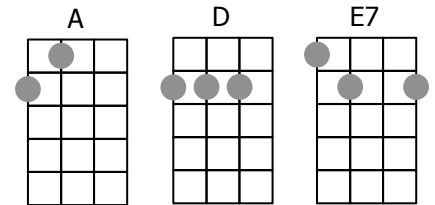


47. Mull of Kintyre

Paul McCartney



[A] Mull of Kintyre. Oh [D] mist rolling in from the [A] sea,
My desire, is [D] always to be here, oh [A] Mull of [D] Kin[A]tyre.

[A] Far have I travelled and much have I [A7] seen.

[D] Dark distant mountains, with [A] valleys [D] of [A] green.

[A] Past-painted deserts, the sunset's on fire.

As he [D] carries me home to the [E7] Mull of Kin[A]tyre.

[A] Mull of Kintyre. Oh [D] mist rolling in from the [A] sea,
My desire, is [D] always to be here, oh [A] Mull of [D] Kin[A]tyre.

[A] Sweep through the heather, like deer in the [A7] glen.

[D] Carry me back to the [A] place I [D] knew [A] then.

[A] Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir.

Of the [D] life and the times of [E7] Mull of Kin[A]tyre.

[A] Mull of Kintyre. Oh [D] mist rolling in from the [A] sea,
My desire, is [D] always to be here, oh [A] Mull of [D] Kin[A]tyre.

[A] Smiles in the sunshine, and tears in the [A7] rain.

[D] Still takes me back where my [A] mem'ries [D] re[A]main.

[A] Flickering embers grow higher and higher.

As they [D] carry me back to the [E7] Mull of Kin[A]tyre.

[A] Mull of Kintyre. Oh [D] mist rolling in from the [A] sea,
My desire, is [D] always to be here, oh [A] Mull of [D] Kin[A]tyre.