BELLE OF THE BLUES - Janis Ian

4/4    1...2...1234 (slow count)

Intro: | | | |

I'm the belle of the blues, and it's easy to see, if I win or I lose, it's all one to me

I was born on a shelf in the rare books library. I reside by myself with my books and my T.V.

I'm an old age pension for the fossilized routine. Anybody for nostalgia, put a record on and see

Here's a memory of olden days, and a heart-break grown cold

All that glitters isn't gold. You get no love for free

You live and you die, and I'll probably throw it away

But in the end it's mine, and nobody has a right to say

"Go down lightly, go down silent-ly". I'll go down screaming, "Give it back, it belongs to me"

I'm the belle of the blues, I'm used to mingling with the crème de la crème of higher society
p.2. Belle of the Blues

I promise them roses, and an eight-by-ten of me.

But when the party's over, they're all too glad to leave.

Their children sing of sorrow. It's the same old rou-tine

They've begged and they've borrowed someone else's mise-ry

It's an easy act to follow, at least, an easy one for me.

Give me my tomorrows, you can have my memo-ries

Souve-nirs from an old-fashioned school plays coquette on the pillow, like an old-fashioned fool

Go down lightly, go down silent-ly, you go down lonely, you go down like me.

Interlude: ( )

I'm the belle of the blues, mmm.....................
BELLE OF THE BLUES—Janis Ian

4/4 1...2...1234 (slow count)

Intro:  | D  Em7 | F  G |

D   Em7  F   G  D  Em7  F   G
I'm the belle of the blues, and it's easy to see, if I win or I lose, it's all one to me
G   Gm6  D   A  Bm  Bb  A7

I was born on a shelf in the rare books library. I re-side by myself with my books and my T.V.

D   Em7  F   G  D  Bm  C  D7
I'm an old age pension for the fossilized rou-tine. Anybody for nos-talgia, put a record on and see
G   Gm6  D   A   Bm

Here's a memory of olden days, and a heart-break grown cold

Bb  A7

All that glitters isn't gold. You get no love for free
G   Gm6  D   A   Bm

You live and you die, and I'll probably throw it a-way
Bb  A7

But in the end it's mine, and nobody has a right to say
G   Gm6  D   A   Bm  A7

"Go down lightly, go down silent-ly". I'll go down screaming, "Give it back - it belongs to me"

D   Em7  F   G  D  Bm  F  G
I'm the belle of the blues, I'm used to mingling with the crème de la crème of higher socie-ty
G   Gm6  D   A   Bm

I promise them roses, and an eight-by-ten of me.
Bb  A7

But when the party's over, they're all too glad to leave

D   Em7  F   G
Their children sing of sorrow. It's the same old rou-tine
D   Bm  F  G

They've begged and they've borrowed someone else's mise-ry
G   Gm6  D   A   Bm

It's an easy act to follow, at least, an easy one for me
Bb  A7

Give me my tomorrows, you can have my memories
G   Gm6  D   A   Bm  Bb  A7

Souve-nirs from an old-fashioned school plays coquette on the pillow, like an old-fashioned fool
G   Gm6  D   A   Bm  Bb  A7

Go down lightly, go down silent-ly, you go down lonely, you go down like me

Interlude:  (D)  Em7  F  G  F

D   Em7  F  G  F  D
I'm the belle of the blues, mmm........