

Bb Eb Bb
Dontcha take it too bad, if you re feelin unlovin
F7 Bb
If you re feelin unfeelin , if you re feelin alone.
Eb
Dontcha take it too bad, cause it ain t you to blame babe,
Bb F7
It s only a game made, out of all of this livin
Bb Eb Bb
That we got left to do.

And if you go searchin for rhyme or for reason
Then we won't have the time that it takes just for talkin
About the places you've been babe
About the faces you've seen babe
And how soft the time flies, past your window at night.

And we just can't have that girl
Cause it's a sad lonesome cold world
And a man needs a woman to stand by his side
And whisper sweet words in his ears about daydreams
And roses and playthings
And the sweetness of springtime
And the sound of the rain.

country strum with bass pickin

Bb **Eb** **Bb**
Don t you take it too bad, if you re feelin unlovin
F **F7** **Bb**
If you re feelin unfeelin, if you re feelin alone
Eb **Bb**
Don t you take it too bad, cause it ain t you to blame, babe
F **F7**
well it s some kind of game, babe, out of all of this living,
Bb
that we ve got left to do.

Aw if you go searchin, for rhyme or for reason
well then you won t have the time that it takes just for talkin
about the places you ve been, babe, and the faces you ve seen, babe
and how soft the time flies past your window at night.

And we just can t have that girl, cause it s a hard lonesome cold world
and a man needs a woman to stand by his side
and whisper sweet words in his ears about daydreams
and roses and playthings, and the sweetness of springtime
and the sound of the rain.

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