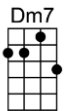
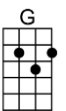
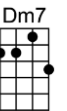
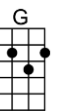
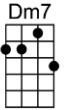
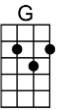
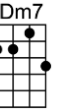
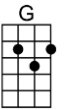
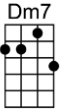


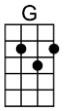
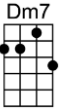
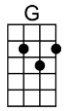
HER TOWN TOO - James Taylor/J.D. Souther/Robert Wachtel

4/4 1234 12 (without intro)

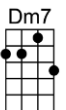
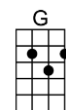
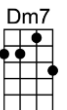
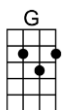
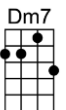
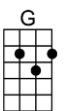
Intro: |  |  |  |  |

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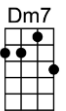
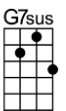
She's been a-fracid to go out. She's a-fracid of the knock on her door.

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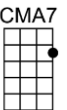
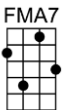
There's always a shade of a doubt. She can never be sure.

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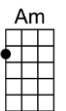
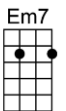
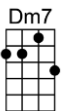
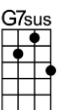
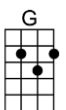
Who comes to call? Maybe the friend of a friend of a friend, anyone at all.

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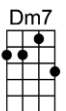
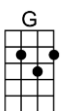
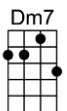
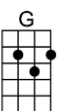
Anything but nothing a-gain.

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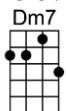
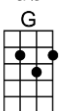
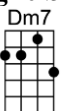
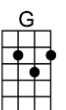
It used to be her town, it used to be her town, too.

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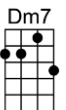
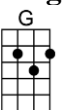
It used to be her town, it used to be her town, too.

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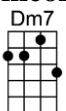
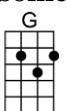
Seems like even her old girlfriends might be talking her down.

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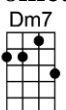
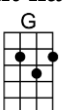
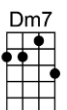
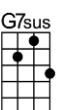
She's got her name on the grapevine running up and down the telephone line.

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Talking about someone said, someone said something 'bout,

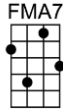
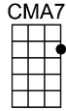
 |  |

Something else someone might have said a-bout her.

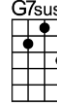
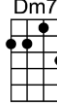
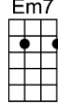
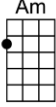
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She always figured that they were her friends but maybe they can live with-out her.

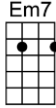
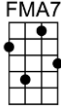
p.2. Her Town Too



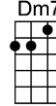
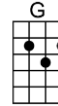
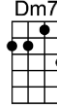
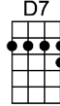
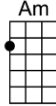
It used to be her town, it used to be her town, too.



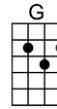
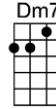
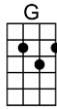
It used to be her town, it used to be her town, too.



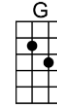
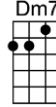
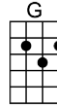
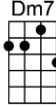
Well, people got used to seeing them both together.



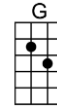
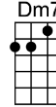
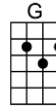
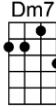
But now he's gone and life goes on, nothing lasts fore-ver, oh no.



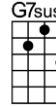
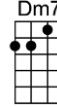
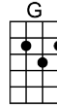
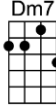
She gets the house and the garden, he gets the boys in the band.



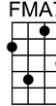
Some of them his friends, some of them her friends, some of them under-stand.



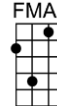
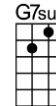
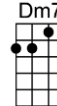
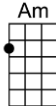
Lord knows that this is just a small town city, yes, and everyone can see you fall.



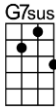
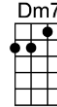
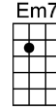
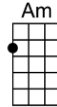
It's got nothing to do with pity, I just wanted to give you a call



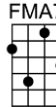
It used to be your town, it used to be my town, too.



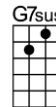
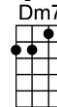
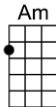
You never know till it all falls down, somebody loves you, somebody loves you.



Darling, somebody still loves you. I can still re-mem-ber her when it used to be her town, too.



It used to be your town, it used to be my town, too.



You never know till it all falls down, somebody loves you, somebody loves you

HER TOWN TOO - James Taylor/J.D. Souther/Robert Wachtel

4/4 1234 12 (without intro)

Intro: | Dm7 | G | Dm7 | G |

Dm7 G Dm7 G Dm7
She's been a-fraid to go out. She's a-fraid of the knock on her door.

G Dm7 G
There's always a shade of a doubt. She can never be sure.

Dm7 G Dm7 G Dm7 G
Who comes to call? Maybe the friend of a friend of a friend, anyone at all.

Dm7 G7sus
Anything but nothing a-gain.

CMA7 FMA7
It used to be her town, it used to be her town, too.

Am Em7 Dm7 G7sus G
It used to be her town, it used to be her town, too.

Dm7 G Dm7 G
Seems like even her old girlfriends might be talking her down.

Dm7 G Dm7 G
She's got her name on the grapevine running up and down the telephone line.

Dm7 G
Talking about someone said, someone said something 'bout,

Dm7 G
Something else someone might have said a-bout her.

Dm7 G Dm7 G7sus
She always figured that they were her friends but maybe they can live with-out her.

CMA7 FMA7
It used to be her town, it used to be her town, too.

Am Em7 Dm7 G7sus
It used to be her town, it used to be her town, too.

FMA7 Em7
Well, people got used to seeing them both together.

Am D7 Dm7 G Dm7
But now he's gone and life goes on, nothing lasts fore-ver, oh no.

p.2. Her Town Too

G **Dm7** **G**
She gets the house and the garden, he gets the boys in the band.

Dm7 **G** **Dm7** **G**
Some of them his friends, some of them her friends, some of them under-stand.

Dm7 **G** **Dm7** **G**
Lord knows that this is just a small town city, yes, and everyone can see you fall.

Dm7 **G** **Dm7** **G7sus**
It's got nothing to do with pity, I just wanted to give you a call.

CMA7 **FMA7**
It used to be your town, it used to be my town, too.

Am **Em7** **Dm7** **G7sus** **CMA7 FMA7**
You never know till it all falls down, somebody loves you, somebody loves you.

Am **Em7** **Dm7** **G7sus**
Darling, somebody still loves you. I can still re-member her when it used to be her town, too.

CMA7 **FMA7**
It used to be your town, it used to be my town, too.

Am **Em7** **Dm7** **G7sus** **CMA7**
You never know till it all falls down, somebody loves you, somebody loves you