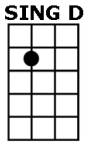
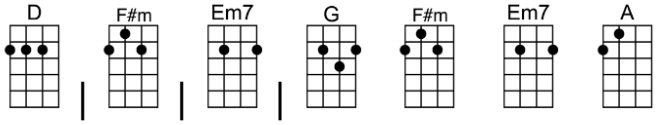


OPERATOR-Jim Croce

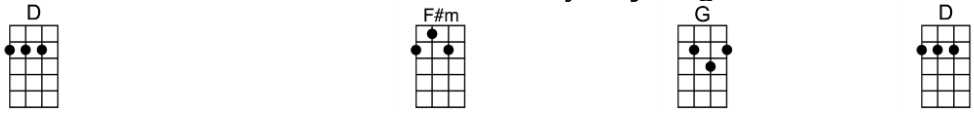
4/4 1…2…1234

Intro: 

(X2)

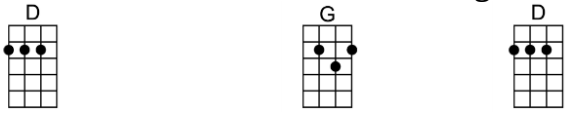
Oper-ator, well could you help me place this call
Oper-ator, well could you help me place this call

See, the number on the match book is old and faded
'Cause I can't read the number that you just gave me

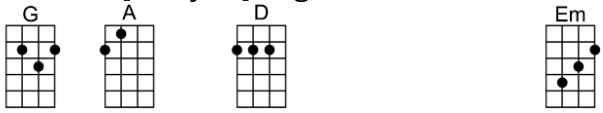


She's living in L.A. with my best old ex-friend Ray
There's something in my eyes, you know, it happens every time

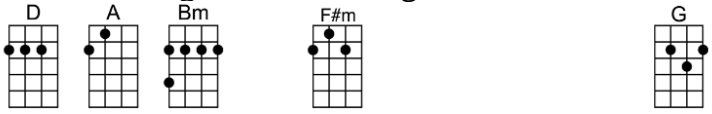
A guy she said she knew well and sometimes hated
I think about the love that I thought would save me



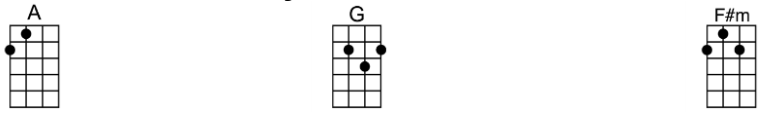
But isn't that the way they say it goes



Well, let's for-get all that, and give me the number, if you can find it

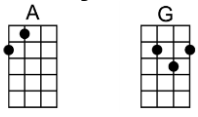


So I can call just to tell 'em I'm fine, and to show



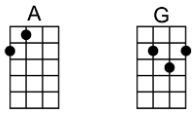
I've overcome the blow, I've learned to take it well

I only wish my words could just convince my-self



1. **That it just wasn't real, but that's not the way it feels (chords of intro, and second verse)**

p.2. Operator

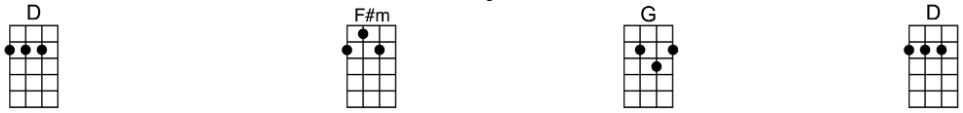


2. That it just wasn't real, but that's not the way it feels

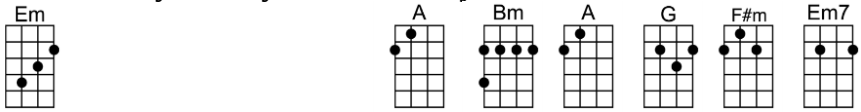
No, no, no, no, that's not the way it feels

Oper-ator, well let's for-get about this call

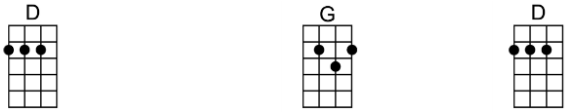
There's no one there I really wanted to talk to



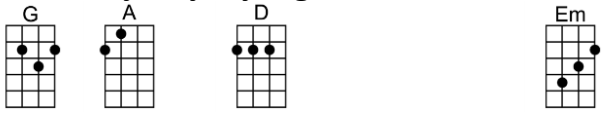
Thank you for your time, ah, you've been so much more than kind.



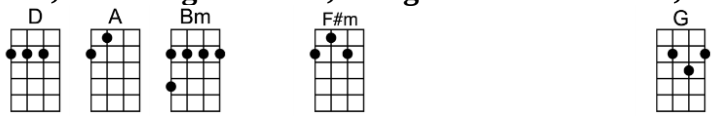
You can keep the dime



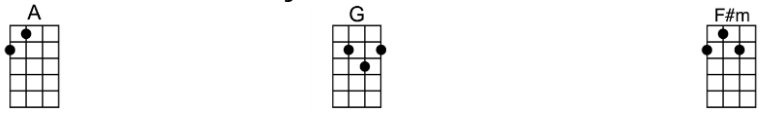
But isn't that the way they say it goes



Well, let's for-get all that, and give me the number, if you can find it

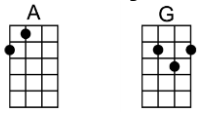


So I can call just to tell 'em I'm fine, and to show

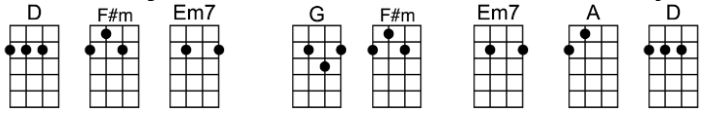


I've overcome the blow, I've learned to take it well

I only wish my words could just convince my-self



That it just wasn't real, but that's not the way it feels



It’s just not the way it feels

OPERATOR-Jim Croce

4/4 1…2…1234

Intro: | D | F#m | Em7 | G F#m Em7 A | (X2)

```
D        F#m                    G                    D
   Oper-ator, well could you help me place this call
   Oper-ator, well could you help me place this call
Em                              A                    Bm       A  G  F#m  Em7
     See, the number on the match book is old and faded
     'Cause I can't read the number that  you  just  gave me
D                              F#m                  G                    D
              She's living in L.A.      with   my    best old ex-friend Ray
  There's something in my eyes, you know, it happens     every   time
Em                            A                    Bm       A  G  F#m  Em7
     A guy she said she knew well and sometimes hated
     I  think  about  the love that I thought would save me

          D                      G                  D
            But isn't that the way they say it goes
                          G        A          D                        Em
         Well, let's for-get all that, and give me the number, if you can find it
             D  A  Bm          F#m                        G
         So I can call just to tell 'em I'm fine, and to show
         A                        G                          F#m
           I've overcome the blow, I've learned to take it well
                          Em                              G
         I only wish my words could just convince my-self
                                  A          G
         1.   That it just wasn't real, but that's not the way it feels  (chords of intro, and second verse)
                                  A          G
         2.   That it just wasn't real, but that's not the way it feels
         D   G                    D   G
                No, no, no, no,          that's not the way it feels

D        F#m                    G                  D
   Oper-ator, well let's for-get about this call
Em                            A                    Bm      A  G  F#m  Em7
     There's no one there       I really wanted to talk to
D                        F#m                    G                    D
  Thank you for your time, ah, you've been so much more than kind.
Em                              A  Bm    A  G  F#m  Em7
     You can keep the dime
          D                      G                  D
            But isn't that the way they say it goes
                          G        A          D                        Em
         Well, let's for-get all that, and give me the number, if you can find it
             D  A  Bm          F#m                        G
         So I can call just to tell 'em I'm fine, and to show
         A                        G                          F#m
           I've overcome the blow, I've learned to take it well
                          Em                              G
         I only wish my words could just convince my-self
                              A          G                        D  F#m  Em7      G  F#m    Em7    A    D
         That it just wasn't real, but that's not the way it feels                It’s just not the way it feels
```