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Angie
The Rolling Stones
Bm
                              C
                                    G
   Angie, Angie, when will those clouds all disappear?
                               C
                                    G
    Angie, Angie, where will it lead us from here?
                                      Em
   With no loving in our souls and no money in our coats,
              G
    you can t say we re satisfied.
            F#7
                      Α
                           C G
                                          G D Em D
       Bm
    But Angie, Angie, you can t say we never tried.
          F#7
    Bm
                             Α
                                           C
                                               G
                                                       G D Em D
    Angie, you re beautiful, but ain t it time we said goodbye?
                                                          G D Em D
                                       C
                                           G
                           Α
    Angie, I still love you, remember all those nights we cried?
                                              Em
   All the dreams we held so close seemed to all go up in smoke,
    let me whisper in your ear,
         F#7
                                 C
    Angie, Angie, where will it lead us from here?
    (Instrumental 1st two lines)
                                   Em
   Angie don t you weep, all your kisses still taste sweet.
    I hate that sadness in your eyes.
                                                G D Em D
                               C
       \mathbf{Bm}
             F#7
                      Α
                                   G
   But Angie, Angie, ain t it time we said goodbye?
    (Instrumental 1st line)
                                       Em
                                                    Bm
    With no loving in our souls and no money in our coats,
    you can t say we re satisfied.
    But Angie, I still love you baby.
    Everywhere I look I see your eyes.
    There ain t a woman that comes close to you.
    Come on baby dry your eyes.
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C

G

G D Em D

Α

But Angie, Angie, ain t it good to be alive?

 \mathbf{Bm}

F#7

Bm F#7 A C G G D Em D

Angie, Angie, they can t say we never tried.