

Art Of Love  
The Kinks

Intro: F C Dm Bb C

F C Dm  
Sunday afternoon there s something special  
Bb C  
It s just like another world.  
F C Dm  
Jogging in the park is my excuse  
Bb C  
To look at all the little girls.

Bb C  
I m not a flasher in a rain coat,  
Bb C  
I m not a dirty old man,  
Bb C  
I m not gonna snatch you from your mother,  
C  
I m an art lover.  
F C Dm Bb  
Come to daddy,  
C  
Ah, come to daddy,  
F C Dm Bb  
Come to daddy.

Bb C  
Pretty little legs, I want to draw them,  
Bb C  
Like a Degas ballerina.  
Bb C  
Pure white skin, like porcelain,  
Bb  
She s a work of art and I should know  
C  
I m an art lover.  
F C Dm Bb C  
Come to daddy,  
F C Dm Bb C  
And I ll give you some spangles.

F C  
Little girl don t notice me  
Dm Bb C  
Watching as she innocently plays.  
F C  
She can t see me staring at her

**Dm** **Bb** **C**  
 Because I m always wearing shades.  
**Bb** **C**  
 She feeds the ducks, looks at the flowers.  
**Bb** **C**  
 I follow her around for hours and hours.  
**Bb**  
 I d take her home, but that could never be,  
**C**  
 She s just a substitute  
**F C Dm Bb C**  
 For what s been taken from me.  
**F C Dm Bb C**  
 Ah, come to daddy, come on.

**F**                      **C**                                      **Dm**  
 Sunday afternoon can't last forever,

**Bb** **C**  
So, come on, give us a smile  
**Bb** **C**  
Before you vanish out of view.  
**Bb** **C**  
I've learned to appreciate you