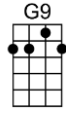
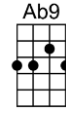
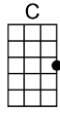


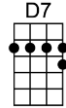
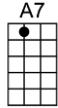
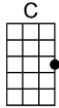
SOUTHERN NIGHTS - Alan Toussaint

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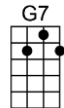
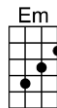
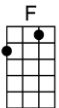
Intro:



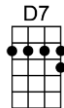
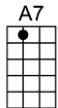
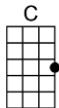
2213 2213



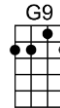
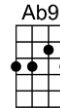
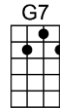
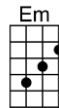
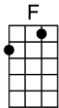
Southern nights, have you ever felt a Southern night



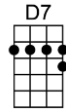
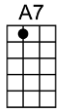
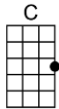
Free as a breeze, not to mention the trees, whistling tunes that you know and love so



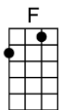
Southern nights, just as good even when closed your eyes



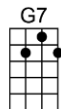
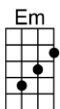
I a-pologize to any-one who can truly say that he has found a better way



Southern skies, have you ever noticed Southern skies

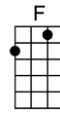
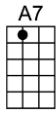
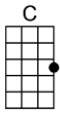


Well, its precious beauty lies just beyond the eye

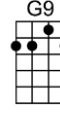
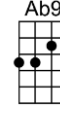
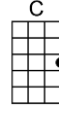
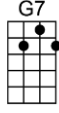
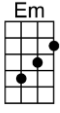


It goes running through the soul, like the stories told of old

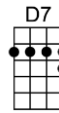
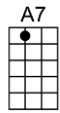
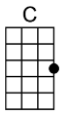
p.2. Southern Nights



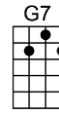
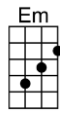
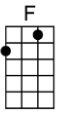
Old man, he and his dog that walk the old land, every flower touched his cold hand,



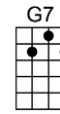
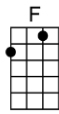
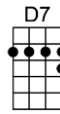
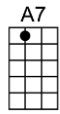
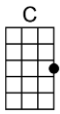
As he slowly walked by, weeping willows would cry for joy....joy



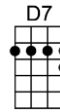
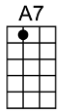
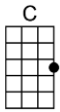
Feels so good, feels so good it's frightening, wish I could stop this world from fighting



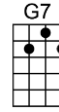
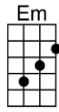
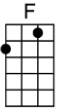
La-da-da-da-da, da-la-da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da



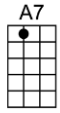
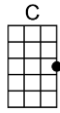
Mystery, like this and many others in the trees, blow in the night, in the Southern skies



Southern nights, they feel so good it's frightening, wish I could stop this world from fighting



Da-da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da-da, la-da-da,



Da-da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da... (fade)

SOUTHERN NIGHTS-Alan Toussaint

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: C Ab9 G9

C A7 D7
Southern nights, have you ever felt a southern night
F
Free as a breeze, not to mention the trees
Em G7
Whistling tunes that you know and love so
C A7 D7
Southern nights, just as good even when closed your eyes
F Em G7 C Ab9 G9
I a-pologize to any-one who can truly say that he has found a better way

C A7 D7
Southern skies, have you ever noticed Southern skies
F
Well, its precious beauty lies just beyond the eye
Em G7
It goes running through the soul, like the stories told of old
C A7 D7
Old man, he and his dog that walk the old land
F
Every flower touched his cold hand,
Em G7 C Ab9 G9
As he slowly walked by, weeping willows would cry for joy.....joy

C A7
Feels so good, feels so good it's frightening
D7
Wish I could stop this world from fighting
F
La-da-da-da-da, da-la-da-da-da-da
Em G7
Da-da-da-da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da
C A7 D7
Mystery, like this and many others in the trees
F G7 C
Blow in the night, in the Southern skies

C A7
Southern nights, they feel so good it's frightening
D7
Wish I could stop this world from fighting
F
Da-da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da-da
Em G7 C A7 D7
Da-da-da-da-da-da, la-da-da, da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da-da... (fade)