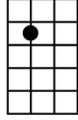
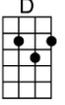
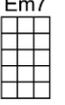
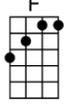
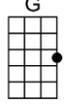


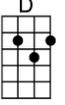
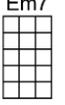
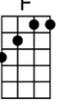
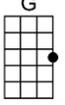
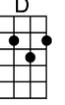
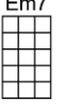
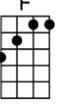
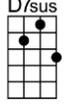
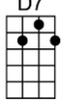
SING A



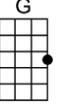
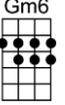
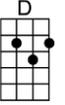
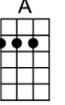
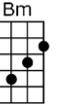
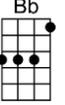
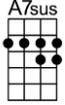
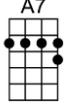
BELLE OF THE BLUES (BAR)-Janis Ian

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

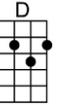
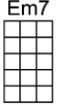
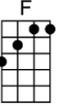
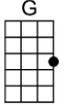
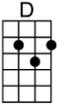
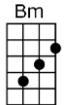
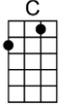
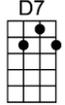
Intro: |  |  |  |  |

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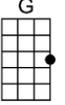
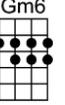
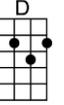
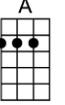
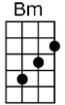
I'm the belle of the blues, and it's easy to see, if I win or I lose, it's all one to me

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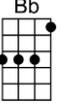
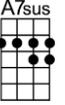
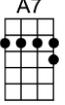
I was born on a shelf in the rare books libra - ry. I re-side by myself with my books and my T.V

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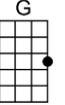
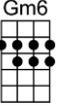
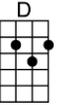
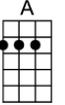
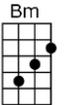
I'm an old age pension for the fossilized rou-tine. Anybody for nos-talgia, put a record on and see

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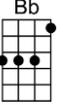
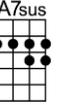
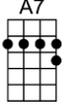
Here's a memory of olden days, and a heart-break grown cold

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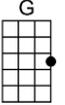
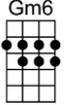
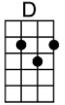
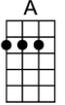
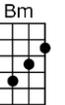
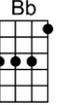
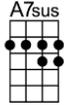
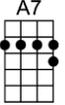
All that glitters isn't gold. You get no love for free

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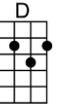
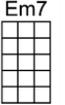
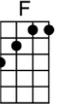
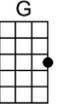
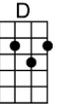
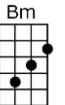
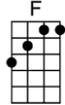
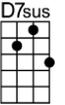
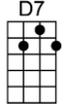
You live and you die, and I'll probably throw it a-way

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

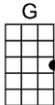
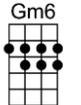
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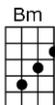
"Go down lightly, go down silent-ly". I'll go down screaming, "Give it back, it belongs to me"

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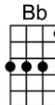
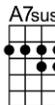
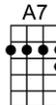
I'm the belle of the blues, I'm used to mingling with the crème de la crème of higher socie-ty

p.2. Belle of the Blues

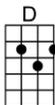



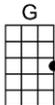



I promise them roses, and an eight-by-ten of me.

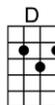
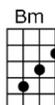
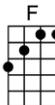
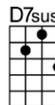
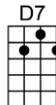




But when the party's over, they're all too glad to leave

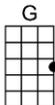
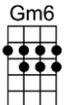
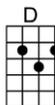
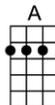
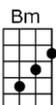


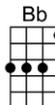
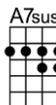
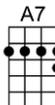
Their children sing of sorrow. It's the same old rou-tine

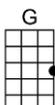
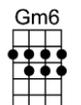
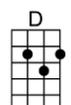
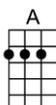
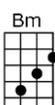
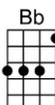
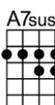
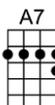
They've begged and they've borrowed someone else's mise-ry

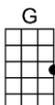
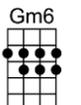
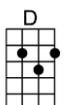
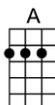
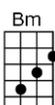
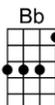
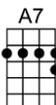
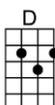
It's an easy act to follow, at least, an easy one for me

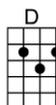
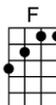
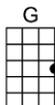
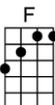
Give me my tomorrows, you can have my memo-ries

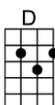
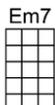
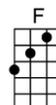
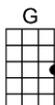









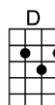
Souve-nirs from an old-fashioned school plays coquette on the pillow, like an old-fashioned fool

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 |

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 libra-ry. 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 Bb 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 (D)
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.....