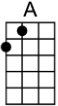
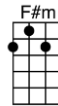
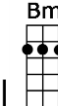

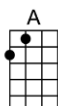
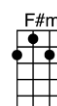
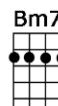
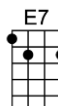
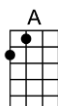
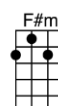
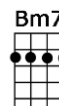
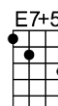


A HUNDRED YEARS FROM TODAY

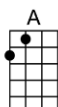
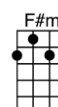
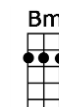

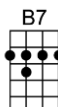
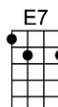
4/4 1...2...1234

-Victor Young/Ned Washington

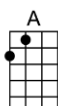
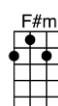
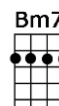
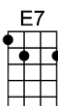
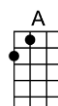
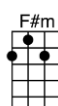
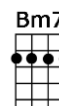

Intro: |  |  |  |  | (X2)

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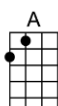
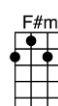

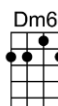
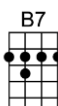
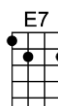
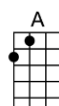
Don't save your kisses just pass them a-round. You'll find my reason is logically sound

 |  |  |  |  | 

Who's gonna know that you passed them a-round, a hundred years from to-day?

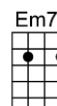
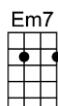
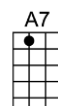
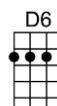
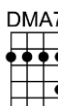
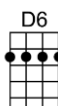
 |  |  |  |  |  |  | 

Why crave a penthouse that's fit for a queen? You're nearer heaven on Mother Earth's green

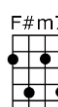
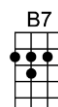
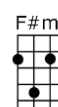
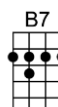
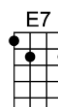
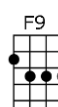
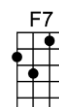
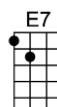
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If you had millions, what would they all mean, a hundred years from to-day?

Bridge:

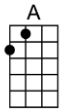
 |  |  |  |  |  | 

So, laugh and sing, make love the thing, be happy while you may

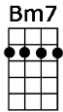
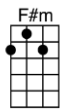
 |  |  |  |  |  |  | 

There's always one beneath the sun, who's bound to make you feel that way

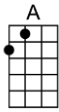
p.2. A Hundred Years From Today



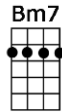
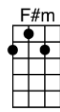
The moon is shining,



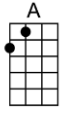
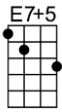
that's a good sign.



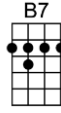
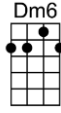
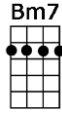
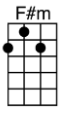
Cling to me closer,



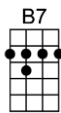
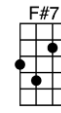
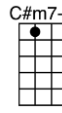
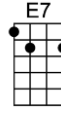
say you'll be mine



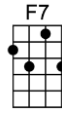
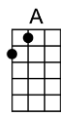
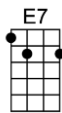
Remember, darling, we won't see it shine,



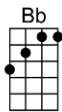
a hundred years from to-day



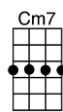
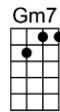
A hundred years from to-day



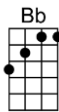
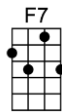
Interlude: the bridge, followed by



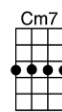
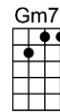
The moon is shining,



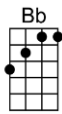
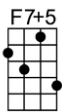
that's a good sign.



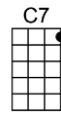
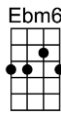
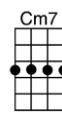
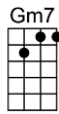
Cling to me closer,



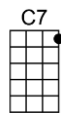
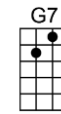
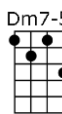
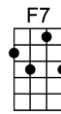
say you'll be mine



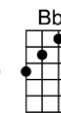
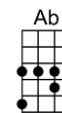
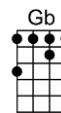
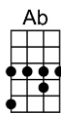
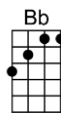
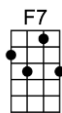
Remember, darling, we won't see it shine,



a hundred years from to-day



A hundred years from to-day



A HUNDRED YEARS FROM TODAY

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

-Victor Young/Ned Washington

Intro: | A F#m | Bm7 E7 | (X2)

A F#m Bm7 E7 A F#m Bm7 E7+
Don't save your kisses just pass them a-round. You'll find my reason is logically sound

A F#m Bm7 Dm6 B7 E7
Who's gonna know that you passed them a-round, a hundred years from to-day?

A F#m Bm7 E7 A F#m Bm7 E7+
Why crave a penthouse that's fit for a queen? You're nearer heaven on Mother Earth's green

A F#m Bm7 Dm6 B7 E7 A
If you had millions, what would they all mean, a hundred years from to-day?

Bridge:

Em7 A7 Em7 A7 D6 DMA7 D6
So, laugh and sing, make love the thing, be happy while you may

F#m7 B7 F#m7 B7 E7 F9 F7 E7
There's always one beneath the sun, who's bound to make you feel that way

A F#m Bm7 E7 A F#m Bm7 E7+
The moon is shining, that's a good sign. Cling to me closer, say you'll be mine

A F#m Bm7 Dm6 B7 E7 C#m7b5 F#7
Remember, darling, we won't see it shine, a hundred years from to-day

B7 E7 A
A hundred years from to-day

Interlude: the bridge, followed by F7

Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7 Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7+
The moon is shining, and that's a good sign. Cling to me closer, say you'll be mine

Bb Gm7 Cm7 Ebm6 C7 F7 Dm7b5 G7
Remember, darling, we won't see it shine, a hundred years from to-day

Cm7 F7 Bb Ab Gb Ab Bb
A hundred years from to-day