

Aretha Franklin - The Thrill Is Gone

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Tom: G
                                                         And let it linger on? The thrill is gone
                                                         E E E E7M
                                                                           Gbm Bm7
 E E E E7M
                    Gbm
                            Bm7
                                                         I'm in your arms, and you are kissing me \,
                                                                                     E E Bm7 B7 E
I'm in your arms, and you are kissing me
                                                         Em A Am7 B7 Cdim
       A Am7 B7 Cdim E E Bm7 B7 E
                                                         But there seems to be
                                                                               something missingin your kissing
But there seems to be something missingin your kissing
                                                                                     Cdim Am7 B7 Cdim
                                                         E E E E7M Gbm
                                                                               Bm7
E E E E7M Gbm
                      Bm7 Cdim
                                    Am7 B7 Cdim
                                                         The love we knew is just a memory; It's turned into
The love we knew is just a memory; It's turned into
                                                         comedv
comedy
                                                         \mathsf{Em}
                                                                                             Am7 D
                                                                         B7 Em
                                                         G7M G F
                                                                   Am
                                                         The thrill is gone, the thrill is gone; I can see it in your eyes, I can hear it in your sighs
G7M G F
           Am
                B7 Em
The thrill is gone, the thrill is gone; I can see it in your
                                                         Am A
eyes, I can hear it in your sighs
                                                                         Em C7 Am
                    C7 Am
                                 Gb7 B7
                 Em
             Α7
                                                         Feel your touch and realize the thrill is gone, the nights are
Feel your touch and realize the thrill is gone, the nights are cold, for love is old
cold, for love is old
                                                                                    G7M G F
                                                                         D7/13-
                                                         Am7
                                                                 D
                           G7M G F
                                                      B7 Fm
Am7
      D
             D7/13-
                                                                                         birds were singing, skies
                                                         Love was grand when love was new
Love was grand when love was new
                                birds were singing, skies
                                                         were blue
                                                                                              Gb7 B7
were blue
                                                                           C7
                                                                                        Am
                                                                                                     B7
                                                         Am
                                                                       Em
                                     Gb7 B7
                                             B7
                                                G G7M
                                                               Gb7
                                                                        Fm
Am
                               Am
                                                         Em
Fm
     Gb7
              Em
                                                         Now I don't
                                                                      appeal to you the thrill is gone, this is the
Now I don't
              appeal to you the thrill is gone, this is the end, so why pretend
                                                                                  B7
end, so why pretend
                                                          Am7 F7 F7 B7
         F7 F7 B7
                          B7
                                     C7M Gb7 B7
                                                         And let it linger on? The thrill is gone
                               B Fm
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Acordes

