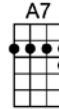
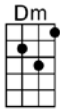
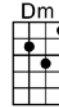
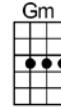
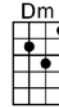
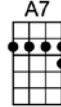
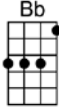
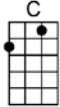
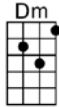


GREENSTAMPS^(BAR) w. Harvey Geller

(SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "GREENSLEEVES") Intro: Bb/A7/Dm Gm/Dm/
3/4 123 12 (without intro)

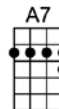
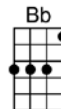
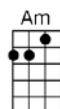
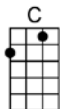
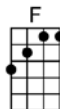


I found my love in a grocery shop, selling pickles and egg-plants and bottles of pop;

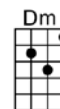
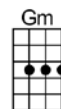
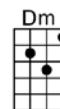
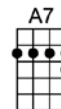
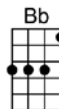
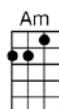
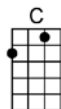
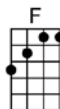


She asked me to try her as-paragus tips, and I fell for the smile on her ruby red lips.

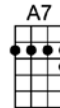
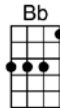
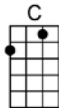
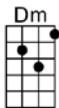
CHORUS:



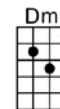
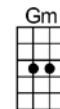
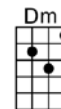
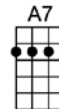
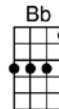
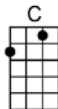
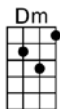
Green stamps were all she gave, green stamps were all I took,



Green stamps were all I saved, so I pasted them all in my green stamp book. (CODA)

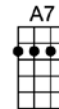
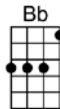
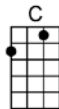
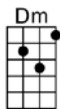


I'd go every day just to gaze at her face, and in no time at all I had bought out the place.

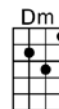
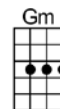
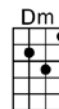
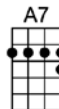
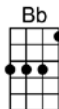
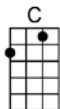
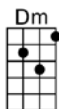


Tho' ne'er did I e'er taste her ruby red lips, I own four thousand cans of as-para - gus tips.

CHORUS ("Green stamps . . .")

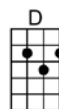
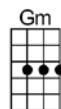
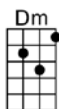
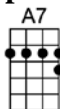
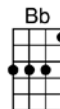


When-ever I'm lonely or tired or blue, I go to my bookshelf and here's what I do:



I reach for that book and then with loving care, I count every green stamp that's pasted in there.

CHORUS ("Green stamps . . .")



CODA: Yes, I pasted them all in my green-stamp book!

