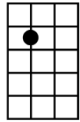
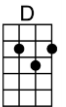
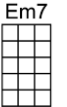
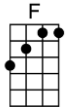
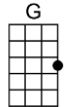


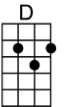
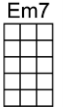
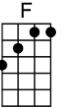
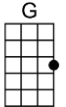
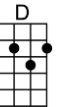
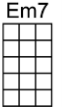
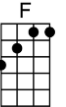
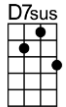
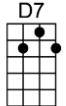
SING A



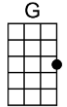
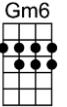
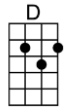
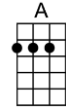
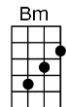
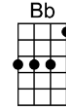
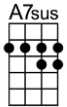
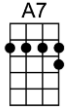
BELLE OF THE BLUES(BAR)-Janis Ian

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

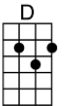
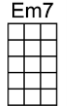
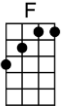
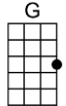
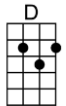
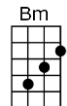
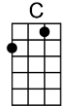
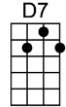
Intro: |   |   |

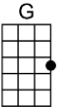
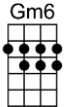
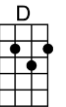
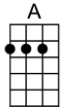
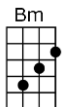
I'm the belle of the blues, and it's easy to see, if I win or I lose, it's all one to me

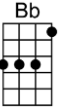
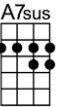
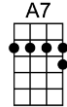
I was born on a shelf in the rare books libra - ry. I re-side by myself with my books and my T.V

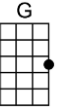
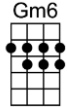
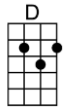
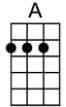
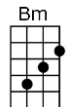
I'm an old age pension for the fossilized rou-tine. Anybody for nos-talgia, put a record on and see

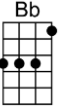
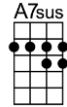
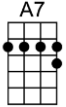
Here's a memory of olden days, and a heart-break grown cold

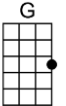
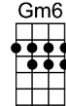
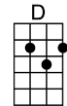
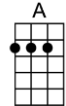
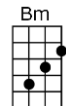
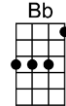
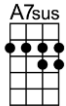
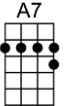
All that glitters isn't gold. You get no love for free

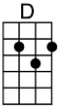
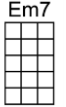
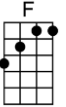
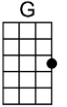
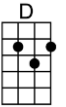
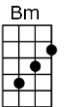
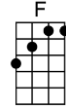
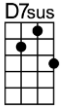
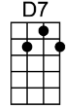
You live and you die, and I'll probably throw it a-way

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

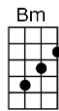
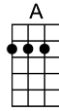
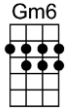
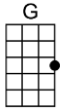
       

"Go down lightly, go down silent-ly". I'll go down screaming, "Give it back, it belongs to me"

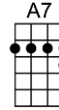
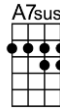
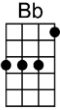
        

I'm the belle of the blues, I'm used to mingling with the crème de la crème of higher socie-ty

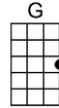
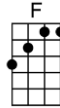
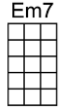
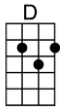
p.2. Belle of the Blues



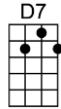
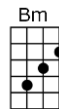
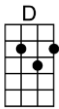
I promise them roses, and an eight-by-ten of me.



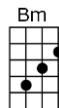
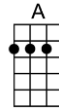
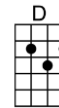
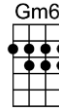
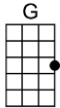
But when the party's over, they're all too glad to leave



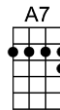
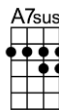
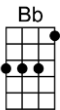
Their children sing of sorrow. It's the same old rou-tine



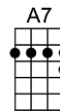
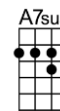
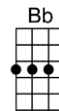
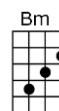
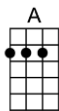
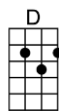
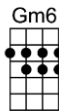
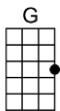
They've begged and they've borrowed someone else's mise-ry



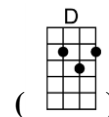
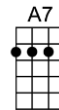
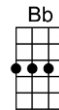
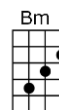
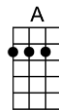
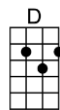
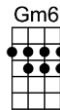
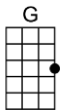
It's an easy act to follow, at least, an easy one for me



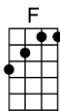
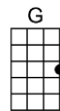
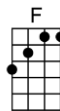
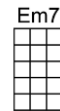
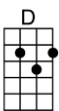
Give me my tomorrows, you can have my memo-ries



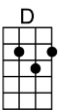
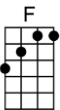
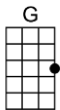
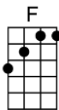
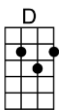
Souve-nirs from an old-fashioned school plays coquette on the pillow, like an old-fashioned fool



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 |

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 libra-ry. I re-side by myself with my books and my T.V

I'm an old age pension for the fossilized rou-tine. Anybody for nos-talgia, 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 a-way
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 socie-ty
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 memories
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: (D) Em7 F G F

I'm the belle of the blues, mmm.....