

# BODY AND SOUL

Words by EDWARD HEYMAN,  
ROBERT SOUR and FRANK EYTON  
Music by JOHN GREEN

Moderately (♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\underset{\frown}{\text{3}}}$ )

A6 F7/A A6 F7 A6 C#m7

*mf*

C#m7b5 F#7#5(b9) Bm7 E7

My — days — have grown so lone - ly, —  
*Instrumental*

A E7#5 A6/C# F#dim7/C Bm7

for you I cry, for you, dear, on - ly. Why — have not you —

E9 C#7b9 F#m7 Bm7 E7

— seen it? I'm all for you, bod - y and —

A6/9 G13 F#13 Bm7 Bm9/E E7

soul. I spend my days in long - ing.

*Instrumental continues*

A E7#5 A6/C# Cdim7 Bm7

I'm won - d'ring why it's me you're wrong - ing. Oh, I tell you I

E9 C#7b9 F#m6 Bm7 E9 A6 F7 F9

mean it. I'm all for you, bod - y and soul.

*Instrumental ends*

Bb6 Cm F7/C Bb/D Eb6

{ I can't be - lieve it, it's hard to con - ceive it that  
 What lies be - fore me a fu - ture that's storm - y,

Bb6/F F13 Bb6

you'd throw a - way \_\_\_\_\_ ro - mance. \_\_\_\_\_  
 a win - ter that's grey and cold. \_\_\_\_\_

Bbm7 Eb13 Abmaj7 Ab6 Abdim7

Are you pre - tend - ing \_\_\_\_\_ it looks like the end - ing un -  
 Un - less there's mag - ic \_\_\_\_\_ the end will be trag - ic and

Bbm7 Eb9 Abmaj9 G9 F#9

less I can have one more chance to prove, dear.  
 ech - o a tale that's been told so of - ten.

Bm7 Bm7/E E7

My life a hell \_\_\_\_\_ you mak - ing. \_\_\_\_\_  
 My life re - volves \_\_\_\_\_ a - bout you. \_\_\_\_\_

A6 E7#5 A/C# Cdim7

You know I'm yours for just the tak - ing.  
What earth - ly good am I with - out you?

Bm7 E9 3 Fdim7

I'd glad - ly sur - ren - der  
I tell you I

F#m7 Bm7 E7#5 A6 F#7b9

my - self to you, bod - y and \_\_\_\_ soul.

2 E9 C#7b9 3 F#m7 B9 E13 A E7#5 A6/9

mean it. I'm all for you, bod - y and soul. \_\_\_\_