . . . . . . . | Dm . . . . | G . . . .
Where ever you go now, I wanna be there—too——
C . . . . . . . | F . . . .
They say we're crazy but I just don't—care
C . . . . . . . | Dm . . . . | G . . .
And if they keep on talking, still they get no—where
F . . . . . . | G . . . .
So I don't mind if they don't under—stand
C . . . . . . . | F . . . . . .
When I look at you and you hold my hand—
C . . . . . . . | Dm . . . . | Em . G .
'Cuz they don't know a-bout us———
F . . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C . . . .
And they've never heard of love———
       Why should it matter to us if they— don’t ap-prove——
       Am . . .   Bb . . .   | F . . .  | G\|--\|--\|--\|--\|--\|--\|--\|--
       We should just take our chances while we’ve got nothin’ to lose——

                C . . . | F . . . | G\|--\|--\|--\|--

C . . .   F . . .
There’s no need for living in the— past
       C . . .   F . . .
Now I’ve found good lovin’, gonna make it— last—

C . . .   F . . .
I tell the others not to bother— me
       C . . .   F . . .
'Cuz when they look at— you they don’t see what I— see

F . . .   G . . .
No, I don’t listen to their wasted— lines
       C . . .   F . . .
Got my eyes wide open and I see the— signs—

C . . .   Dm . . .   Em . G .
'Cuz they don’t know a-bout us——

And they’ve never heard of love——

F . . .   G . . .
No, I don’t listen to their wasted— lines
       C . . .   F . . .
Got my eyes wide open and I see the— signs—

C . . .   Dm . . .   Em . G .
'Cuz they don’t know a-bout us——

And they’ve never heard of love——


San Jose Ukulele Club
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