

Our Last Summer

Words & Music by Benny Andersson & Bjorn Ulvaeus.

D D/C# Bm7 D/A G D/F#

The sum-mer air was soft and warm, the feel-ing right, the Pa - ris night did its best to

Em Em/D A E/G# Esus/F# E

please us. And strol-ling down the E - ly - sée

A A/G D/F# A7/E D D/C#

we had a drink in each ca - fé and you, you talked of

1.

Bm Dmaj7/A G A Dsus4

rain, our last sum - mer, mem'ries that re - main.
 Dame, our last sum - mer, walk - ing hand in

D D/C# Bm7 D/A G D/F#

We made our way a - long the riv - er and we sat down in the grass by the Eif - fel

Em Em/D A E/G# Esus/F# E

Tow - er, — I was so hap - py we had met,

A A/G D/F# A/E D D/C#

it was the age of no re - gret, oh yes.

Bm7 D/A G D/F# G6 A

Those cra - zy years, that was the time of the flow - er - pow - er, —

Em

but un - der - neath we had a fear of fly - ing, of get - ting old,

a fear of slow - ly dy - ing, we took the chance like we were danc - ing our last

Asus4 A 2. Dsus4 A

dance. — I can still re - hand, — Pa - ris res - tau -

- rants, our last sum - mer, mor - ning cro - is - sants, _____ liv - ing for the

day, wor - ries far a - way, our last sum - mer, we could laugh and play.

(git. solo ad lib.)

A F# G A/G D

Asus4 D D/C# Bm7 D/A

And now you're work-in' in a bank, a fami-ly man, a foot-ball

G D/F# Em Em/D A7

fan, and your name is Har-ry. — How dull it seems,

Em7 A

yet you're the he-ro of my dreams. — I can still re-

D.S., repeat chorus ad lib. and fade