

# I NEARLY LET LOVE GO SLIPPING THROUGH MY FINGERS

Words and Music by  
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*Moderato* Key F

Im foolish Im sil-ly Im ab-so-lute-ly

daft: As a sail-or on a sea of love, I dont know where from aft. Ad-mit it I'll have too,

Almost without de-fence; And here's the proof, Im a sil-ly goof, With-out a grain of common sense.

*poco rit.*

**REFRAIN**

I near-ly let love..... go slip-ping thro' my fin-gers.... Oh yes, I did,..... I

*p-f a tempo*

G<sub>2</sub> U<sub>g</sub> Gm7 C7 C+

||m: - | fe, : fe, | - : - : | :m | m .m .m | m : - | - : - | ma: - | r .r :r .r | r :r | - : - | - : |

know I did..... My hap-pi-ness too,..... was slip-ping thro' my fin-gers,..... Like

F C+ F -Am7b5 D7 Am7b5 D7

gold-en sands, Right thro' my hands, But I woke in time... And I saved my prize.

Gm7b5 C7 Dm7 G7 C+ F Am Fmaj7 Db7

..... Yet tho' love is mine, I tremble when I re-al-ize I near-ly let love..... go

F Dm7 G7 Gm7b5 F

slipping thro' my fin-gers..... Oh yes, I did,.... fool-ish me..... For with-out

Gm7b5 Bbm C7 Edim C7 1 F Fmaj7 Fm7b5 Gm7 Gm7b5 C7 C+ 2 F Gm7b5 F

love, where in the world would I be..... I be.....