

Souvenirs  
Meat Loaf

Intro

C | G | F | C  
C | G | F | C  
Am | G7 | F7 | G7 | G7  
C | G | F | F

verse 1

C                    G    F                    C  
Baby I think it's over,      the end is finally near.  
C                    G            F                    C  
Don't wanna talk about it anymore,      I see it all so clear.  
Am                    G                    F                    G7 \*  
G7 \*  
    So pack your bags and move on out, there ain't nothing for you here  
C                    G            F                    C            C  
    I think you know it's over too, so why not disappear?

C                    G            F                    C  
Wait a minute baby, what's that you say? You really don't think it's fair  
    C                    G                    F                    C  
To send you outside into the cold, cold night? Oh you poor, poor girl, well I  
don't really care.  
Am                    G                    F                    G7 \*  
    G7 \*  
    Coz you've been cold to me so long I'm crying icicles instead of tears.  
C                    G                    F                    C            C  
    C            C  
    So pack your bags and move on out, there ain't nothing for you here

Sax Solo

C | G | F | C  
C | G | F | C  
Am | G | F | G | G  
C | G | F | C

verse 2

C                    G    F                    C  
Baby I know it's over,      I got a last idea  
C                    G                    F                    C  
    Don't wanna leave you empty handed, well I agree that wouldn't be fair.  
Am                    G                    F  
    G7 \*      G7 \*

So take along a little something to remember me by, a little something to show that I care

|: Step right up you poor little girl, step right up you poor little girl,  
C F C F G7 G7  
Step right up you poor little girl, and take your Souvenirs. :|

C G F C C  
Step right up you poor, poor girl, and take your Souvenirs.

verse 3

C Dm F Am  
Take my heart; drain it dry.  
C7 F Dm G  
I don't blame you now, coz I know you really tried.  
C Dm F Am  
Take my soul; you can have my mind  
C7 F Dm G C  
C  
But you're never gonna get your hands on my love, coz it's mine, mine, all mine.

C Dm F Am  
Take my master; you can have my slave.  
C7 F Dm G  
When I'm dead and buried alive, you can always take my grave.  
C Dm F Am  
Take my body; well I know you really think it's fine  
C7 F Dm G C  
C  
But you're never gonna get your hands on my love, because it's mine, mine, all mine.

Bridge 1

F Bb/F Bb/F F  
Tell me now, now who's playing this game, and which side do I choose?  
F Bb/F Gm/F F  
I'm going downtown and I'm spinning around, is there anyone I can accuse?  
D E F A  
What are the odds; or do I win or lose?  
Dm C/E F Ab G7 G7 G7  
G7  
Please sir, by the way, sir, may I be excused?



C

G

F

F

Step right up you poor, poor girl,