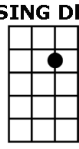


SING Db



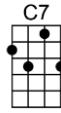
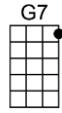
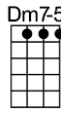
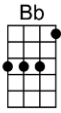
Words: Jim Beloff

BLUES ON A UKULELE(BAR)

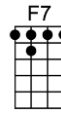
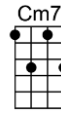
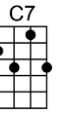
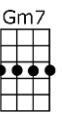
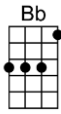
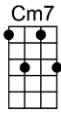
Music: Herb Ohta

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

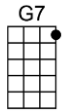
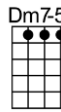
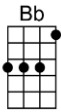
Intro: First 2 lines



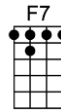
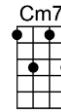
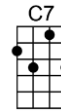
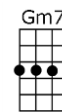
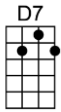
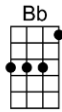
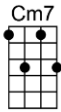
They say you can't play blues on a u-ku-le-le, but there they are wrong,



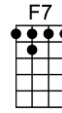
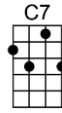
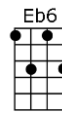
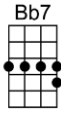
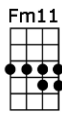
You went a-way and this is all I play, my ukulele sad song



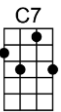
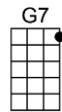
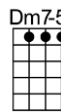
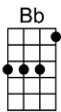
They say you can't cry and play a u-ku-le-le, well what do they know?



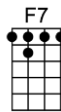
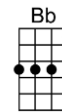
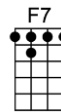
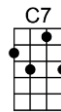
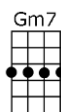
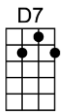
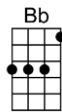
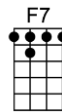
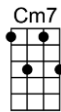
I start to strum, and soon the tears will come and then the blues just follow



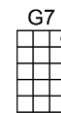
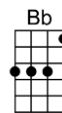
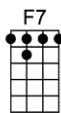
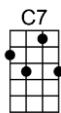
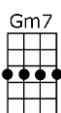
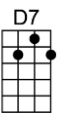
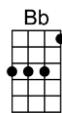
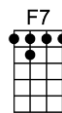
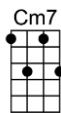
They say that there's no happier sound. That's not the case when you're not a-round.



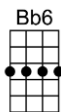
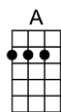
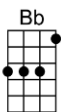
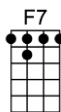
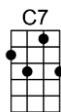
They say you can't play blues on a u-ku-le-le, but since we're apart



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.

Words: Jim Beloff

BLUES ON A UKULELE

Music: Herb Ohta

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

Intro: First 2 lines

Bb **Dm7b5** **G7** **C7**
They say you can't play blues on a u-ku-le-le, but there they are wrong,

Cm7 **F7** **Bb** **D7** **Gm7** **C7** **Cm7** **F7**
You went a-way and this is all I play, my ukulele sad song

Bb **Dm7b5** **G7** **C7**
They say you can't cry and play a u-ku-le-le, well what do they know?

Cm7 **F7** **Bb** **D7** **Gm7** **C7** **Cm7** **F7**
I start to strum, and soon the tears will come and then the blues just follow

Fm11 **Bb7** **Eb6** **C7** **Cm7** **F7**
They say that there's no happier sound. That's not the case when you're not a-round.

Bb **Dm7b5** **G7** **C7**
They say you can't play blues on a u-ku-le-le, but since we're apart

Cm7 **F7** **Bb** **D7** **Gm7** **C7** **F7** **Bb** **F7**
1. Oh, from that day, I can only play the strings of my broken heart. (instr. repeat)

Cm7 **F7** **Bb** **D7** **Gm7** **C7** **F7** **Bb** **G7**
2. Oh, from that day, I can only play the strings of my broken heart.

Cm7 **F7** **Bb** **D7** **Gm7** **C7** **F7** **Bb** **G7**
Oh, since that day, I can only play the strings of my broken heart,

Cm7 **F7** **Bb** **A** **Bb6**
The strings of my broken heart