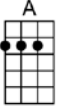
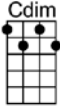
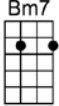
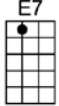
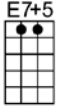



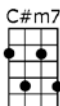
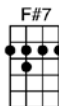

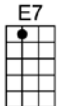
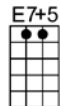
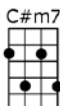
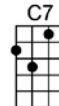
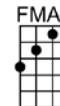
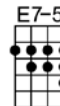
THEN I'LL BE TIRED OF YOU_(BAR)-Arthur Schwartz

4/4 1...2...1234 (without verse) -E.Y. Harburg

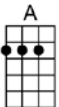

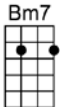
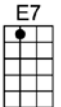
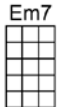
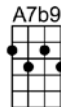
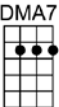
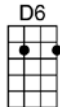
Verse:

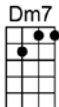
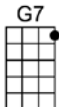
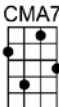
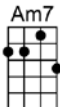
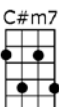
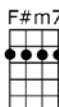
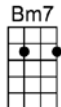
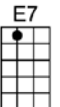
You look at me and wonder, you look at me and doubt

Darling, your eyes still ask me will the flame burn out?

No one is sure of sunshine, no one is sure of dawn

But I am sure our love will go on and on



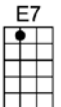
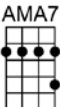
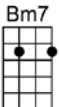
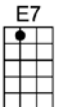
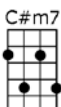
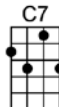
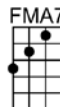
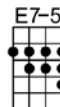




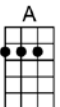
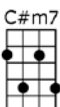
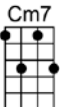
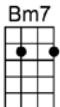
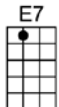


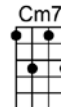
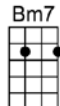




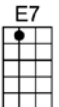
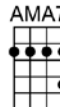
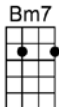
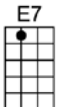
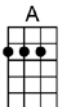
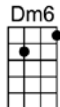
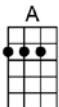
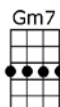
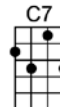
I'll be tired of you when stars are tired of gleaming

When I am tired of dreaming, then I'll be tired of you

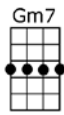
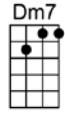
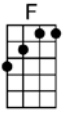










This I know is true, when winds are tired of blowing

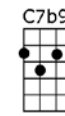
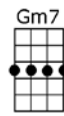
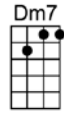
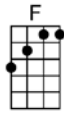
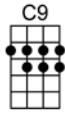










When grass is tired of growing, then I'll be tired of you

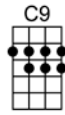
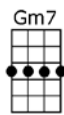
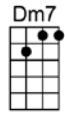
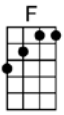
p.2. Then I'll Be Tired of You



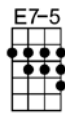
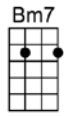
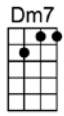
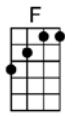
Beyond the years, till day is night,



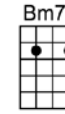
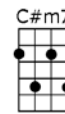
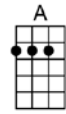
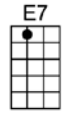
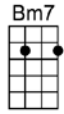
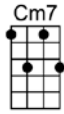
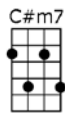
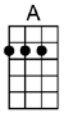
Till wrong is right, till birds re-fuse to sing



Beyond the years, the echo of my only love

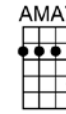
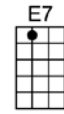
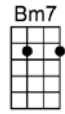
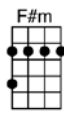
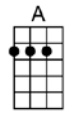
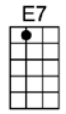
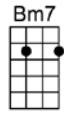
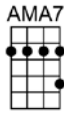
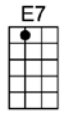


Will still be whispering, whispering



If my throbbing heart

should ever start re-peating



That it is tired of beating, then I'll be tired of you,

then I'll be tired of you

THEN I'LL BE TIRED OF YOU -Arthur Schwartz

4/4 1...2...1234 (without verse)

-E.Y. Harburg

Verse:

A Cdim Bm7 E7 E7+ A
You look at me and wonder, you look at me and doubt

C#m7 F#7 Bm7 E7 E7+ C#m7 C7 FMA7 E7b5
Darling, your eyes still ask me will the flame burn out?

A Cdim Bm7 E7 Em7 A7b9 DMA7 D6
No one is sure of sunshine, no one is sure of dawn

Dm7 G7 CMA7 Am7 C#m7 F#m7 Bm7 E7
But I am sure our love will go on and on

A C#m7 Cm7 Bm7 E7 A C#m7 Cm7 Bm7
I'll be tired of you when stars are tired of gleaming

E7 AMA7 Bm7 E7 C#m7 C7 FMA7 E7b5
When I am tired of dreaming, then I'll be tired of you

A C#m7 Cm7 Bm7 E7 A C#m7 Cm7 Bm7
This I know is true, when winds are tired of blowing

E7 AMA7 Bm7 E7 A Dm6 A Gm7 C7
When grass is tired of growing, then I'll be tired of you

F Dm7 Gm7
Beyond the years, till day is night,

C9 F Dm7 Gm7 C7b9
Till wrong is right, till birds re-fuse to sing

F Dm7 Gm7 C9
Beyond the years, the echo of my only love

F Dm7 Bm7 E7b5
Will still be whispering, whispering

A C#m7 Cm7 Bm7 E7 A C#m7 Cm7 Bm7
If my throbbing heart should ever start re-peating

E7 AMA7 Bm7 E7 A F#m Bm7 E7 AMA7
That it is tired of beating, then I'll be tired of you, then I'll be tired of you