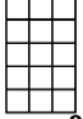
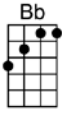
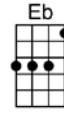
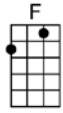
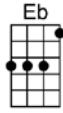
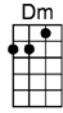
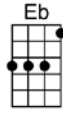
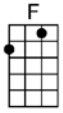


SING A



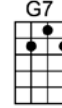
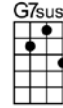
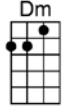
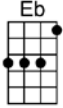
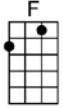
HEY, MISTER, THAT'S ME UP ON THE JUKEBOX - James Taylor

4/4 1234 (slow count)

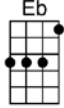
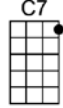
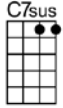


Hey, mister, that's me upon the jukebox.

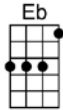
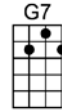
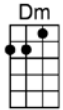
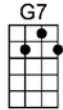
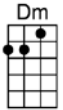
I'm the one that's singing this sad song



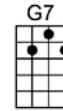
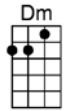
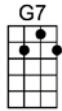
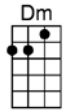
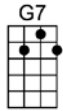
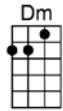
Well, I'll cry every time that you slip in one more dime,



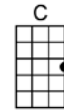
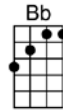
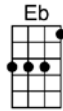
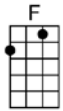
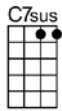
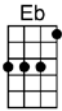
And let the boy sing this sad one, one more time



Southern Cali-fornia is as blue as the boy can be, blue as the deep blue sea

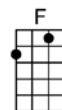
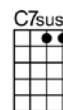
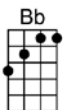
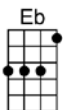
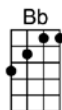
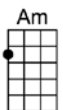
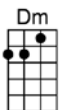


Won't you listen to me now. I need your golden gated city like a hole in the head

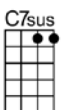
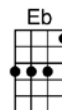
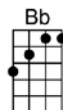
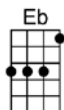
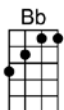
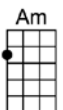
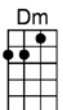


Just like a hole in the head, I'm free!

(REFRAIN-"Hey, Mister.....")

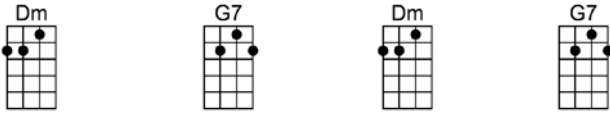


I do be-lieve I'm headed home, hey, mister, can't you see that I'm as dry as a bone

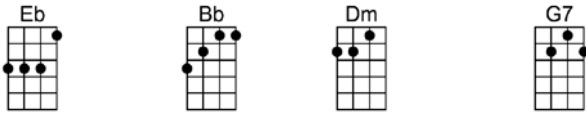


I think I'll spend some time a-lone, yes, un-less you've found a way of squeezing water from a stone

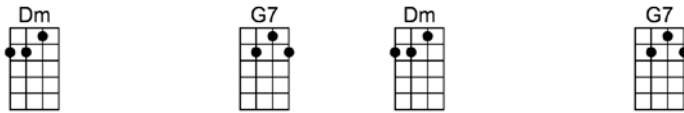
p.2. Hey, Mister, That's Me Up On the Jukebox



Let the doctor and the lawyer do as much as they can



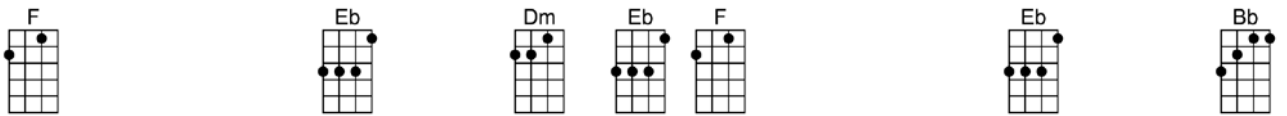
Let the springtime be-gin, let the boy become a man



I've done wasted too much time just to sing you this sad song



I've done been this lonesome picker a little too long



Hey, mister, that's me upon the jukebox.

I'm the one that's singing this sad song

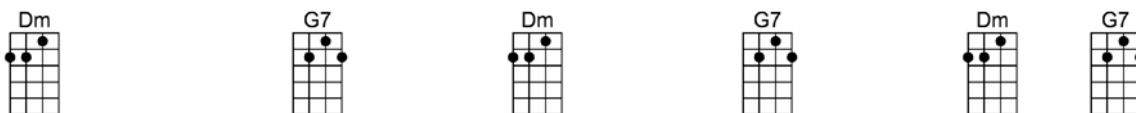
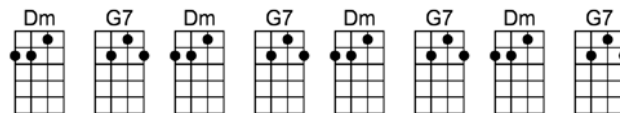


Well, I'll cry every time that you up and slip in one more dime,



And let the boy sing this sad one, one more time

Instrumental interlude:



Well, I've been spreading myself thin these days, don't you know, good-bye (repeat and fade)

HEY, MISTER, THAT'S ME UP ON THE JUKEBOX - James Taylor

4/4 1234 (slow count)

F Eb Dm Eb F Eb Bb
Hey, mister, that's me upon the jukebox. I'm the one that's singing this sad song
F Eb Dm G7sus G7
Well, I'll cry every time that you slip in one more dime,
C7sus C7 Eb Bb F C
And let the boy sing this sad one, one more time

Dm G7 Dm G7 Eb Bb
Southern Cali-fornia is as blue as the boy can be, blue as the deep blue sea
Dm G7 Dm G7 Dm G7
Won't you listen to me now. I need your golden gated city like a hole in the head
Eb Bb C7sus F Eb Bb C
Just like a hole in the head, I'm free!

(REFRAIN-"Hey, Mister.....")

Dm Am Bb Eb Bb C7sus F
I do be-lieve I'm headed home, hey, mister, can't you see that I'm as dry as a bone
Dm Am Bb Eb Bb Eb C7sus
I think I'll spend some time a-lone, yes, un-less you've found a way of squeezing water from a stone
Dm G7 Dm G7
Let the doctor and the lawyer do as much as they can
Eb Bb Dm G7
Let the springtime be-gin, let the boy become a man
Dm G7 Dm G7
I've done wasted too much time just to sing you this sad song
Eb Bb F Eb Bb C7sus
I've done been this lonesome picker a little too long

F Eb Dm Eb F Eb Bb
Hey, mister, that's me up on the jukebox. I'm the one that's singing this sad song
F Eb Dm G7sus G7
Well, I'll cry every time that you up and slip in one more dime,
C7sus C7 Eb Bb F C
And let the boy sing this sad one, one more time

Instrumental interlude: Dm G7 Dm G7 Dm G7 Dm G7

Dm G7 Dm G7 Dm G7
Well, I've been spreading myself thin these days, don't you know, good-bye (repeat and fade)