LOVE GROWS

A D

She ain't got no money, her clothes are kind of funny, her hair is kind of wild and free

A C#m F#m A D E7 A

***CHORUS 1:*** Oh, but love grows where my Rosemary goes and nobody knows like me

A D

She talks kind of lazy, and people say she's crazy, and her life's a mystery

A C#m F#m A D E7 A

***CHORUS 2:*** Oh, but love grows where my Rosemary goesand nobody knows\_\_\_\_ like me

D E A F#m Bm E A

There's somethin' about her hand holdin' mine it's a feelin' that's fine and I just gotta say, Hey!

D E A F#m B E7

She's really got a magical spell and it's workin' so well that I can't get away

A D

I'm a lucky fella, and I just gotta tell her, that I love her endlessly

***CHORUS 2*** [instrumental]

There's somethin’.... VERSE 3