

P.S. I LOVE YOU

Gordon Jenkins, Johnny Mercer - 1934

verse

F C+ F C+
What is there to write, what is there to say?
F C7 Am7b5 D7
Same things happen every day.
Gm7 Bbm6
Not a thing to write, not a thing to say,
F C Dm
So I take my pen in hand and
G7 Gm7 C7 F Cdim Gm7 C+
Start the same, old way.

chorus

F D13
Dear, I thought I'd drop a line,
Gm7 C7 Am7b5 D7
The weather's cool, the folks are fine.
G7 C7 F G7 C7 C+
I'm in bed each night at nine, P.S. I Love You.

F D13
Yesterday we had some rain,
Gm7 C7 Am7b5 D7
But all in all, I'll not com-plain.
G7 C7 F Gdim F
Was it dusty on the train? P.S. I Love You.

F7 Cm7 F7 Cm7
Write to the Browns, just as soon as you're able.
Bb Bbmaj7 Bb
They came around to call.
G7 Dm G7 Dm G7
I burned a hole in the dining room ta - ble.
C7 G7 C7
And let me see, I guess that's all.

F D13
Nothing else for me to say,
Gm7 C7 Am7b5 D7
And so I'll close, Oh, by the way.
G7 C7 F Gm7 C7 F
Everybody's thinking of you, P. S. I Love You.