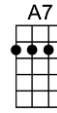
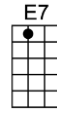
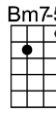
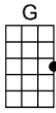


Words: Jim Beloff

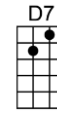
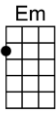
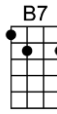
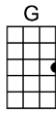
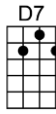
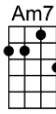
BLUES ON A UKULELE(BAR) Music: Herb Ohta

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

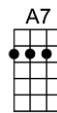
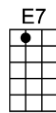
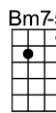
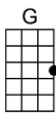
Intro: First 2 lines



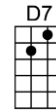
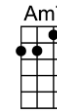
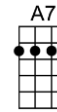
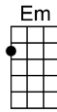
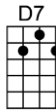
They say you can't play blues on a u-ku-le-le, but there they are wrong,



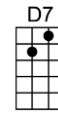
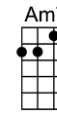
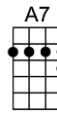
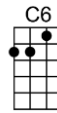
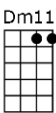
You went a-way and this is all I play, my ukulele sad song



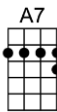
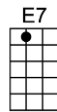
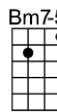
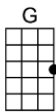
They say you can't cry and play a u-ku-le-le, well what do they know?



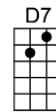
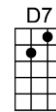
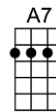
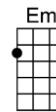
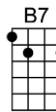
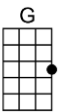
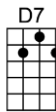
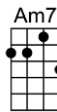
I start to strum, and soon the tears will come and then the blues just follow



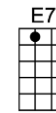
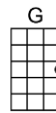
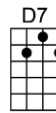
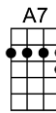
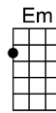
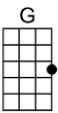
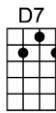
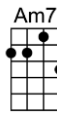
They say that there's no happier sound. That's not the case when you're not a-round.



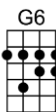
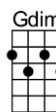
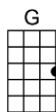
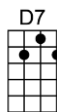
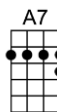
They say you can't play blues on a u-ku-le-le, but since we're apart



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

G Bm7b5 E7 A7
They say you can't play blues on a u-ku-le-le, but there they are wrong,

Am7 D7 G B7 Em A7 Am7 D7
You went a-way and this is all I play, my ukulele sad song

G Bm7b5 E7 A7
They say you can't cry and play a u-ku-le-le, well what do they know?

Am7 D7 G B7 Em A7 Am7 D7
I start to strum, and soon the tears will come and then the blues just follow

Dm11 G7 C6 A7 Am7 D7
They say that there's no happier sound. That's not the case when you're not a-round.

G Bm7b5 E7 A7
They say you can't play blues on a u-ku-le-le, but since we're apart

Am7 D7 G B7 Em A7 D7 G D7
1. Oh, from that day, I can only play the strings of my broken heart. (instr. repeat)

Am7 D7 G B7 Em A7 D7 G E7
2. Oh, from that day, I can only play the strings of my broken heart.

Am7 D7 G Gdim G6
The strings of my broken heart