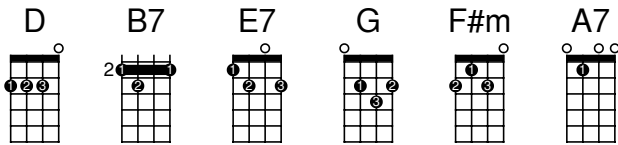


Southern Nights

Glen Campbell



(riff, riff, riff, riff)

[D]Southern Nights, [B7]have you ever felt the [E7]southern night?

[G]Free as a breeze, not to mention the trees, whistling

[F#m]tunes that you know and love [A7]so.

[D]Southern Nights, [B7] just as good even when c[E7]losed your eyes.

I apol[G]ogize, to any o[F#m]ne who can truly say

that he has f[A7]ound a better way.

(riff, riff, riff, riff)

[D]Southern Skies, [B7]have you ever noticed s[E7]outhern skies?

[G]It's precious beauty lies just beyond the eye.

It goes [F#m]running through your soul like the [A7]stories told of old.

[D]Old man, [B7]he and his dog that walked the o[E7]ld land.

Every f[G]lower touched his cold hand.

As he [F#m]slowly walked by, weeping w[A7]illows would cry for [D]joy.

(riff, riff, riff, riff)

[D]Feels so good, [B7]feels so good it's frightening.

[E7]Wish I could, stop this world from fighting.

[G]La da da da da da la da da da da

[F#m]da da da da da da [A7]da da da da

[D]Mysteries, [B7]like this and many others i[E7]n the trees.

[G]Blow in the night, in the [A7]southern [D]skies.

(riff, riff)

[D]Southern nights, [B7]they feel so good it's frightening

[E7]wish I could stop this world from fighting.

[G]la da da da da da la da da da da

[F#m]da da da da da da la da da da da d[A7]a da da da fade