

Chiquitita

Words & Music by Benny Andersson & Bjorn Ulvaeus.

ABBA

Chi-qui-ti - ta, tell me what's wrong,
truth,
down,

A D/A

you're en-chained by your own sor - row,
I'm a shoul - der you can cry on,
and your love's a blown out cand - le,

A E

in your eyes there is no hope
your best friend, I'm the one you
all is gone and it seems too

D E E11



for to - mor-row.
must re - ly on.
hard to hand - le.

How I hate to see you like this,
You were al - ways sure of your - self,
Chi - qui - ti - ta, tell me the truth,



A

D/A



there is no way you can de - ny it, _____
now I see you've bro - ken a feath - er, _____
there is no way you can de - ny it, _____



C#m(add9)



can see that you're, oh, so
hope we can patch it
see that you're, oh, so



E

D

E

E11



sad, so qui - et.
up to - geth - er.
sad, so qui - et.

Chi - qui - ti - ta, tell me the

Chi - qui - ti - ta, you and I



A

(D/A) A

A

more like you did be - fore, sing a new song, Chi - qui - ti - ta.

E D E E11 A

Try once more like you did be - fore, sing a new song,

E D E E11

Chi - qui - ti - ta. So the walls came tumb - lin'

A (D/A) A

D.S. al \oplus

Chi - qui - ti - ta,

A

rit. try once more like you did be - fore, sing a new song, Chi - qui - ti - ta.

rit. E D E E11 A