

SUMMER OF '69

WORDS & MUSIC: BRYAN ADAMS AND JIM VALLANCE
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Moderately Bright $\text{♩} = 138$



I got my

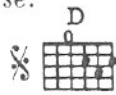


first real six - string; _ bought _ it at the five and dime;



played _ it 'til my fin - gers _ bled; was the sum-mer of

Verse:



six - ty nine. 1. Me — and some guys from school

mf



had a band and we tried real hard. Jim - my quit and

Jo - dy got mar - ried; — I should-a known we'd nev - er get far.



Oh, when I look back now, — that sum - mer seemed to



Oh, when I look back now, — that sum - mer seemed to



last for - ev - er, and — if I had the choice, —

Instrumental accompaniment for the first system, including piano and bass staves.



yeah, — I'd al - ways wan - na be there. Those — were the

Instrumental accompaniment for the second system, including piano and bass staves.



best days of my — life.

Instrumental accompaniment for the third system, including piano and bass staves. Dynamics include *f* and *v*.





To Coda

1. D.S. 2.



Back in the sum - mer of

Instrumental accompaniment for the final system, including piano and bass staves.

D  




six - ty nine. —



F  Bb 


Man, — we were kill - in' time, — we were



C  Bb/D  F 

young and rest - less, we need-ed to — un-wind. I guess






Bb  C 



noth - in' can last — for - ev - er, for - ev - er, — no!




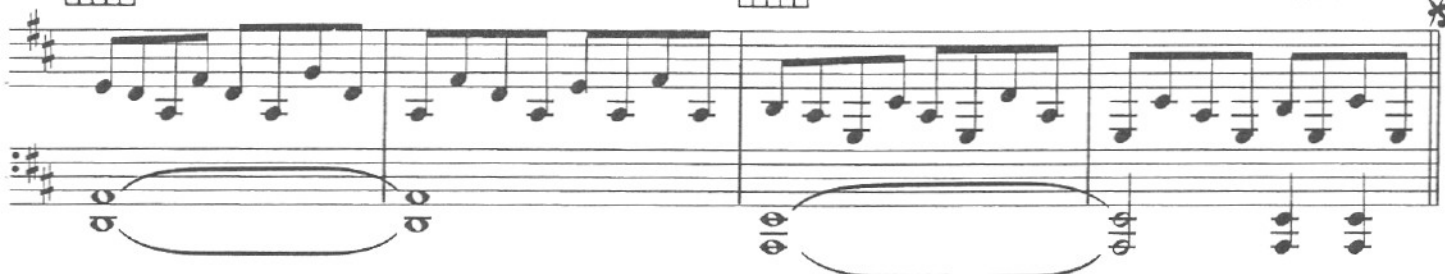
cresc


D  A 




D  A 


D.S. al Coda 




Coda 

Back in the sum - mer of six - ty nine. —


D 



A 

Repeat ad lib. and fade

Back in the sum-mer of



Verse 2:
 Ain't no use in complainin' when you got a job to do.
 Spent my evenin's down at the drive-in, and that's when I met you.
 Standin' on your mama's porch, you told me that you'd wait forever.
 Oh, and when you held my hand, I knew that it was now or never.
 Those were the best days of my life.

Verse 3:
 And now the times are changin'; look at everything that's come and gone.
 Sometimes when I play that old six-string I think about you; wonder what went wrong.
 Standin' on your mama's porch, you told me it'd last forever.
 Oh, and when you held my hand, I knew that it was now or never.
 Those were the best days of my life