

Bb (played with open G string)

Rev 5; Monday June 8, 2026

no capo – intro and outro at 116 bpm – can ramp up to 132

Intro Solo

F# Minor(x2) Em A F# Minor(x2) D Dsus4

F# Minor(x2) Em A F# Minor(x2) D

Intro

F# Minor(x2) Em A F# Minor(x2) D Dsus4

Young love, is in the air.

F# Minor(x2) Em A F# Minor(x2) D

Young love, ain't always fair.

Mini Solo

5<sup>th</sup> fret / 7<sup>th</sup> fret solo on B G D (up pluck) strings

V1

G A Asus A

That girl's a meltin' my heart like a blowtorch to butter.

D G F#Minor(x2) FMinor(x2)

Top of my list, just ain't no other and I

Em(x2) D A A A Asus A

feel the sparks, about to fly.

Em D AAA Asus A

And I see the sparkle, in her eyes.

V2

G A Asus A

This ain't no shot in the dark, I'll take her home to meet my mother.

D G

She's a meltin' my heart, like a blowtorch to butter,

F#Minor(x2) Em D AAA Asus A

and I feel the sparks, about to fly.

Em D AAA Asus A

And I see the fire, in that young girl's eyes.

Em D AAA Asus A

I feel the fire, in her arms.

Em D AAA Asus A

I see the sparks, about to fly.

V3

G A

What more could I want, let's clear the air.

D G

My passion is lighting the sky.

F#Minor(x2) Em D AAA Asus A

and I see the fire, in her eyes.

Em D AAA Asus A

And I feel the sparks, about to fly.

V4

G A

Meltin' my heart, like a blowtorch to butter.

D G

I've never been aiming so high,

F#Minor(x2) Em D AAA Asus A

and I feel the sparks, about to fly.

Em D AAA Asus A

and I see the fire, in her eyes

Em D AAA Asus A

I feel the fire, in her arms.

Em D AAA Asus A

I see the sparks, about to fly.

Mini Solo

V5

G A

Meltin' my heart, like a blowtorch to butter.

D G

I'm soaring to the top of the sky.

F#Minor(x2) Em D AAA Asus A

and I feel the fire, in her eyes.

Em D AAA Asus A

And I see the sparks, about to fly.



Young love, is in the air.  
Young love, ain't always fair.

That girl's a meltin' my heart like a blowtorch to butter.  
Top of my list, just ain't no other  
and I feel the sparks, about to fly.  
And I see the sparkle, in her eyes.

This ain't no shot in the dark, I'll take her home to meet my mother.  
She's a meltin' my heart, like a blowtorch to butter,  
and I feel the sparks, about to fly.  
And I see the fire, in that young girl's eyes.  
I feel the fire, in her arms.  
I see the sparks, about to fly.

What more could I want, let's clear the air.  
My passion is lighting the sky.  
and I see the fire, in her eyes.  
And I feel the sparks, about to fly.

Meltin' my heart, like a blowtorch to butter.  
I've never been aiming so high,  
and I feel the sparks, about to fly.  
and I see the fire, in her eyes  
I feel the fire, in her arms.  
I see the sparks, about to fly.

Meltin' my heart, like a blowtorch to butter.  
I'm soaring to the top of the sky.  
and I feel the fire, in her eyes.  
And I see the sparks, about to fly.

This ain't no shot in the dark, I'll take her home to meet my sisters.  
When she's outta the room I confide . . . I haven't even kissed her.  
But I see the fire, in that young girl's eyes.  
I feel the fire, in her arms.  
I see the sparks, about to fly.

But she's a meltin' my heart, like a blowtorch to butter,  
She's outta my league, but I can see no other,  
'cuz I see the fire, in her eyes.  
And I will never lose, the will to try.

Young love, is in the air.  
Young love, ain't always fair.