

## james taylor - Long Ago And Far Away

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From phil[at]hpmsfpb.sj.hp.com Tue Aug 18 08:53 PDT 1992

## Long Ago And Far Away

James Taylor

Dm G C  
 Long ago a young man sits and plays his waiting game  
 Am Am7 Dm

G

But things are not the same it seems as in such tender dreams  
 Dm G C Cm7 F  
 Slowly passing sailing ships and Sunday afternoon  
 Am Am7 Dm

G7

Like people on the moon I see are things not meant to be

CHORUS: Cm7 G  
 Where do those golden rainbows end  
 Cm7 G  
 Why is this song so sad  
 Cm7 G  
 Dreaming the dreams I've dreamed my friend  
 Cm7 G  
 Loving the love I love to...

Dm G C Cm7 F  
 Love is just a word I heard when things are being said  
 Am Am7 Dm G  
 Stories my poor head has told me cannot stand the cold  
 Dm G C Cm7

F

And in between what might have been and what has come to pass  
 Am Dm G7  
 A misbegotten guess alas and bits of broken glass

CHORUS: Cm7 G  
 Where do your golden rainbows end  
 Cm7 G  
 Why is this song I sing so sad  
 Cm7 G  
 Dreaming the dreams I dream my friend  
 Cm7 G Cm7 G  
 Loving the love I love to love... to love..

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Phil Bearce at HP San Jose - Components  
 (/\_\_\_) /\_ . /) internet: phil[at]hpmsfpb.sj.hp.com  
 / \_\_\_ / )\_(\_(\_ - "Look out for that root." -James Taylor

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From: sjohnson[at]usa.net

Long Ago And Far Away  
James Taylor (c) 1970 Blackwood Music

Bm F#/B Bm7 D/E Amaj7 Dmaj7  
Long ago a young man sits and plays his waiting game  
C#m G#/C# C#m7 F#m7 Bm7 D/E  
But things are not the same it seems, as in such tender dreams  
Bm F#/B Bm7 D/E Amaj7 Dmaj7  
Slowly passing sailing ships and Sunday afternoon  
C#m G#/C# C#m7 F#m7 Bm7 D/E  
Like people on the moon I see are things not meant to be

Amaj9 Dmaj9  
Where do those golden rainbows end  
Amaj9 Dmaj9  
Why is this song so sad  
Amaj9 Dmaj9  
Dreaming the dreams I've dreamed my friend  
Amaj9 Dmaj9 Amaj9  
Loving the love I love to...

Bm F#/B Bm7 D/E Amaj7 Dmaj7  
Love is just a word I heard when things are being said  
C#m G#/C# C#m7 F#m7 Bm7 D/E  
Stories my poor head has told me cannot stand the cold  
Bm F#/B Bm7 D/E Amaj7 Dmaj7  
And in be-tween what might have been and what has come to pass  
C#m G#/C# C#m7 F#m7 Bm7 D/E  
A mis-be-gotten guess a-las and bits of broken glass

Amaj9 Dmaj9  
Where do your golden rainbows end  
Amaj9 Dmaj9  
Why is this song I sing so sad  
Amaj9 Dmaj9  
Dreaming the dreams I dream my friend  
Amaj9 Dmaj9 Amaj9 Dmaj9  
Loving the love I love to love... to love..  
3x||: Amaj9 Dmaj9 :|| Amaj7

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Amaj9: x02100  
Dmaj9: 0x0220  
F#/B: 224322  
G#/C#: 446544