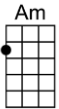
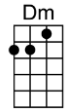
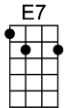
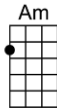
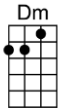
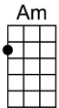
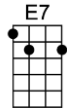
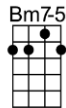
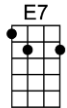


BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS

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-Harry Warren/Al Dubin

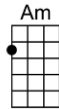
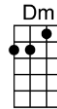
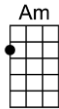
Intro: |   |

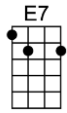
I walk along the street of sorrow, the Boulevard of Broken Dreams

Where gigo-lo and gigo-lette can take a kiss without re-gret

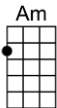
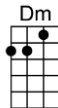
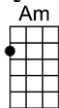
So they forget their broken dreams

You laugh to-night, and cry to-morrow, when you behold your shattered schemes

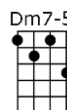
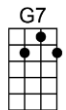
Gigo-lo and gigo-lette wake up to find their eyes are wet

With tears that tell of broken dreams

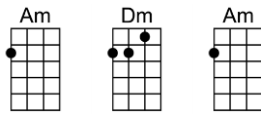
   

Here is where you'll always find me, always walking up and down

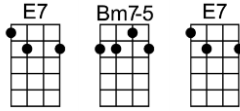
   

But I left my soul be-hind me in an old cathedral town

p.2. Boulevard of Broken Dreams



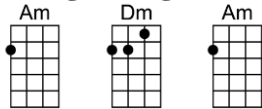
The joy that you find here, you borrow,



You cannot keep it long, it seems

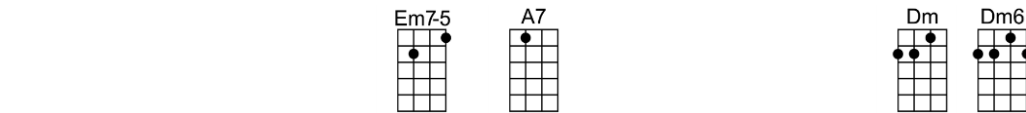
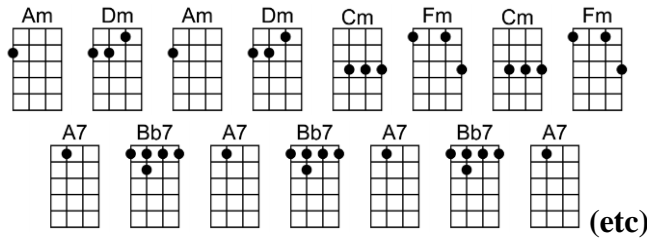


But gigolo and gigolette still sing a song, and dance a-long,



The Boulevard of Broken Dreams

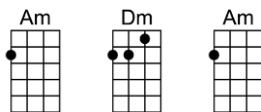
Interlude:



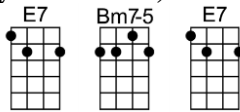
Here is where you'll always find me, always walking up and down



For I left my soul be-hind me in an old cathedral town



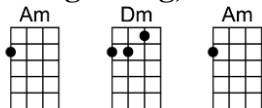
The joy that you find here, you borrow,



You cannot keep it long, it seems



But gigolo and gigolette still sing a song, and dance a-long,



The Boulevard of Broken Dreams

