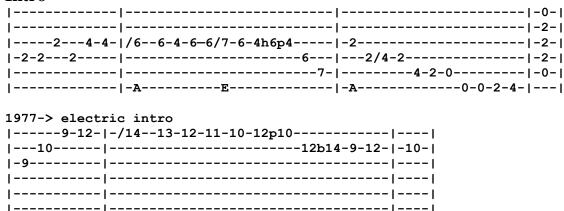


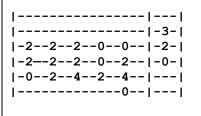
It Must Have Been The Roses

Intro



A			
Annie laid her head down in the roses. She had	Chorus		
A A7 D	D	${f E}$	\mathbf{A}
ribbons, ribbons, ribbons, in her long brown hair.	I don't know it must have been the roses.		
D E E7	D	${f E}$	$\mathbf{A} \mathbf{G} \mathbf{D}$
I don't know, maybe it was the	The roses or the ribbons in her long brown hair.		
A F#m	D	${f E}$	A E F#m
roses.	I don't know, maybe it was the roses.		
A E E7 A	A	${f E}$	${f A}$
All I know I could not leave her there.	All I know I could not leave her there.		

A A G/B x2x033 A7/C# x42223
Ten years the waves rolled the D A ships home from the sea.
A D
I'm thinking well how it may blow in all good company.



A E
If I tell another what your
D
own lips told to me. Let me
A E D
lay 'neath the roses, till my eyes no longer see.



Chorus

Intro |A / / / |E / / / |A / / / | % |

One pane of glass in the window. No one is complaining, no, come in and shut the door. Faded is the crimson from the ribbons that she wore. And it's strange how no one comes round any more.

Chorus

Solo over Verse

Chorus

End = Intro |A /// |E /// |A /// | % |