

Bb7 Cm Bb

sure of a love there is no cure for. I think I love you. Is-n't that what life is

Eb F7 Bb7 G7 Cm

made of?— Though it wor-ries me to say— that I nev-er felt this way.— I don't know what I'm up a-gainst,—I

*To Coda*

F7 Bb Bb7 Eb Bb7

don't know what it's all a-bout,— I got so much to fig-ure out. Hey!— I think I

*D. S. al*  
*◆ Coda*

◆ Coda Bb7 Ebm Bb7 Eb7-9

nev-er felt this way.— Be-lieve me, you real-ly don't have to wor-ry. I on-ly wan-na make you hap-py and if you say, 'Hey,

Ab Abm Eb Bbm

go a-way," I will, but I think, bet-ter still, I'd bet-ter stay a-round and love you. Do you think I have a case? Let me

Ab Eb Eb Ab Eb

ask you to your face, "Do you think you love me?"— I think I love you.— Oh, I think I love you.— Oh, I think I

*Repeat and fade*