

Smoke Gets In Your Eyes

Slow

mp Eb Cm7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb Eb^{aug} Ab Eb^{dim}

They asked me how I knew my true love was true. I, of course, re-

Eb^{maj7} Cm7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb Edim Fm7 Bb7(b9)

- plied, "Some-thing here in - side can - not be de - nied."

Eb Cm7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb Eb^{aug} Ab Eb^{dim}

They said some-day you'll find all who love are blind. When your heart's on

Eb^{maj7} Cm7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb Ab⁹ Eb Eb/D^b

fire, you must re - al - ize smoke gets in your eyes.

B F#7 F#^{dim} F#7

So I chaffed them and I gai-ly laughed to think they could doubt my love.

B Ab^{m7} Bb7 Eb Edim Fm7 Bb7(b9)

Yet to-day my love has flown a-way. I am with-out my love.

Eb Cm7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb Eb^{aug} Ab Eb^{dim}

Now laugh - ing friends de - ride tears I can - not hide. So I smile and

Eb^{maj7} Cm7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb Db⁹ Eb

say, "When a love - ly flame dies, smoke gets in your eyes."