

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**
Wish I could take you home.
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
Dm
The way art lovers do,
Bb **F C Dm Bb C**
And I only want to look at you.