

# IF -- by Bread & Tom Jones

If a [D] picture paints a [A] thousand words, then [Am] why can't I paint [G] you?  
The [Gm] words will never [D] show, the [Gm] you I come to [A] know.  
If a [D] face could launch a [A] thousand ships, then [Am] where am I to [G] go?  
There's [Gm] no one home but [D] you, you're [Gm] all that's left me, [A] too.  
And [Bm] when my [F#m] love for [D] nights is running [Em] dry,  
you [Am] come and [B7] force your[Em]self on [A] me.

If a [D] man could be at two [A] places at one [Am] time I'd be with [G] you,  
[Gm] tomorrow and to[D]day, be[Gm]side you on the [A]way.  
If the [D] world should stop re[A]volving, spinning [Am] slowly down to [G] die,  
I'd [Gm] spend the end with [D] you .and [Gm] when the world was [A] through -  
then [Bm] one by [F#m] one the [D] stars would all go [Em] out,  
then [Am] you and [B7] I would [Em] simply [A] fly a-w[D]ay [Bm][G][Gm][D]

