| IF YOU COULD READ MY MIND (GORDON LIGHTFOOT, 1970) | | | | | (2P) | | |
|--|------------------------|-------------------|----------------|------------------------|-------------------|--|--|
| G F If you could read my mind love, what a tale my thoughts could tell | | | | | | | |
| G F Just like an old time movie, - 'bout a ghost from a wishin' well | | | | | | | |
| G G7 In a castle dar | C k or a fortress | strong, With | D chains up | Em oon my feet | | | |
| C G C G/B You know that ghost is me. And I will never be set free | | | | | | | |
| Am7 D G As long as I'm a ghost that you can't see | | | | | | | |
| (Optional Instrumental in G) | | | | | | | |
| G F If I could read your mind love, - What a tale your thoughts could tell | | | | | | | |
| G Just like a pa | perback novel | F , - the kind | d that drug | gstores sell | | | |
| G When you reach | G7 the part where | C e the hearta | ches come | • | | | |
| D The hero would | Em C be me, but her | G oes often fa | il | | | | |
| C And you won't r | G/B ead that book a | Am again becau | = | D ling's just too h | G nard to take | | |
| | | | | | | | |

| Bridge: G G7 I'd walk away like | C a movie star who g | D ets burned in a th | Em ree-way script | | | |
|--|-------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------|--|--|--|
| C G | C | G/B | | | | |
| Enter number two | : A movie queen to | play the scene | | | | |
| Am7 | D | Em C | G/B | | | |
| Of bringing all the | good things out in | me. But for now | , love, let's be real | | | |
| C | G/B | Am7 | D | | | |
| I never thought I o | could act this way a | and I've got to say | that I just don't get it | | | |
| C | G/B | Am7 | s gone | | | |
| I don't know wh | nere we went wrong | g, but the feeling's | | | | |
| D And I just can't ge | G et it back | | | | | |
| G F If you could read my mind love, what a tale my thoughts could tell | | | | | | |
| G | F | host from a wishi | G | | | |
| Just like an old tir | ne movie, 'bout a g | | ng well | | | |
| (G) G7 | C | D | Em | | | |
| In a castle dark or | a fortress strong, | with chains upon | my feet | | | |
| C | G C | G/B | lines | | | |
| But stories always | s end. And if you re | ead be-tween the | | | | |
| Am7 | D | Em C | G/B | | | |
| You'll know that I' | m just trying to und | derstand, the feeli | ngs that you lack | | | |
| C | G/B | Am7 | D | | | |
| I never thought I o | could feel this way, | and I've got to sa | y that I just don't get it | | | |
| C | G/B | Am7 | gone | | | |
| I don't know wh | nere we went wrong | g, but the feelings | | | | |
| D And I just can't ge | G F G t it back | | | | | |