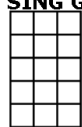


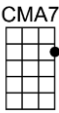
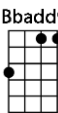
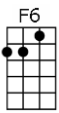
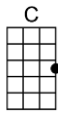
SING G

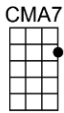


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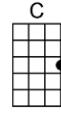
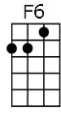
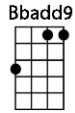
DIARY - David Gates

4/4 1...2...1234 (slow count)

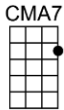
Intro: |  |  |  |  | (X2)



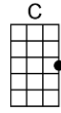
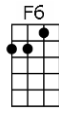
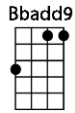
I found her diary under-neath a tree,
Then she, confronted with the writing there,
I found her diary under-neath a tree,



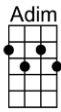
and started reading a-bout me
simply pretended not to care
and started reading a-bout me



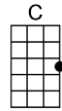
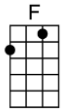
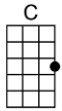
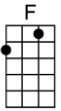
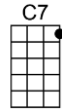
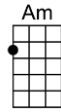
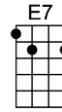
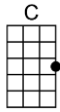
The words she'd written took me by surprise,
I passed it off as just in keeping with
The words began to stick, and tears to flow,



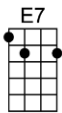
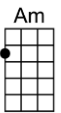
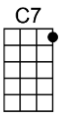
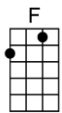
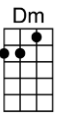
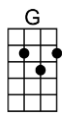
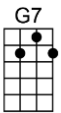
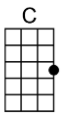
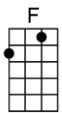
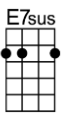
you'd never read them in her eyes.
her total, disconcerting air
her meaning now was clear to see

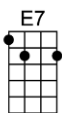
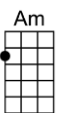
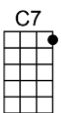
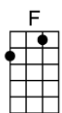
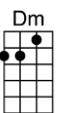
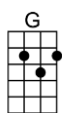
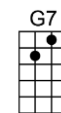
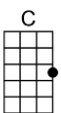
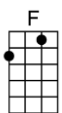
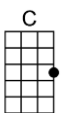


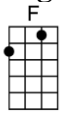
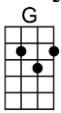
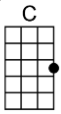
They said that she had found the love she'd waited for
And, though she tried to hide the love that she de-nied,
The love she'd waited for was someone else, not me



Wouldn't you know it, she wouldn't show it (2nd verse)
Wouldn't you know it, she wouldn't show it (G7, and then go on to #1)
Wouldn't you know it, she wouldn't show it (G7, and then go on to #2)

1.          
And, as I go through my life, I will give to her, my wife, all the sweet things I can find (3rd verse)

2.          
And, as I go through my life, I will wish for her, his wife, all the sweet things she can find

  
All the sweet things they can find

