

My Old Flame

Words & Music by Arthur Johnston, Sam Coslow

My Old Flame, I can't e - ven think of his name but it's
fun - ny now and then, how my thoughts go flash - ing back a - gain, to My Old Flame.
My Old Flame, my new lo - vers all seem so tame. For I
have - n't met a gent so mag - nif - i - cent or el - e - gant as my old Flame.
I've met so man - y who had fas - cinatin' ways, a fas - cinatin' gaze in their eyes;
some who took me up to the skies. But their attemp - s at love were on - ly im - i - ta - tions of
My Old Flame, I can't e - ven think of his name. But I'll
nev - er be the same un - til I disco - ver what be - came of My Old Flame. Flame.

G Bm^{7(b5)} E⁷ Am Am⁷ F⁷ D⁷
G C⁷ F⁷ B^b E^{b7} D A⁷ Am^{7(b5)} D⁷
G Bm^{7(b5)} E⁷ Am Am⁷ F⁷ D⁷
G C⁷ F⁷ B^b E^{b7} D⁷ A⁷/E F⁷
B^b Am^{7(b5)} D^{7(b9)} Gaug⁷ G⁷ C⁷ sus C⁷
F⁷ D⁷ A⁷ D⁷ Daug⁷
G Bm^{7(b5)} E⁷ Am Am⁷ F⁷ D⁷
G C⁷ F⁷ B^b E^{b7} Am D^{7(b9)} G D⁷ G