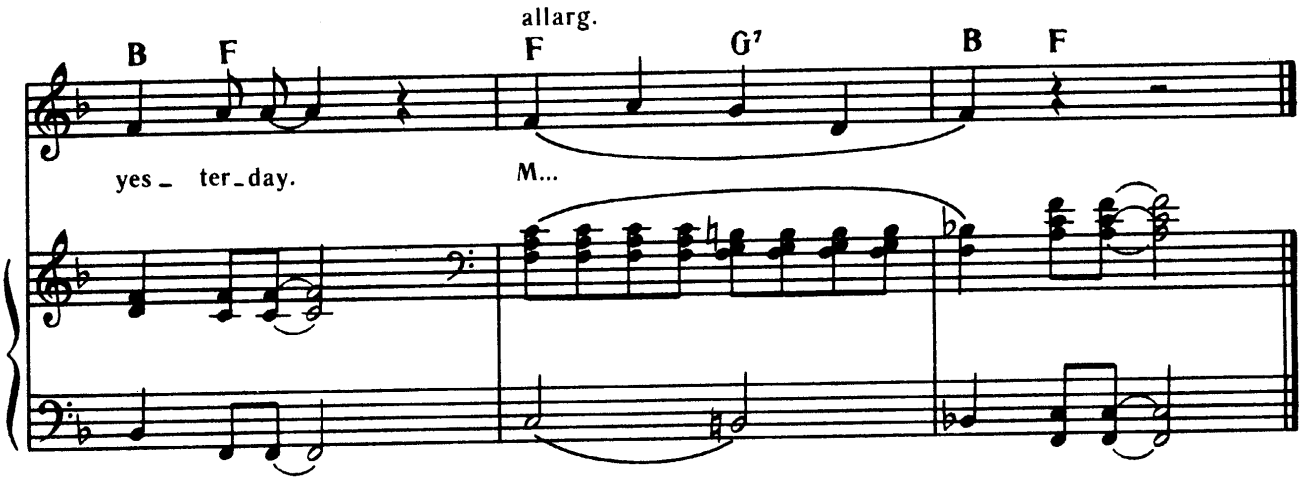
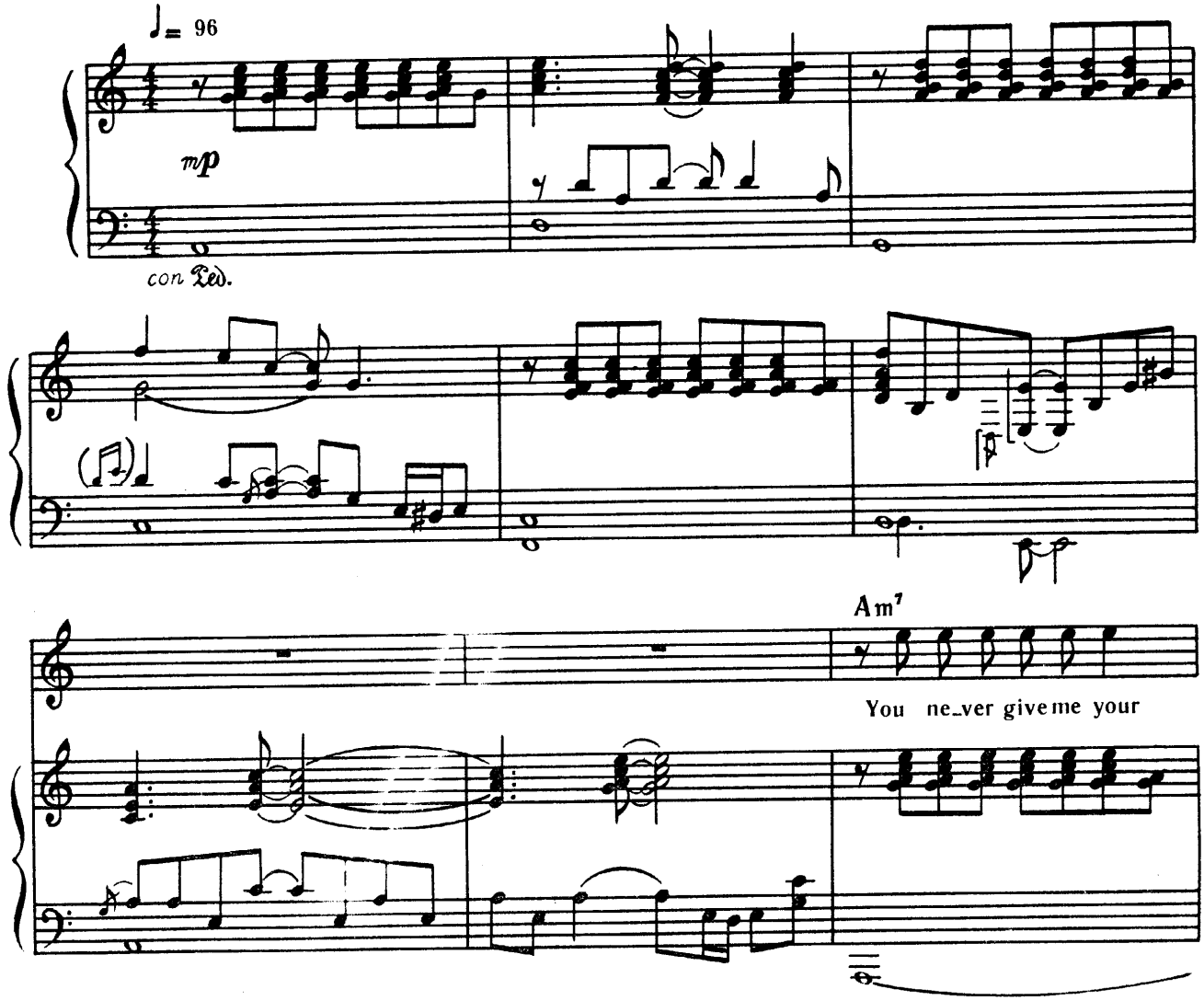


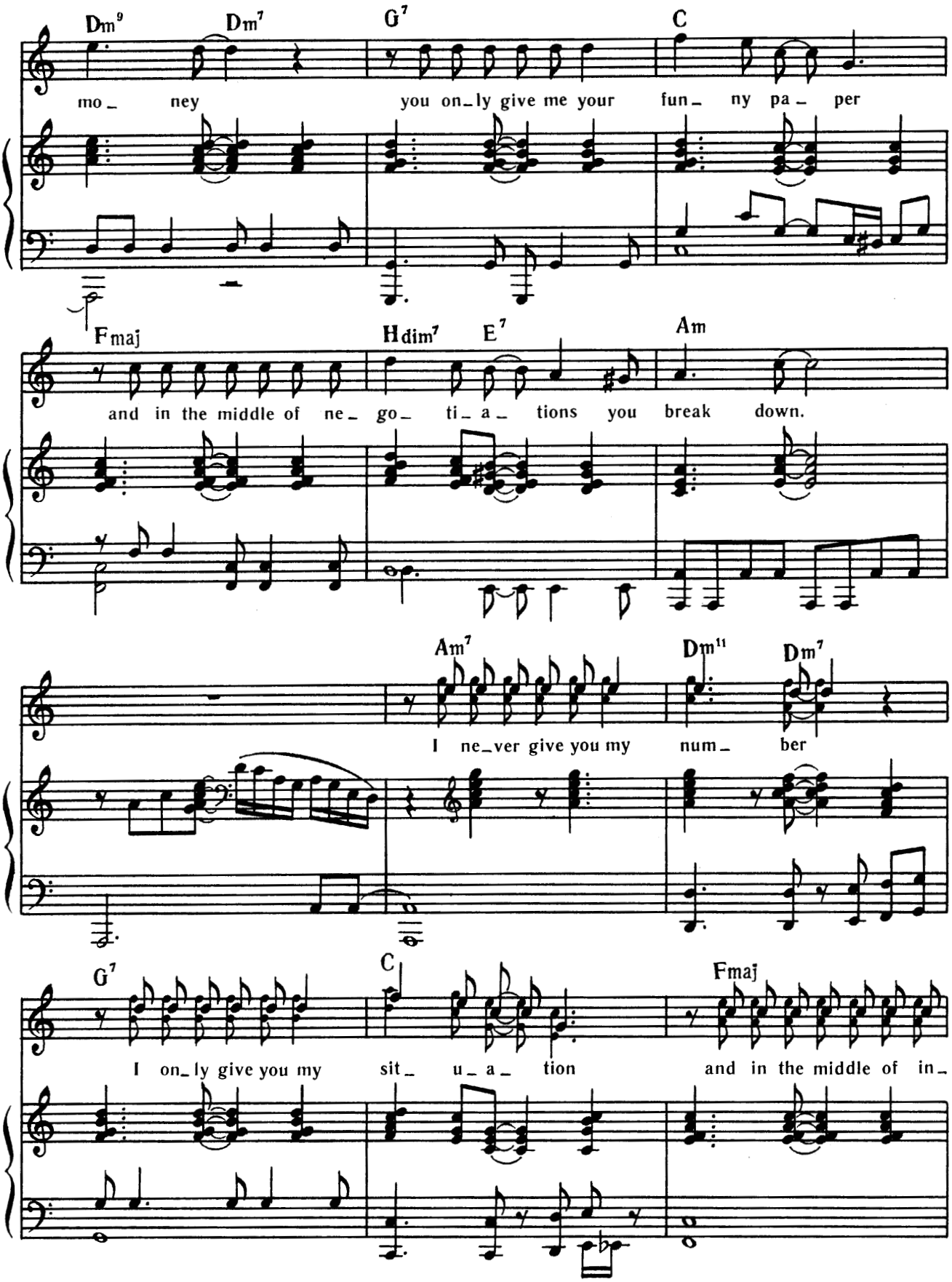
You never give me your money

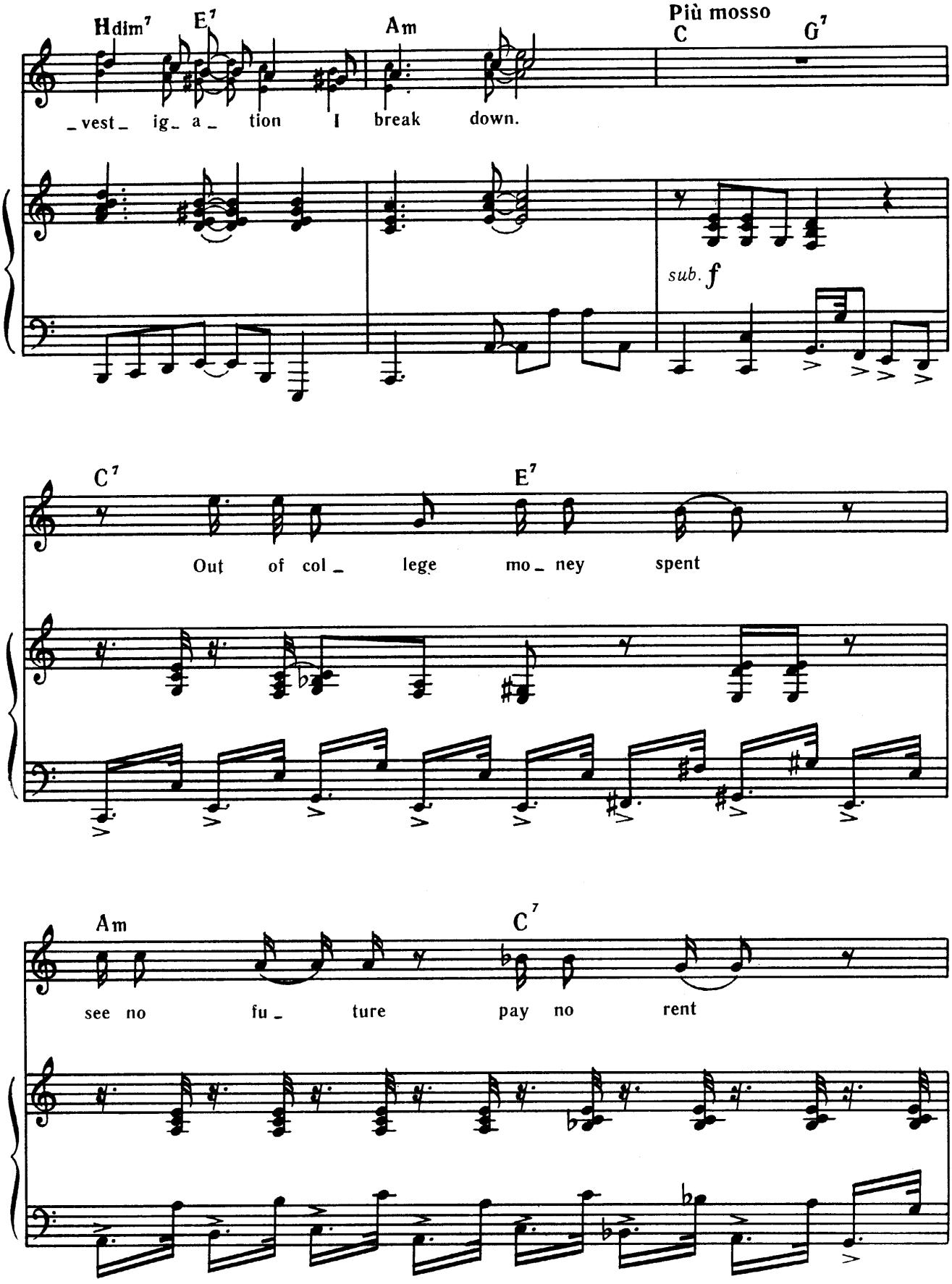
Ты никогда не даешь своих денег

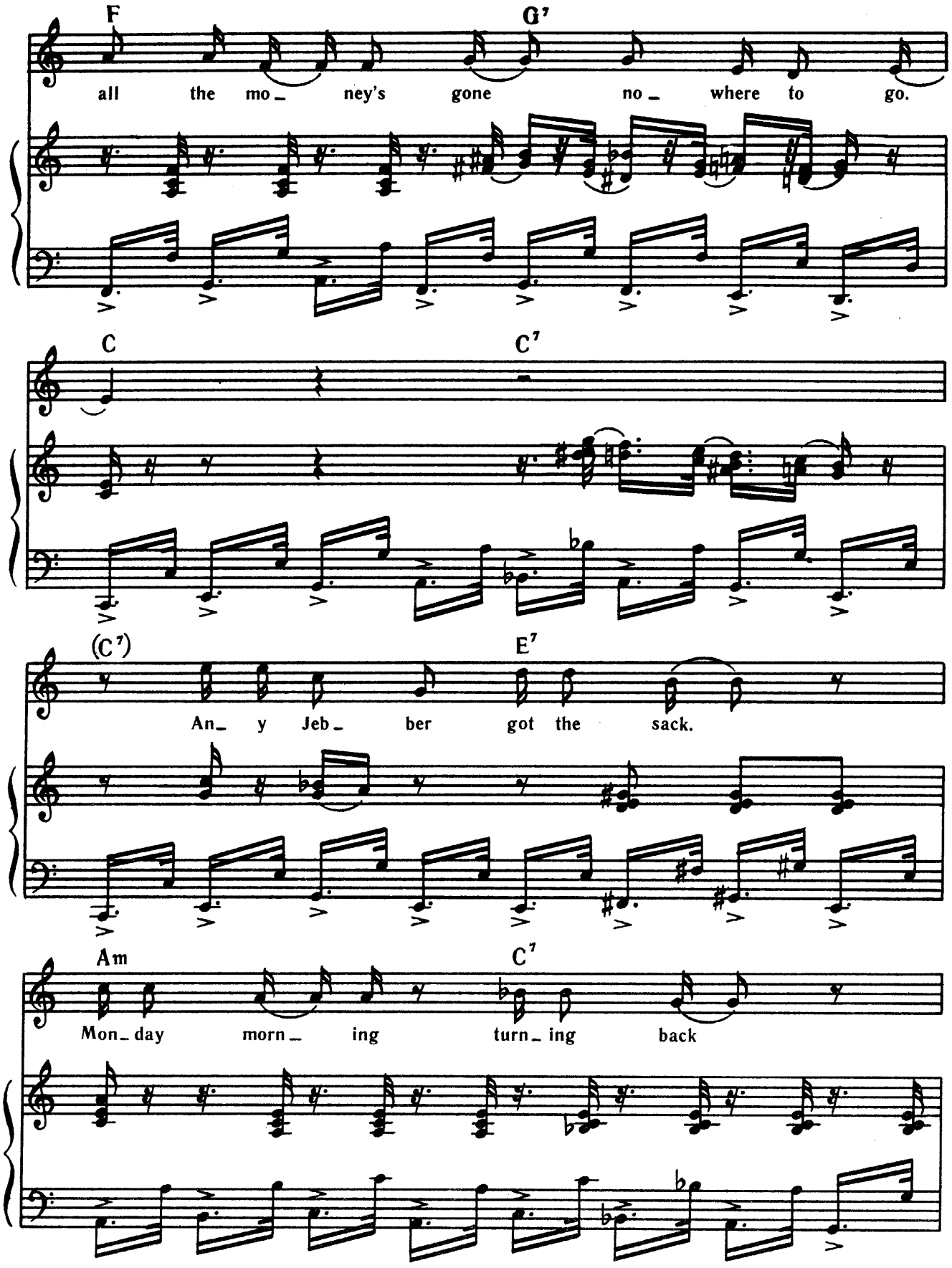
J. Lennon
P. McCartney

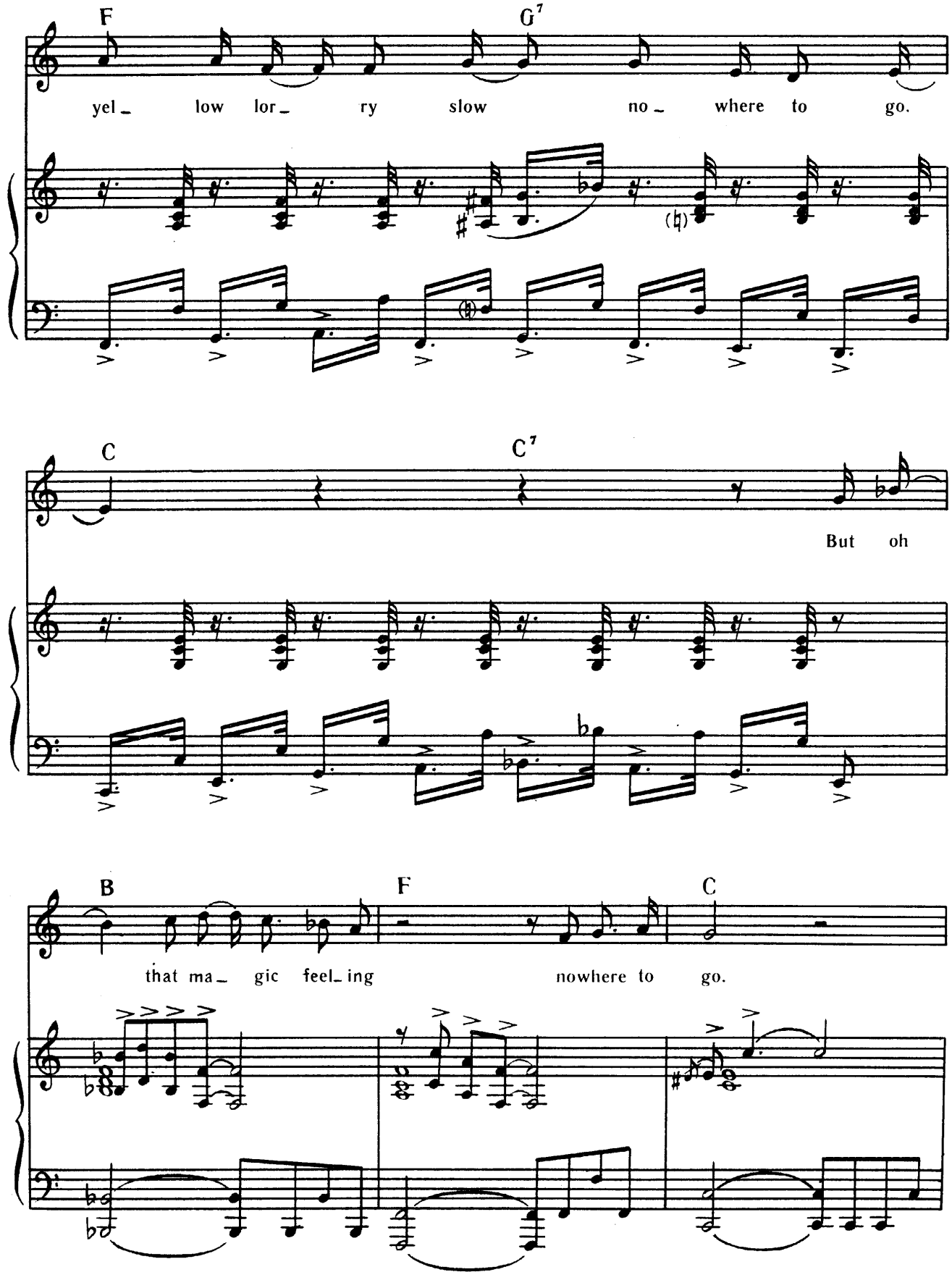
Дж. Леннон
П. Маккартни

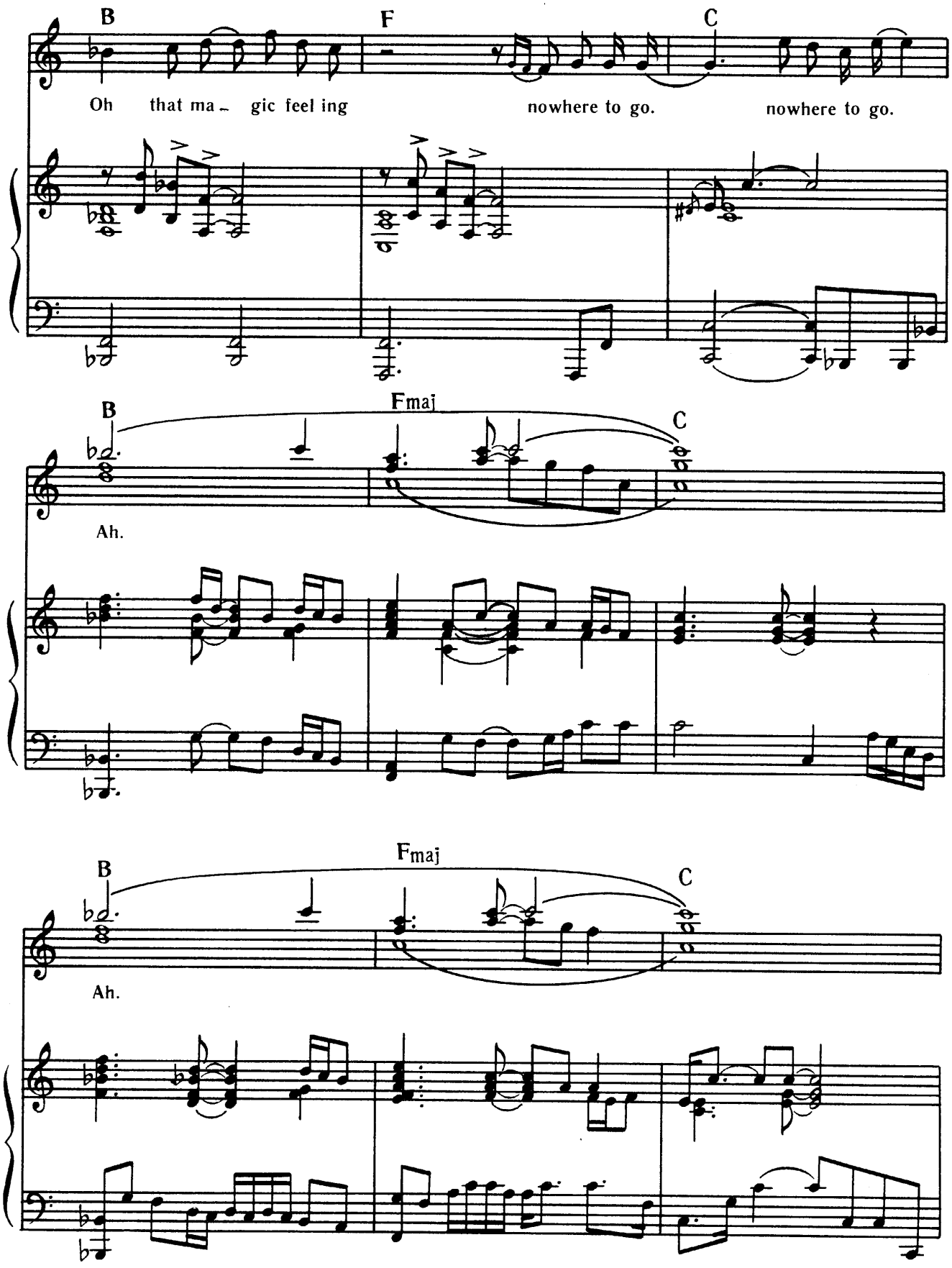


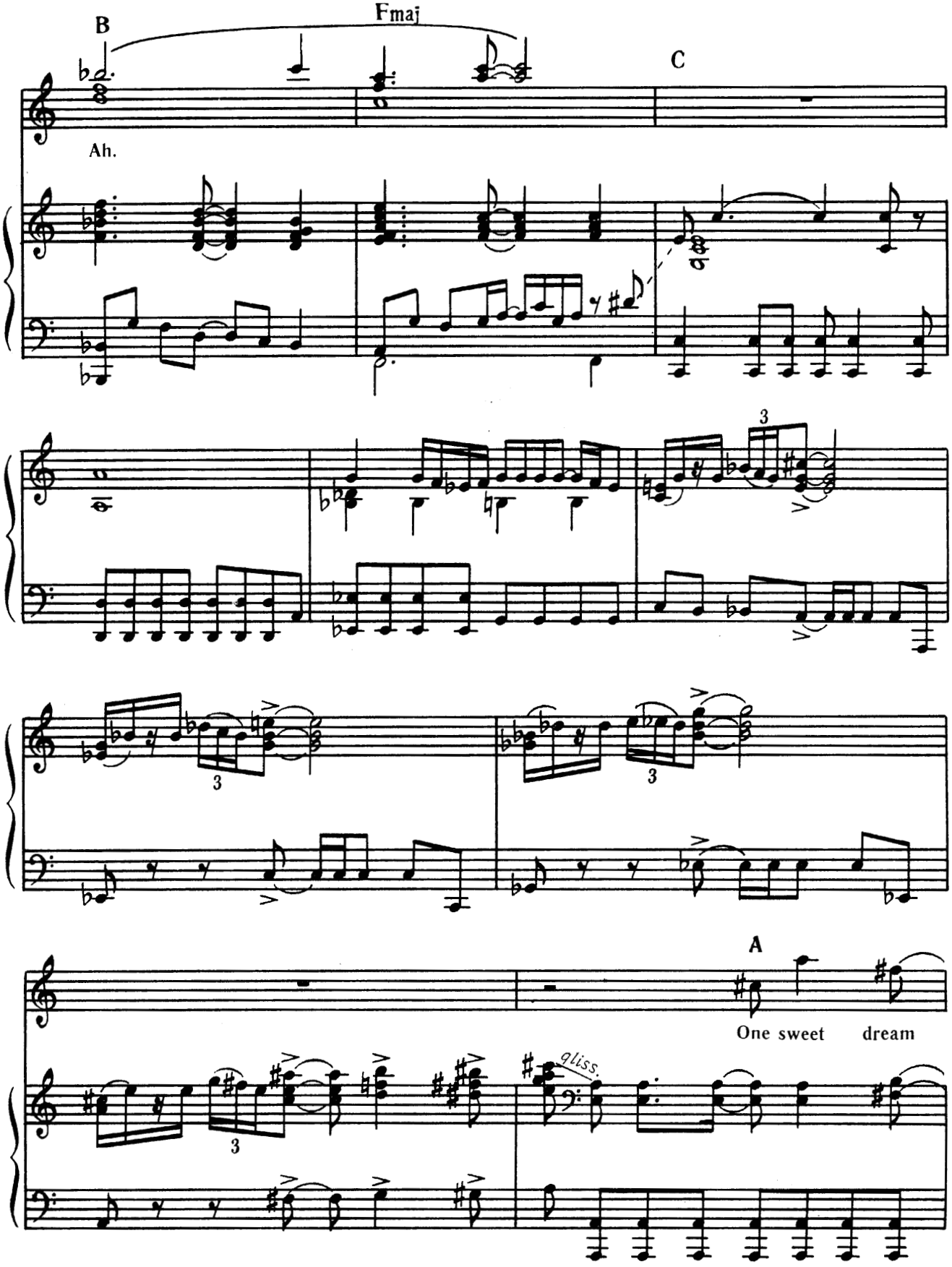

Dm9 Dm7 G7 C
mo_ ney you on_ly give me your fun_ ny pa_ per
Fmaj Hdim7 E7 Am
and in the middle of ne_ go_ ti_a_ tions you break down.
Am7 Dm11 Dm7
I ne_ver give you my num_ ber
G7 C Fmaj
I on_ly give you my sit_ u_a_ tion and in the middle of in_

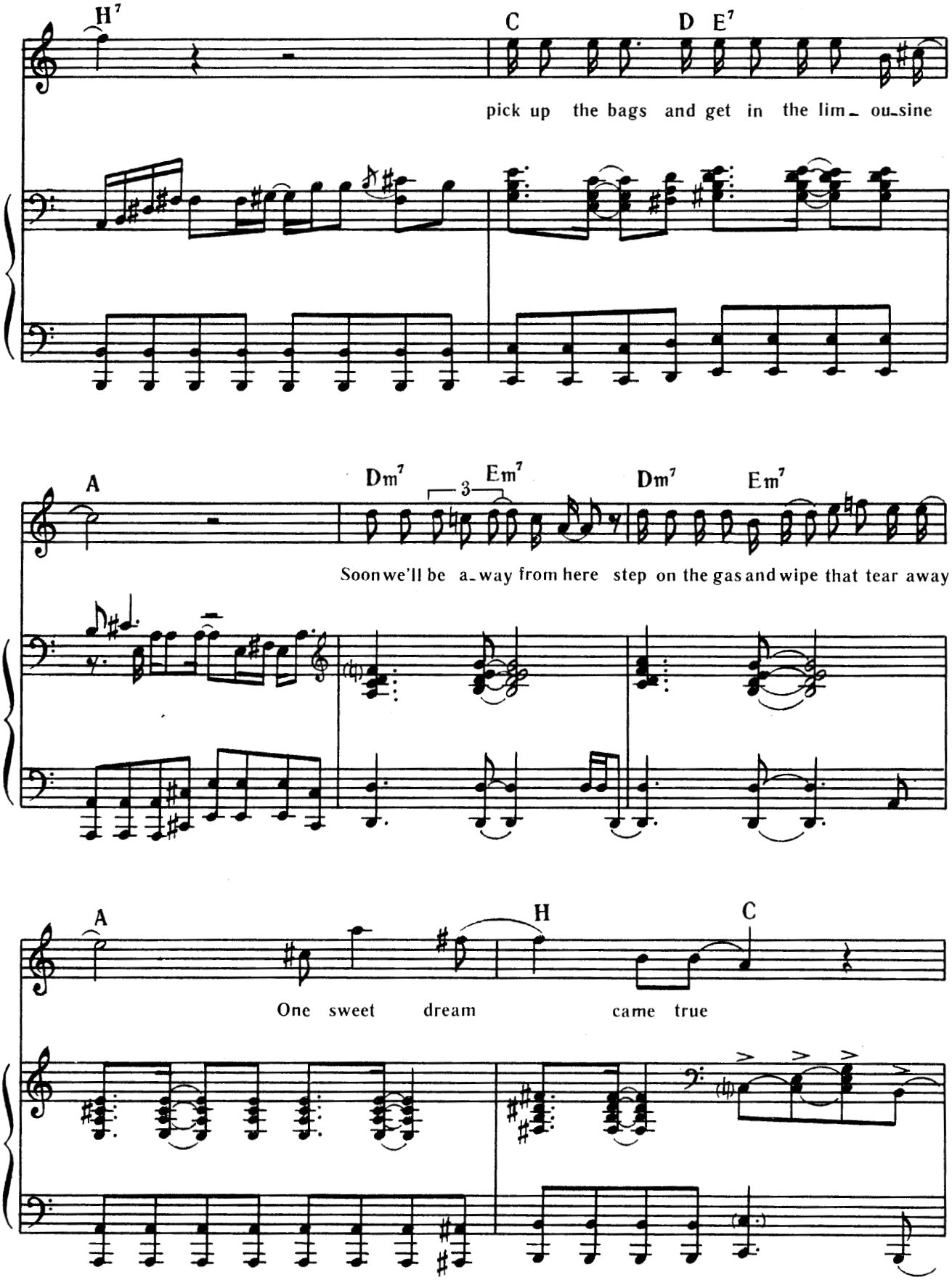

Hdim7
E7
Am
Più mosso
C
G7
vest ig_ a_ tion I break down.
sub. f
C7
E7
Out of col_ lege mo_ ney spent
Am
C7
see no fu_ ture pay no rent

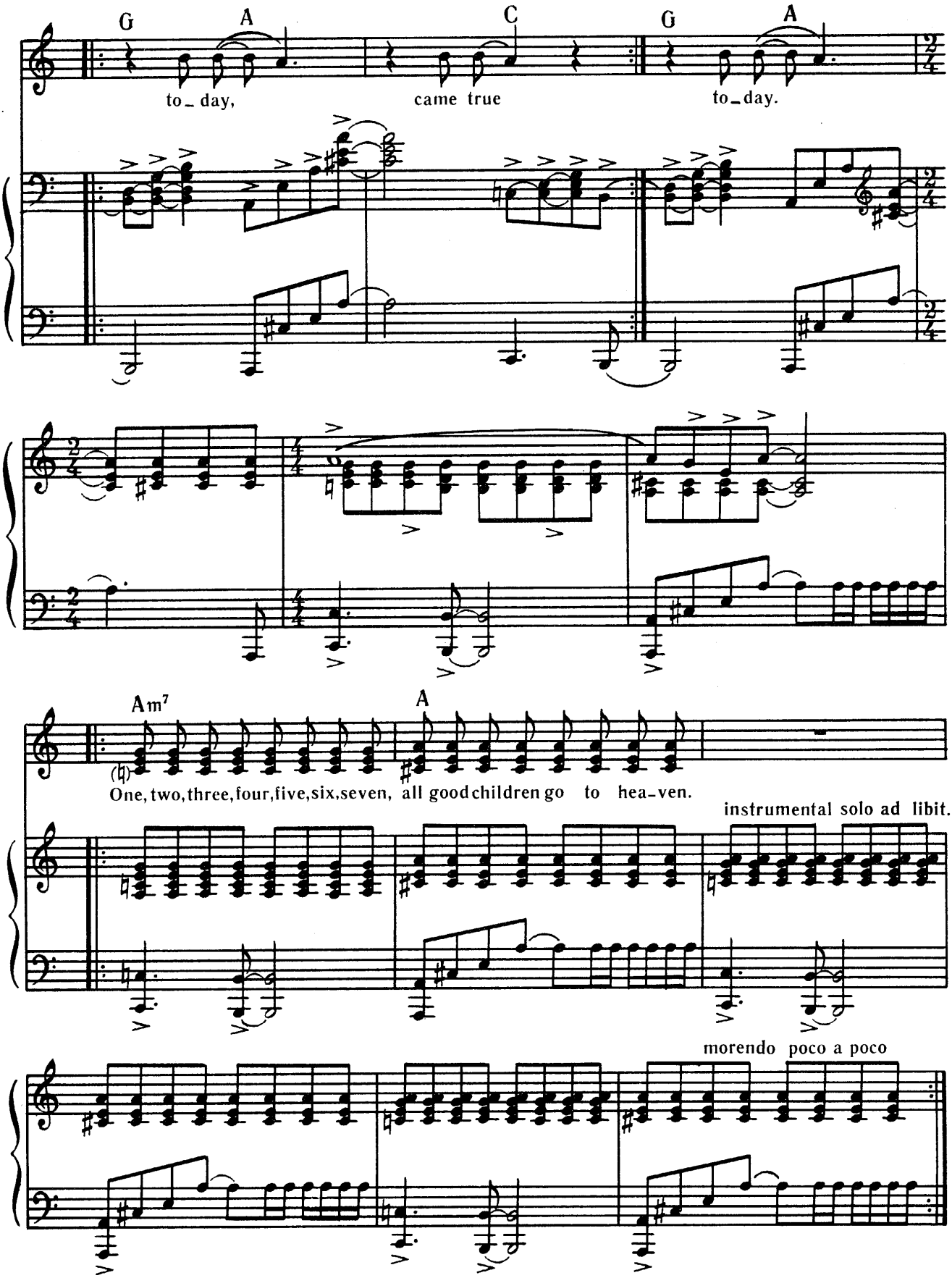

F
G7
all the mo_ ney's gone no_ where to go.
C
C7
(C7)
E7
An_ y Jeb_ ber got the sack.
Am
C7
Mon_ day morn_ ing turn_ ing back


F
G7
yel_ low lor_ ry slow no_ where to go.
C
C7
But oh
B
F
C
that ma_ gic feel_ing nowhere to go.


B
F
C
Oh that ma - gic feel ing
nowhere to go.
nowhere to go.
B
Fmaj
C
Ah.
B
Fmaj
C
Ah.


B
Fmaj
C
Ah.
3
3
3
A
One sweet dream
gliss.


H7
C
D E7
pick up the bags and get in the lim_ ou_sine
A
Dm7
3
Em7
Dm7
Em7
Soon we'll be a_way from here step on the gas and wipe that tear away
A
H
C
One sweet dream came true


G
A
C
G
A
to_ day,
came true
to_day.
Am7
A
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, all good children go to hea_ven.
instrumental solo ad libit.
morendo poco a poco