

Am I Ever Going To See Your Face Again

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Went down to San-ta Fe, — where Re-noir paints the walls — Des-cribed you clear - ly, — but the

sky be-gan to fall. — Am I ev - er gon - na see your face — a - gain? Am I ev - er gon - na

see your face — a - gain? With - out — you near me, I've got no place to go, —

Wait at the bar — may-be you might show Am I ev - er gon - na see — your face a - gain? —

Am I ev - er gon - na see your face — a - gain? (Am I)

CODA e-ver gon - na see your face — a - gain? Am I ev - er gon - na see your face — a - gain? Am I ev - er gon - na

see your face — a - gain? Am I ev - er gon - na see your face — a - gain? Am I

Tram cars and taxis like a wax works on the move
 Carry young girls past me, but none of them are you
 Am I ever gonna see your face again?

Can't stop the memory that goes climbing through my brain
 I get no answer so the question still remains
 Am I ever gonna see your face again?