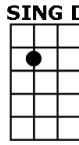
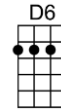
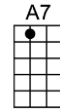
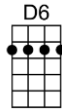
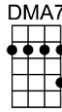
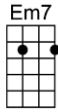


SING D

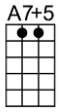
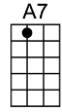
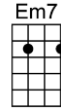
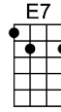
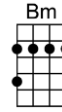
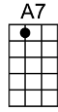
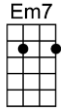


MY OLD FLAME-Arthur Johnston/Sam Coslow

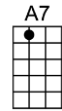
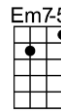
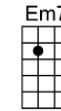
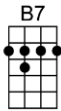
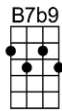
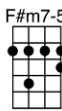
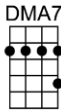
4/4 1...2...1234



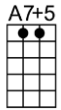
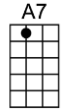
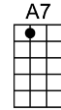
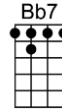
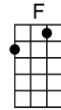
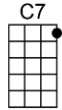
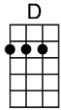
The music seemed to be so remi-niscent, I knew I heard it somewhere be-fore



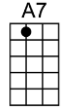
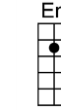
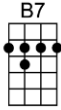
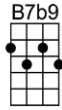
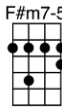
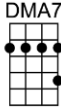
I wracked my recol-lections as I listened, when, suddenly I re-membered once more



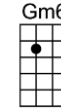
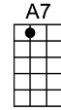
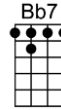
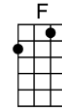
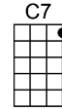
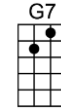
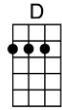
My old flame, I can't even think of her/his name



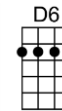
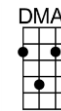
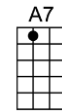
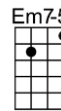
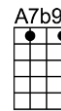
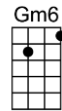
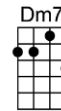
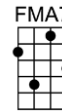
But it's funny now and then how my thoughts go flashing back again to my old flame



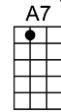
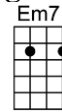
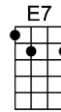
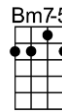
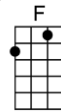
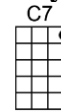
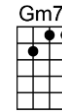
My old flame, my new lovers all seem so tame



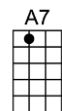
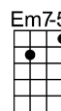
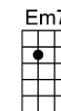
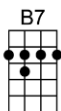
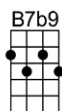
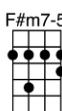
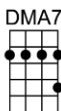
For I haven't met a gal/gent so mag-nificent, my only pal/or elegant, as my old flame



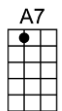
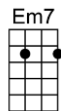
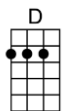
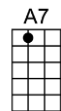
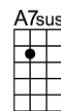
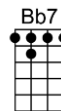
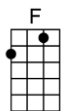
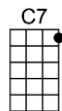
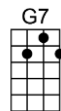
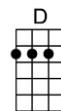
I've met so many (men) with fascinating ways, a fascinating gaze in their eyes



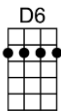
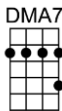
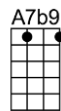
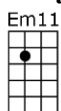
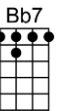
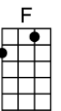
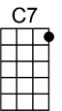
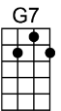
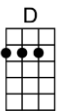
Some who took me up to the skies, but their attempts at love were only imi-tations of



My old flame, I can't even think of her/his name



But, I'll never be the same, until I discover what became of my old flame



No, I'll never be the same, until I discover what became of my old flame

MY OLD FLAME-Arthur Johnston/Sam Coslow

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

Em7 A7b9 DMA7 D6 Em7 A7 D6
The music seemed to be so remi-niscent, I knew I heard it somewhere be-fore

Em7 A7 Bm E7 Em7 A7 A7+
I wracked my recol-lections as I listened, when, suddenly I re-membered once more

DMA7 F#7b5 B7b9 B7 Em7 Em7b5 A7
My old flame, I can't even think of her/his name

D G7 C7 F Bb7 A7 Dm Em7 A7 A7+
But it's funny now and then how my thoughts go flashing back again to my old flame

DMA7 F#7b5 B7b9 B7 Em7 Em7b5 A7
My old flame, my new lovers all seem so tame

D G7 C7 F Bb7 A7 Em7 Gm6 C7
For I haven't met a gal/gent so mag-nificent, my only pal/or elegant, as my old flame

FMA7 Dm7 Gm6 A7b9 Em7b5 A7 DMA9 D6
I've met so many (men) with fascinating ways, a fascinating gaze in their eyes

Gm7 C7 F Bm7b5 E7 Em7 A7
Some who took me up to the skies, but their attempts at love were only imi-tations of

DMA7 F#7b5 B7b9 B7 Em7 Em7b5 A7
My old flame, I can't even think of her/his name

D G7 C7 F Bb7 A7sus A7 D Em7 A7
But, I'll never be the same, until I discover what became of my old flame

D G7 C7 F Bb7 Em11 A7b9 DMA7 D6
No, I'll never be the same, until I discover what became of my old flame