

But It's Mine

Intro / Break

Eric Boswell

D B7 A F#7 Bm E7 A E7

Verse

A A A A A A D B7 D B7

E7 E7 E7 E7 E7 E7 A D A E7

CHORUS

Each man speaks, and each man speaks with a dif - f'rent voice,

A E7 A A A A7 D B7

Ha - ppi - ness is some - thing we can't de - fine.

E7 E7 E7 E7 E7 E7 A E7

Each man lo - oks at life and then he can make his choice.

A E7 A A A A7 D B7

I chose these. Yes, I chose these and they're mine

E7 E7 E7 E7 E7 E7 A A

1 Have you stood on the cliffs and looked out on the sea
At the ships coming in to the Tyne?
It's not everyone's cup of tea, I suppose but it's mine.
Have you been on the fells with the wind in your face,
And of traffic and noise not a sign?
It's not everyone's way of life, I suppose! - but it's mine.

CHORUS...

*Each man speaks, and each man speaks with a different voice.
Happiness is something we can't define.
Each man looks at life, and then he can make his choice.
I chose these. Yes, I chose these and they're mine.*

2 Have you walked through the forest of Kielder
And breathed in the scent of the spruce and the pine?
It's not everyone's cup of tea, I suppose! - but it's mine.
Have you lain in the sun and stared up at the sky?
Have you found it affects you like wine?
It's not everyone's way of life, I suppose! - but it's mine.

CHORUS...

3 Have you stood on the cliffs and looked out on the sea
At the ships coming in to the Tyne?
It's not everyone's cup of tea, I suppose - but it's mine.
Have you been on the fells with the wind in your face,
And of traffic and noise not a sign?
It's not everyone's way of life, I suppose! - but it's mine.

CHORUS...

FORM: 3 x [Break + Verse + Chorus]

END: Repeat last chorus [No break - final Rall]