

# Girl

transposé une 4te ↓

Chanson de John Lennon (1965)

8 Is there a - ny - bo dy going to lis ten to my sto - ry All a bout the girl who came to  
think of all the times I've tried so hard to leave her She will turn to me and start to

Mim Si Mim Mim7 Lam

5 stay? She's the kind of girl you want so much it makes you sor - ry;  
cry; And she pro - mis - es the earth to me and I be - lieve her.

Sol Si7 Mim Si Mim Mim7

10 Still you don't re - gret a sin gle day. Ah Girl ! \_\_\_\_\_ Ah  
Af - ter all this time I don'know why. \_\_\_\_\_

Lam Sol Lam7 Sol Mim Sol Sim Lam Ré7

1. Girl ! \_\_\_\_\_ When I Girl ! \_\_\_\_\_

Sol Sim Lam Ré7 Sol Sim Lam Ré

She's the kind of girl who puts you downWhen friends are there you feel a fool. \_\_\_\_\_

Lam Mi Lam

20 When you say she's loo · king good, - She acts as if it's un der stood. She's

Mi Lam Mi

cool, — ooh, — ooh, — Ah Girl \_\_\_\_\_ Ah

Lam7 Lam Do Sol Sim Lam Ré7

8

Girl! \_\_\_\_\_ Was she told when she was young that pain would lead to pleasure

Sol Sim Lam Ré7 Mim Si7 Mim Mim7

30

Did she un - der stand it when they said That a man must break his back to earn his

Lam Mim Si7 Mim Si7

35

day of lei - sure will she still be - lieve it when he's dead Ah Girl \_\_\_\_\_

Mim Lam Mim7 Lam Mim Lam Mim Sol Sim

40

Ah Girl! \_\_\_\_\_

Lam Ré Sol Sim Lam Ré7 Mim Si7 Mim7 Mim6 Sol

Lam Sol Si Mim Si7 Mim7 Mim6 Sol Lam

50

Ah Girl! Ah Girl!

Sol Lam Sol Lam Sol Sim Lam Ré7 Sol Sim Lam Ré

Is there anybody gonna listen to my story  
All about the girl who came to stay ?  
She's the kind of girl you want so much  
It makes you sorry ;  
Still, you don't regret a single day.  
Ah girl ! Girl !

When I think of all the times I've tried so hard to leave her  
She will turn to me and start to cry ;  
And she promises the earth to me  
And I believe her.  
After all these times I don't know why.  
Ah, girl ! Girl !

She's the kind of girl who puts you down  
When friends are there, you feel a fool.  
When you say she's looking good  
She acts as if it's understood.  
She's cool, cool, cool, cool,  
Girl ! Girl !

Was she told when she was young that pain  
Would lead to pleasure ?  
Did she understand it when they said  
That a man must break his back to earn  
His day of leisure ?  
Will she still believe it when he's dead ?  
Ah girl ! Girl ! Girl !

Y a t-il quelqu'un qui veuille écouter mon histoire  
Toute au sujet de la fille qui vint passer quelque temps ?  
C'est le genre de fille que tu désires tellement  
Que tu te sens misérable ;  
Cependant tu ne regrettas pas le moindre jour.  
Ah fille ! fille !

Quand je repense à toutes les fois où j'ai tout fait pour la quitter  
Elle se tourne vers moi et fond en larmes ;  
Et elle me promet la lune  
Et je la crois  
Après tant de fois je me demande pourquoi  
Ah fille ! fille !

C'est le genre de fille qui t'humilie  
Quand des amis sont là, tu te sens idiot.  
Quand tu dis qu'elle paraît charmante  
Elle agit comme si ça va de soi  
Elle est sans gène, sans gène, sans gène, sans gène,  
Fille ! fille !

Lui a-t-on dit dans sa jeunesse que la souffrance  
Conduirait au plaisir ?  
Le comprenait-elle quand ils disaient  
Qu'un homme doit se rompre le dos pour gagner  
Son jour de loisir  
Le croira-t-elle encore quand il sera mort ?  
Ah fille ! fille ! fille !