**I HOPE THAT I DON’T FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU – Tom Waits**

**Strum: / D\_D\_ / D\_D\_ /**

**Picking Pattern:**

****

**[C] / [F] / [G] / [G] 2x**

Well, I **[C]** hope that I don't **[F]** fall in love with **[G]** you **[G]**

'Cause **[C]** falling in **[F]** love just makes me **[G]** blue, **[G]**

Well the **[F]** music plays and **[C]** you display

your **[F]** heart for me to **[C]** see,

I **[F]** had a beer and **[C]** now I hear

you **[F]** calling out for **[G]** me **[G]**

And I **[C]** hope that I don't **[F]** fall in love with **[C]** you. **[C]**

Well, the **[C]** room is crowded, there's **[F]** people every-**[G]**where **[G]**

And I **[C]** wonder, should I **[F]** offer you a **[G]** chair? **[G]**

Well, if **[F]** you sit down with **[C]** this old clown,

I’ll **[F]** take that frown and **[C]** break it,

Be-**[F]**fore the evening's **[C]** gone away,

I **[F]** think that we could **[G]** make it,

And I **[C]** hope that I don't **[F]** fall in love with **[C]** you. **[C]**

I can **[C]** see that you are **[F]** lonesome just like **[G]** me, **[G]**

and it **[C]** being late, you'd **[F]** like some compa-**[G]**ny, **[G]**

Well **[F]** I've had two, I **[C]** look at you,

and **[F]** you look back at **[C]** me,

The **[F]** guy you're with has **[C]** up and split,

the **[F]** chair next to you is **[G]** free,

And I **[C]** hope that you don't **[F]** fall in love with **[C]** me. **[C]**

I can **[C]** see that you are **[F]** lonesome just like **[G]** me, **[G]**

and it **[C]** being late, you'd **[F]** like some compa-**[G]**ny, **[G]**

Well **[F]** I've had two, I **[C]** look at you,

and **[F]** you look back at **[C]** me,

The **[F]** guy you're with has **[C]** up and split,

the **[F]** chair next to you is **[G]** free,

And I **[C]** hope that I don't **[F]** fall in love with **[C]** you. **[C]**

Now the **[C]** night does funny **[F]** things inside a **[G]** man **[G]**

These old **[C]** tomcat feelings **[F]** you don't under-**[G]**stand **[G]**

I **[F]** turn around and **[C]** look at you, you **[F]** light a cigar-**[C]**ette

I **[F]** wish I had the **[C]** guts to bum one, **[F]** but we've never **[G]** met

And I **[C]** hope that I don't **[F]** fall in love with **[C]** you. **[C]**

Now it's **[C]** closing time, the **[F]** music's fading **[G]** out **[G]**

Last **[C]** call for drinks I'll **[F]** have another **[G]** stout **[G]**

I **[F]** turn around and **[C]** look at you, you're **[F]** nowhere to be **[C]** found

I **[F]** search the place for **[C]** your lost face, I **[F]** guess I'll have another **[G]** round

and I **[C]** think that I just **[F]** fell in love with **[C]** you **[C]**

