

M. Yakus
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x x Gm

Intro -  $DB_7/EA_7/D/EA_7/D$ D

Am<sub>7</sub>·D

If you're fond of sand dunes and/salty air /

Quaint little villages/here and there /

You're sure to fall in love with/old Cape/Cod/  $E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{m_7}/E_{$ 

D

Am7 D

If you like the taste of a/lobster stew/

G

Served by a window with an/ocean view/

You're sure to fall in love with/old Cape/Cod/  $D_7$ 

Winding roads that seem to/beckon you/

GA7

Miles of green beneath the/skies of blue/

Church bells chiming on a/Sunday morn

Em7

Remind you of the town where/you were born/

If you spend an evening, you'll want to stay / GWatching the moonlight on/Cape Cod Bay / EYou're sure to fall in love with/old Cape/Cod / D

## Chorus