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In My Life

The Beatles

C# C# C# C#

C# Fm7/C A#m7 Fm7/G#

There are places I'll re member

Bbm6 Bbmb6

All my life though some have changed

C# Fm7/C A#m7 Fm7/G#

Some forever not for better

Bbm6 Bbmb6

Some are gone and some remain

A#m Bb6sus

All these places have their moments

Bsus2 C#

With lovers and friends I still recall

A#m Bbm6

Some are dead and some are living

F#m C#

In my life I've loved them all

C# C#

C# Fm7/C A#m7 Fm7/G#

But of all these friends and lovers

Bbm6 Bbmb6

There is no one compares with you

C# Fm7/C A#m7 Fm7/G#

And these memories lose their meaning

Bbm6 Bbmb6

When I think of love as something new

A#m Bb6sus

And I know I'll never lose affection

Bsus2 C#

For people and things that went before

A#m Bbm6

And I know I'll often stop and think about them

F#m C#

In my life I love you more

C# C#

C# Fm7/C A#m7 Fm7/G# Bbm6 Bbmb6

C# Fm7/C A#m7 Fm7/G# Bbm6 Bbmb6

A#m Bb6sus

And I know I'll never lose affection

Bsus2 C#

For people and things that went before

A#m Bbm6

And I know I'll often stop and think about them

F#m C#

In my life I love you more

C# C# Db6

Norwegian Wood (This Bird Has Flown)

The Beatles

E D A/C# E
E D A/C# E

E D A/C# E
I once had a girl, or should I say, she once had me
E D A/C# E
She showed me her room, isn't it good, Norwegian wood
Em A
She asked me to stay and she told me to sit anywhere
Em F#m B
So I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a chair

E D A/C# E
E D A/C# E

E D A/C# E
I sat on a rug, biding my time, drinking her wine
E D A E
We talked until two, and then she said, it's time for bed
Em A/C#
She told me she worked in the morning and started to laugh
Em F#m B
I told her I didn't and crawled off to sleep in the bath

E D A/C# E
E D A/C# E
Em A
Em F#m B
E D A/C# E
E D A/C# E

E D A/C# E
And when I awoke, I was alone, this bird had flown
E D A/B E
So, I lit a fire, isn't it good, Norwegian wood

Strawberry Fields Forever

The Beatles

Amaj7 E/B Amaj7 E/B Amaj7 E/B Amaj7

E
Let me take you down,
Bm7 A
'cause I'm going to strawberry fields
C#
Nothing is real
A C#7
And nothing to get hung about
Amaj7 E/B
Strawberry fields forever

Amaj7 E/B Amaj7 E/B Amaj7

B Bmaj7 B7
Living is easy with eyes closed
C#m Dbm/B A
Misunderstanding all you see
A B E
It's getting hard to be someone,
B/D# C#m
but it all works out
A B A E
It doesn't matter much to me

E
Let me take you down,
Bm7 A
'cause I'm going to strawberry fields
C#
Nothing is real
A C#7
And nothing to get hung about
Amaj7 E/B
Strawberry fields forever

Amaj7 E/B Amaj7 E/B Amaj7

B Bmaj7 B7
No one, I think, is in my tree
C#m Dbm/B A
I mean, it must be high or low
A B E
That is, you can't, you know, tune in
B/D# C#m
But it's all right
A B A E
That is, I think it's not too bad

E
Let me take you down,
Bm7 A
'cause I'm going to strawberry fields
C#
Nothing is real
A C#7
And nothing to get hung about
Amaj7 E/B
Strawberry fields forever

Amaj7 E/B Amaj7 E/B Amaj7

B Bmaj7 B7
Always, no, sometimes, think it's me
C#m Dbm/B A
But, you know, I know when it's a dream
A B E
I think, er, no, I mean, er, yes
B/D# C#m
But it's all wrong
A B A E
That is, I think I disagree

E
Let me take you down,
Bm7 A
'cause I'm going to strawberry fields
C#
Nothing is real
A C#7
And nothing to get hung about
Amaj7 E/B
Strawberry fields forever

Amaj7 E/B Amaj7 E/B Amaj7 E