

That don't want to hear

C

Tell all the birds way up in the trees

G

Tell it to the judge and the chief of police

Tell all those I told you so's - just where they can pin that rose

C

Tell it to the Good Book up on the shelf

G

And now at the risk of repeating myself

C

No one has ever known a love so true

G

One of these days whatever I do

C

G

G

G

I'm gonna have to find a way to tell you that - you're the girl I love

Break -C-G-D-G-D-G C-G-D-G-D-G

C-G...C-G.....G-C-G-D-G-C-G