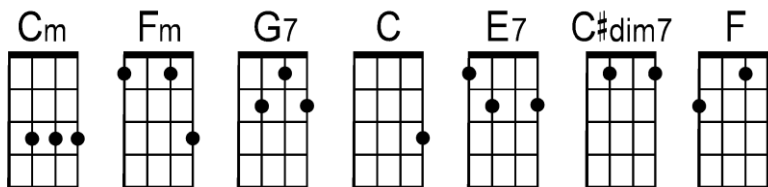


That's Amore

by Harry Warren and Jack Brooks (1952)



3/4 time

Cm~~~~~Fm~~~~~Cm~~~~~G7\ (-hold-)

tremolo intro: In Napoli— where love is king— when boy meets girl— here's what they sing—

(--tacet-----) | C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 When the moon hits your eye like a big piz-za pie, that's a—mor—e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine, that's a—mor—e—

. . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 Bells will ring, tinga-linga-ling, tinga-linga-ling, and you'll sing "Vi—ta bel—la—"

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | C\ |
 Hearts will play tippy-tippy-tay, tippy-tippy-tay, like a gay tar-an—tel—la—

(--tacet-----) | C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 When the stars make you drool just like pas-ta fa—zool, that's a—mor—e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | E7 . . . | . . . | C#dim . . . | . . . |
 When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet, you're in lo—ve—

. . . | F . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 When you walk in a dream, but you know you're not dream-ing, Sig-nor—e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | G7\ | C\ (-hold-)|
 Scu-sa me, but you see, back in old Na-po-li, that's a—mor—e—!

(With Drunken Gusto!)

(--tacet-----) | C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 When— the— moon hits your eye like a big piz-za pie, that's— a—mor—e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine, that's— a—mor—e—

. . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 Bells will ring, tinga-linga-ling, tinga-linga-ling, and you'll sing "Vi—ta bel—la—"

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | C\ |
 Hearts will play tippy-tippy-tay, tippy-tippy-tay, like a gay tar—an—tel—la—

(--tacet-----) | C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
 When— the— stars make you drool just like pas-ta fa—zool, that's a—mor—e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | E7 . . . | . . . | C#dim . . . | . . . |
 When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet, you're in lo—ve—

. . . | F\ --- --- | F\ --- --- | F\ --- --- | F\ --- --- | C\ --- --- | C . . . | . . . | . . . |
 When you walk— in a dream— but you know you're not dream-ing, Sig—nor—e—

. . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . | . . . | G7\ | C\ |
 Scu—sa me, but you see, back in old Na-po-li, that's— a—mor—e—!