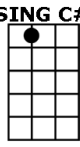


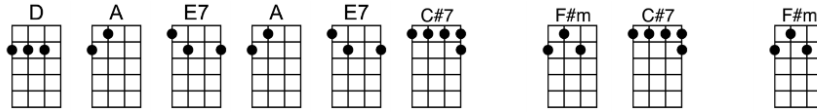
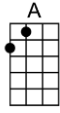
SING C#



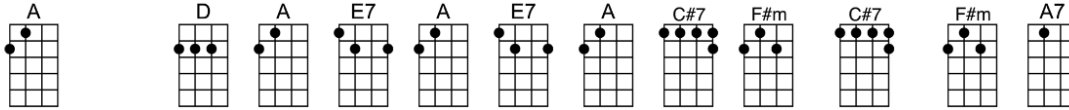
# AMERICAN TUNE-Paul Simon

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

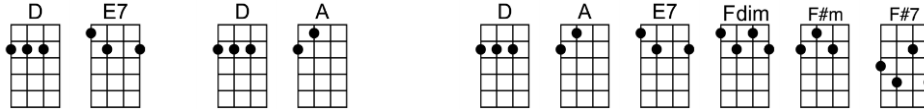
Intro: (8 beats)



Many's the time I've been mis - ta - ken, and many times con-fused



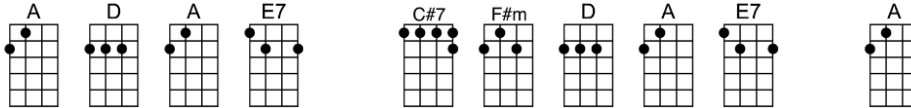
Yes, and I've of - ten felt for - sa - ken, and certain -ly mis-used



Oh, but I'm alright, I'm al - right, I'm just wea - ry to my bones



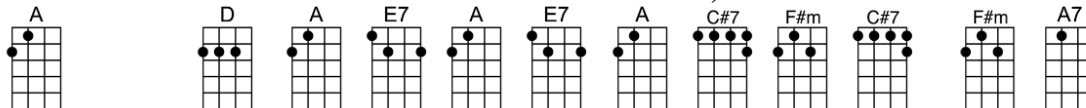
Still, you don't expect to be bright and bon vi - vant



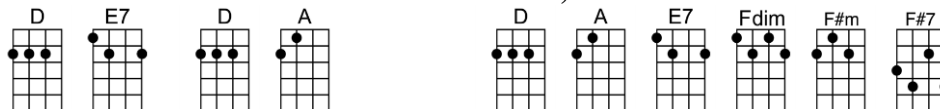
So far a - way from home, so far a-way from home



And I don't know a soul who's not been bat-tered, I don't have a friend who feels at ease



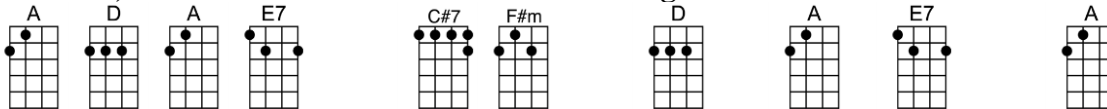
I don't know a dream that's not been shat - tered, or driven to its knees



Oh, but it's al - right, it's al - right, for we've lived so well so long

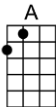
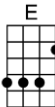
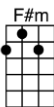
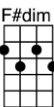


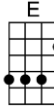
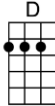
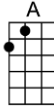
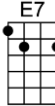
Still, when I think of the road we're traveling on

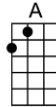
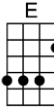
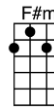
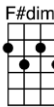


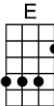
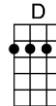


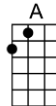
I won - der what's gone wrong I can't help it, I wonder what's gone wrong

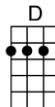
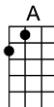

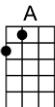
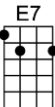
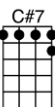
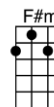
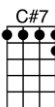
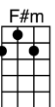
## p.2. An American Tune

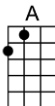
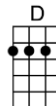
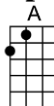
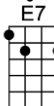
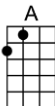
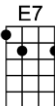
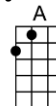
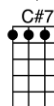
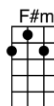
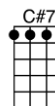
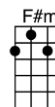




 And I dreamed I was dying. I dreamed that my soul rose unex-pectedly

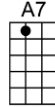
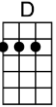
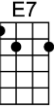

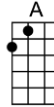
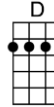
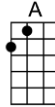
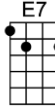
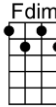
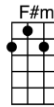
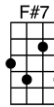




 And looking back down at me, smiled reas-suring – ly

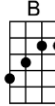
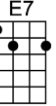
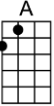
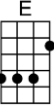

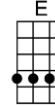




 And I dreamed I was flying. And high up a-bove my eyes could clearly see

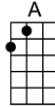
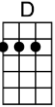
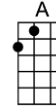
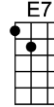
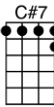
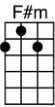





 The Statue of Liberty, sailing a-way to sea, and I dreamed I was flying

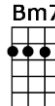
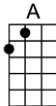
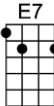
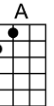
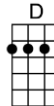


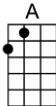









 Oh, we come on the ship they call the May-flower, we come on the ship that sailed the moon












 We come in the age' - s most un-certain hour, and sing an A-merican tune












 Oh, and it's alright, it's alright, it's al-right, you can't be for - e - ver blessed







 Still, to-morrow's goin' to be an-o - ther working day







 And I'm tryin' to get some rest.









 That's all, I'm tryin' to get some rest

# AMERICAN TUNE-Paul Simon

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro: A (8 beats)

Many's the time I've been mis-ta - ken, and many times con-fused

A D A E7 A E7 A C#7 F#m C#7 F#m A7

Yes, and I've of-ten felt for-sa-ken, and certain -ly mis-used

D E7 D A D A E7 Fdim F#m F#7  
Oh, but I'm alright, I'm al-right, I'm just wea-ry to my bones

B E7 A E B E

Still, you don't expect to be bright and bon vi-vant

A D A E7 C#7 F#m D A E7 A

So far a-way from home, so far a-way from home

D A E7 A E7 C#7 F#m C#7 F#m  
And I don't know a soul who's not been bat-tered, I don't have a friend who feels at ease

A D A E7 A E7 A C#7 F#m C#7 F#m A7

I don't know a dream that's not been shat-tered, or driven to its knees

D E7 D A D A E7 Fdim F#m F#7  
Oh, but it's al-right, it's al-right, for we've lived so well so long

B E7 A E B E

Still, when I think of the road we're traveling on

A D A E7 C#7 F#m D A E7 A

I won-der what's gone wrong I can't help it, I wonder what's gone wrong

A E F#m F#dim  
And I dreamed I was dying. I dreamed that my soul rose unex-pectedly

E D A E7  
And looking back down at me, smiled reas-suring-ly

A E F#m F#dim  
And I dreamed I was flying. And high up a-bove my eyes could clearly see

E D A E7 A  
The Statue of Liberty, sailing a-way to sea, and I dreamed I was flying

D A E7 A E7 C#7 F#m C#7 F#m  
Oh, we come on the ship they call the May-flower, we come on the ship that sailed the moon

A D A E7 A E7 C#7 F#m C#7 F#m  
We come in the age's most un-certain hour, and sing an A-merican tune

A7 D E7 D A D A E7 Fdim F#m F#7  
Oh, and it's alright, it's alright, it's al-right, you can't be for -e - ver blessed

B E7 A E B E

Still, to-morrow's goin' to be an-o - ther working day

A D A E7 C#7 F#m Bm7 A E7 A D A E7 A  
And I'm tryin' to get some rest. That's all, I'm tryin' to get some rest