

Abby

Phillip Mills

Am Dm Am F Am Dm7 Dsus9

Ab - by spent two life - times in a
Ab - by learned a hap - py song the

F Am F

toy - box by the bed, A long - for - got - ten
day that she was made. She sang it once each

Am F Am

di - no - saur with a fuz - zy blue - green head, 'Til
morn - - ing with her El - len as they played, But

Dm F

wak - ing on a thrift store shelf and brush - ing off the
El - len grew and El - len changed and El - len moved from

Am F C

dust She asked, where was the lit - tle girl she'd
home, Then Ab - by sang that hap - py song four

Am Fmaj7 Am Am Asus9 Em

been pro - grammed to trust. En - gin - eers built life - like toys:
thou - sand times a - lone.

F Am F

Di - no - saurs the theme. Their sci - ence was suc -

Em F G
 cess - ful, More than they had ev - er dreamed For

Am Am7 Em Em7 F Am
 Di - nos hun - gered, Di - nos hurt, and Di - nos learned to cry. If

F C Am Fmaj7 Am
 they'd been a - ny more a - live, they might have learned to die.

Am Dm7 Dsus9 F
 Now Ab - by is a com - fort to the res - cued Saur brought

Am F Am F
 here, Whose mem - o - ries of raz - or blades and of fires bring back old

Am Dm F
 fears. She helps the ones with twist - ed legs, with miss - ing tails and

Am F C Am Fmaj7
 eyes. Ab - by claims her wounds are less. We know that Ab - by

Am
 lies.

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