

Moderato

Chi-qui-ti-ta, tell me what's wrong,
truth,
down,



La Re
La

you're en-chained by your own sor-row,
I'm a shoul-der you can cry on,
and your love's a blown out candle,



La Mi

in your all your best is your eyes friend, gone there is no hope for tomorrow, I'm the one you must re-ly on, and it seems too hard to handle, How I hate to see you like You were always sure of your- Chi-qui-ti-ta, tell me the



Re Mi Mi11 La

this, self, truth,

there is no way
now I see you've
there is no way



Re
La



you can de-ny it, —
bro-ken a feath-er, —
you can de-ny it, —



I can see hope see that you're, oh, so
I we can patch it
I see see that you're, oh, so



sad, so qui-et. —
up to-geth-er. —
sad, so qui-et. —

1. Chi-qui-ti - ta, tell me the

2. 3. Chi-qui-ti - ta, you and I



know how the heart-aches come and they go and the scars they're leav- in'.



You'll be danc - in' once a - gain — and the plain will end, you will have no time for griev- in'.

Chi-qui-ti-ta, you and I — cry

but the sun is still in the sky and

8

Re



shinin' a-bove you, — let me hear — you sing once more like you did be-fore, sing a new song,

La Mi Re Mi Mi ll



Chi-qui-ti-ta. — Try once more like you did be-

La Mi Re



fore, sing a new song. Chi-qui-ti-ta. — So the walls came tumb - lin' —

Mi Mi ll La (Re La) La

Dal \times al \oplus poi segue



Chi - qui - ti - ta, — try once

La



more like you did be-fore, sing a new song, Chi-qui-ti-ta. —

rit. Mi Re Mi Mi ll La

(Strum. ad lib.)