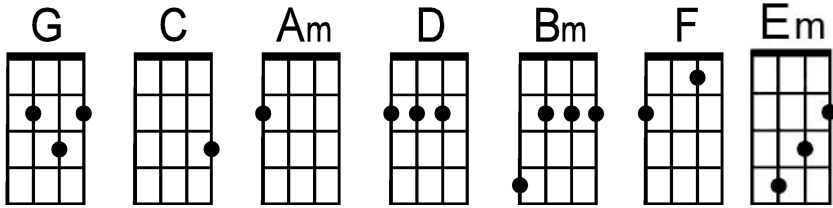


They Don't Know (Key of G)

by Kirsty MacColl (1979)



Intro: G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | C . . . |

(sing d)

G . . . | C . . .
You've been a-round for such a long time now
Am . . . | D . . .
Oh, maybe I could leave you but I don't know how
G . . . | C . . .
And why should I be lonely ever-y night
Am . . . | D . . .
When I can be with you, oh yes, you make it right
C . . . | D . . .
And I don't listen to the guys who say
G . . . | C . . .
That you're bad for me and I should turn you a— way—
G . . . | Am . . . | Bm . D .
'Cuz they don't know a-bout us—
C . . . | F . . . | G . . . |
And they've never heard of love—

G . . . | C . . .
I get a feeling when I look at— you
Am . . . | D . . .
Where ever you go now, I wanna be there— too—
G . . . | C . . .
They say we're crazy but I just don't— care
Am . . . | D . . .
And if they keep on talking, still they get no—where
C . . . | D . . .
So I don't mind if they don't under—stand
G . . . | C . . .
When I look at you and you hold my hand—
G . . . | Am . . . | Bm . D .
'Cuz they don't know a-bout us—
C . . . | F . . . | G . . . |
And they've never heard of love—

Bridge:

Em . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . . |
Why should it matter to us if they— don't ap-prove—

Em . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D \ \ -- \ \ -- \ \ | \ \ -- \ \ |
We should just take our chances while we've got nothin' to lose—

Instrumental: G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | C . . . |

G . . . | C . . . | D \ \ -- \ \ -- \ \ | \ \ -- **Ba-by** |

G . . . | C . . . |
There's no need for living in the— past

. | Am . . . | D . . . |
Now I've found good lovin', gonna make it— last—

G . . . | C . . . |
I tell the others not to bother— me

. | Am . . . | D . . . |
'Cuz when they look at— you they don't see what I— see

. | C . . . | D . . . |
No, I don't listen to their wasted— lines

. | G . . . | C . . . |
Got my eyes wide open and I see the— signs—

| G . . | Am . . | Bm . D . .
'Cuz they don't know a-bout us—

| C . . . | F . . . | G . . . |
And they've never heard of love—

. | C . . . | D . . . |
No, I don't listen to their wasted— lines

. | G . . . | C . . . |
Got my eyes wide open and I see the— signs—

| G . . | Am . . | Bm . D . .
'Cuz they don't know a-bout us—

| C . . . | F . . . | G . . . |
And they've never heard of love—

C . F . | G . . . | C . F \ \ | G \