Words: Jim Beloff

BLUES ON A UKULELE

Music: Herb Ohta

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: First 2 lines

They say you can’t play blues on a u-ku-le-le, but there they are wrong,

You went a-way and this is all I play, my ukulele sad song

They say you can’t cry and play a u-ku-le-le, well what do they know?

I start to strum, and soon the tears will come and then the blues just follow

They say that there’s no happier sound. That’s not the case when you’re not a-round.

They say you can’t play blues on a u-ku-le-le, but since we’re apart

1. Oh, from that day, I can only play the strings of my broken heart. (instr. repeat)

2. Oh, from that day, I can only play the strings of my broken heart.

The strings of my broken heart.

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They say you can’t play blues on a uku-le-le, but there they are wrong,

You went a-way and this is all I play, my ukulele sad song

They say you can’t cry and play a uku-le-le, well what do they know?

I start to strum, and soon the tears will come and then the blues just follow

They say that there’s no happier sound. That’s not the case when you’re not a-round.

They say you can’t play blues on a uku-le-le, but since we’re apart

1. Oh, from that day, I can only play the strings of my broken heart. (instr. repeat)

2. Oh, from that day, I can only play the strings of my broken heart.

Oh, since that day, I can only play the strings of my broken heart,

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