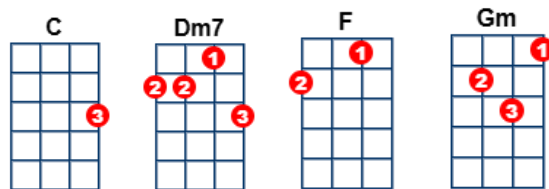


The Winner Takes It All (Key of F) - ABBA



(Intro as chorus x2) [C] [F] [Dm7], [Dm7] [Gm] [C],

[C] I don't wanna [F] talk about the things we've [C] gone through
Though it's hurting [Gm] me, now it's histo-[C]ry
I played all my [F] cards, and that's what you've [C] done too
Nothing more to [Gm] say, no more ace to [C] play.

*[C] The winner takes it [F] all, the loser standing [Dm7] small
Beside the victo-[Gm]ry - that's her desti-[C]ny.*

I was in your [F] arms, thinking I be-[C]longed there
I figured it made [Gm] sense, building me a [C] fence
Building me a [F] home, thinking I'd be [C] strong there
But I was a [Gm] fool, playing by the [C] rules.
The gods may throw a [F] dice, their minds as cold as [Dm7] ice
And someone way down [Gm] here loses someone [C] dear.

*[C] The winner takes it [F] all, the loser has to [Dm7] fall
It's simple and it's [Gm] plain. Why should I [C] complain?*

But tell me does she [F] kiss like I used to [C] kiss you?
Does it feel the [Gm] same, when she calls your [C] name?
Somewhere deep in-[F]side, you must know I [C] miss you
But what can I [Gm] say? Rules must be o-[C]beyed.
The judges will de-[F]cide, the likes of me a-[Dm7]bide
Spectators of the [Gm] show, always staying [C] low.

*[C] The game is on a-[F]gain - a lover or a [Dm7] friend
A big thing or a [Gm] small - the winner takes it [C] all.*

I don't wanna [F] talk, if it makes you [C] feel sad
And I under-[Gm]stand - you've come to shake my [C] hand
I apolo-[F]gize if it makes you [C] feel bad
Seeing me so [Gm] tense - no self-confi-[C]dence.

(Outro x3) [C] But you see, the winner takes it [F] all
[Dm7] The winner takes it [Gm] all... [C]