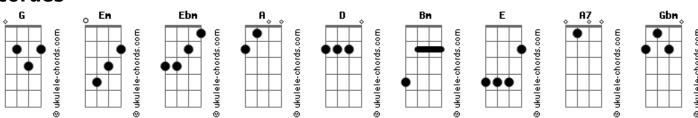


## ABBA - Our Last Summer

```
Tom: D
                                                     Our last summer
          D
The summer air was soft and warm
                                                     Walking hand in hand
  D G
The feeling right, the Paris night
                Em
                                                     Paris restaurants
          Em
Did its best to please us A E Gbml1 E
                                                     Gbm G
                                                     Our last summer
And strolling down the Elysee
                                                     A D
                                                     Morning croissants
We had a drink in each cafe
                                                               D
A7 D
                                                     Living for the day, worries far away
And you
                                                     A G
        Bm D
                                                     Our last summer
You talked of politics, philosophy and I
D G A
Smiled like Mona Lisa
                                                     We could laugh and play
                                                     [Solo] G D A7 Gb7
      Em
                                                           G A D A D7
G D A7 Gb7
We had our chance
Ebm Em A A
It was a fine and true romance
                                                           G D A7sus4 A7
            Gbm
                                                                 D
I can still recall our last summer
                                                     And now you're working in a bank
                                                      D G
A D Gbm G
                                                     The family man, the football fan
I still see it all
                 Gb7
           D
                                                             Em Em
Walks along the Seine, laughing in the rain
                                                     And your name is Harry
Our last summer
                                                     How dull it seems
Memories that remain
                                                     Yet you're the hero of my dreams
                                                        D Gbm
                                                     I can still recall our last summer

A D Gbm G
We made our way along the river
 D
                                                     I still see it all
A D Gb7
And we sat down in the grass
    Em Em
                                                     Walks along the Seine, laughing in the rain
By the Eiffel tower
Gbm G
I was so happy we had met
                                                     Our last summer
A A
It was the age of no regret
                                                     Memories that remain
Oh yes
                                                     I can still recall our last summer
       Bm
               D
Those crazy years, that was the time
                                                           D
                                                     I still see it all
Of the flower-power
                                                                  D
                                                     In the tourist jam, round the Notre Dame
Em Em
But underneath we had a fear of flying
                                                     Gbm G
                                                     Our last summer
Em Em
Of getting old, a fear of slowly dying
                                                     Walking hand in hand
       Em
We took the chance
                                                     Like we were dancing our last dance
                                                          D Gbm G
                                                     Morning croissants
A D Gb7
               Gbm
I can still recall our last summer
                                                     We were living for the day, worries far away
A I still see it all D Gb7
                                                     Our last summer
In the tourist jam, round the Notre Dame
                                                     We could laugh and play
```

## **Acordes**



Gbm G

Gb7

A G

Gbm G

Gbm G

Gb7

Gbm

