










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







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

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

w/m Bill Mack, 1966







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

     
/ Blue, / / oh, so / lonesome for you. / Why can't you be / blue over / me? / ... /




       
/ Blue, / / oh, so / lonesome for you. / Tears fill my / eyes 'till I can't / see. / /










 
/ Three o'clock in the / mornin, / here am / I /






 
/ Sitting here so / lonely, / so lonesome I could / cry. /

     
/ Blue, / / oh, so / lonesome for you. / Why can't you be / blue over / me? /

 
/ Now that it's / over, / I real- / ized /

   (key change)
/ Those sweet words you / whispered, / were nothing but / lies. /

        
/ Blue, / / oh, so / lonesome for you. / Why can't you be / blue over / me? /

    
/ Why can't you be / blue, over / me? / ... /
2 2 1