

## Seasons In The Sun (Terry Jacks, 1974, writer: Jacques Brel, 1961)

Intro: [Bb, Bb, B, C]

Goodbye to you my trusted friend:: [C]

We've known each other since we were [Dm]nine or ten::

Together [G]we climbed hills and [C]trees::

Learned of love and a-b-c[Dm], skinned our [G]hearts and skinned our [C]knees, Goodbye my friend it's hard to die::

When all the birds are singing [Dm]in the sky::

Now that the [G]spring is in the [C]air::

Pretty girls are every[Dm]where::

Think of[G] me and I'll be [C]there

We had joy, we had fun, we had [Dm] seasons in the sun,

But the [G]hills that we climbed were just [G7]seasons out of [C]time

[Bb, Bb, B, C]

Goodbye Papa, please pray for me:: [C]

I was the black sheep of the [Dm]family::

You tried to [G]teach me right from [C]wrong::

Too much wine & too much[Dm]song, wonder [G]how I got a[C]long

Goodbye Papa it's hard to die:: [C]

When all the birds are singing [Dm]in the sky::

Now that the [G]spring is in the [C]air::

Little children every[Dm]where::

When you [G] see them I'll be there[C]

We had joy, we had fun, we had [Dm]seasons in the sun,

But the [G]wine and the song like the [G7]seasons have all [C]gone::

[Bb, Bb, B, C]

Goodbye Michelle, my little one:: [C]

You gave me love and helped me [Dm]find the sun::

And every [G]time that I was [C]down::

You would always come a[Dm]round and get my [G]feet back on the [C]ground, Goodbye Michelle it's hard to die::

When all the birds are singing [Dm]in the sky::

Now that the [G]spring is in the [C]air::

With the flowers every [Dm]where::

I wish that [G]we could both be there[C]

We had joy, we had fun, we had [Dm]seasons in the sun,

But the [G]stars we could reach were just [G7]starfish on the [C]beach

We had joy, we had fun, we had [Dm]seasons in the sun,

But the [G]wine and the song like the

**SLOWING - [G7]seasons have all [C]gone**

