

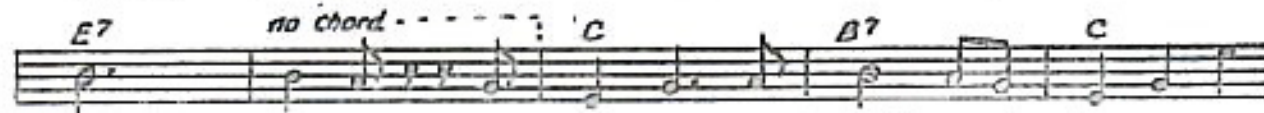
by
JOHN SIMON

Freely with Feeling

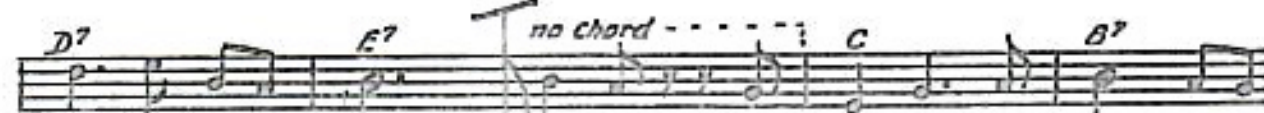
no chord - - - - -



SOFT-LY I CAME THRU THE DOOR AND I LOOKED FOR YOU, WHERE THE CHIPS -



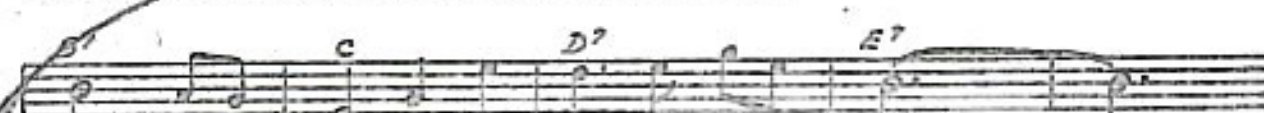
FELL. WOULD YOU BE MEL-LON OR MAD? FROM THE BACK OF YOUR



HEAD I COULDN'T TELL. SLOW-LY A HAND TO YOUR CHEEK AND A



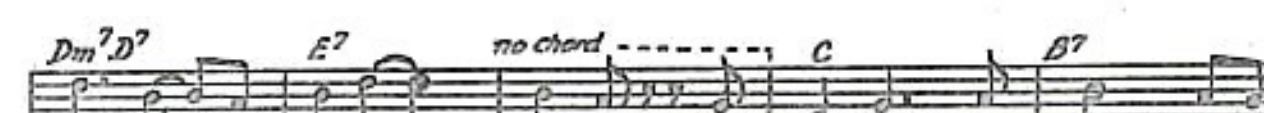
KISS IN YOUR HAIR, MY HEART ON YOUR SLEEVE. FIN-ALLY YOU TURN WITH A



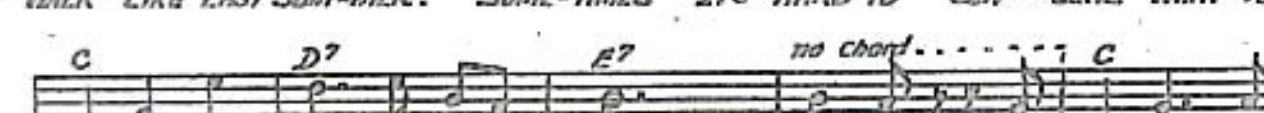
SMILE AND A TEAR CAUGHT BETWEEN CHER-ISH AND GRIEVE. _____



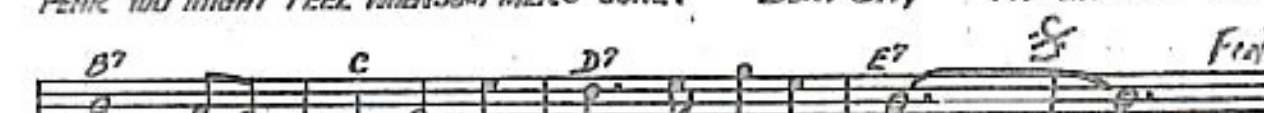
WHY TRY TO SAY WHAT WORDS'LL SHOW A-why? WHY TRY TO TALK? - LET'S TAKE A



WALK LIKE LAST SUM-MER. SOME-TIMES IT'S HARD TO CON-CEAL WHAT Yo



FEAR YOU MIGHT FEEL WHEN SUM-MER'S GONE. DON'T CRY, MY LIT-TLE GIR



LOST DON'T WE ALL PAY THE COST OF BEING WHO WE ARE?