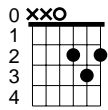
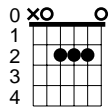


# Bryan Adams

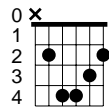
## Summer of '69



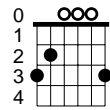
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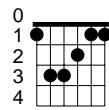
A



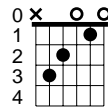
Bm



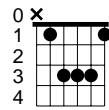
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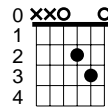
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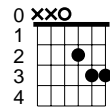
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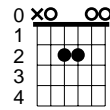
Bb



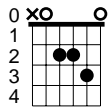
Dsus2



Dsus4



Asus2



Asus4

D  
I got my first real six-string

A  
Bought it at a five-and-dime

D  
Played it til my fingers bled

A  
It was the summer of 69

Me and some guys from school  
had a band and we tried real hard  
Jimmy quit and Jody got married  
I shoulda known we'd never get far

*viðlag*

Bm A  
Oh when I look back now

D G  
that summer seemed to last forever

Bm A  
Oh and if I had a choice

D G  
Yeah I'd always wanna be there

Bm A D  
Those were the best days of my life

Ain't no use in complainin'  
when you got a job to do  
Spent my evenings down at the drive-in  
and that's where I met you

*viðlag*

Standin on your mama's porch  
you told me that you'd wait forever  
Oh and when you held my hand

I knew that it was now or never

A D  
Those were the best days of my life

D Dsus2 D Dsus4 D Dsus2 D Asus2 A

Asus4 A Asus2 A D  
back in the summer of '69

F Bb  
Man we were killing time

C Bb F  
we were young and restless we needed to unwind

Bb C D  
I guess nothin' can last forever- forever; no

Dsus2 D Dsus4 D Dsus2 D  
Asus2 A Asus4 A Asus2 A

And now the times are changing  
look at everything thats come and gone  
Sometimes when I play that old six-string  
I think about you wonder what went wrong

*viðlag*

Standin' on your mama's porch  
you told me it would last forever  
oh the way you held my hand  
I knew that it was now or never  
Those were the best days of my life

Back in the summer of 69