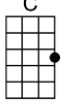
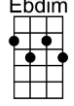
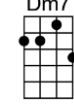
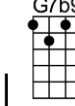
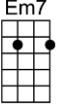
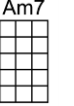
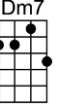
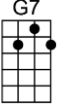
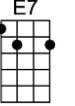
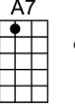
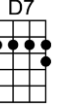
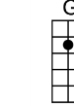
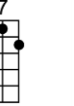
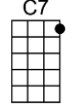


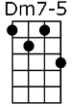

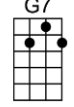

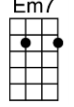
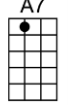
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3/4 123 123

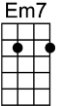

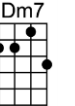
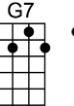
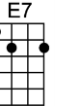
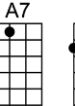
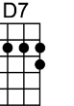
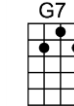


Intro: |  |  |  |  |

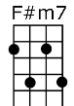
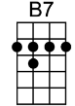

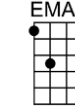
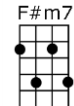
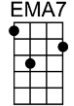
In her own sweet world, popu-lated by dolls and clowns

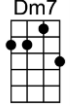
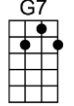
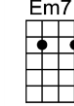
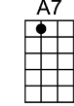

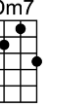
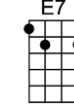



And a prince, and a big purple bear.

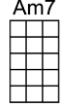

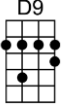

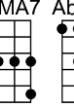
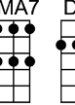
Lives my favor - ite girl, una-ware of the worried frowns

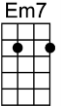

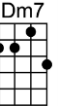
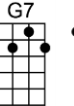
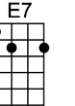
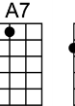
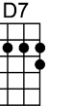

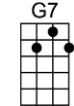

That we weary grown-ups all wear.

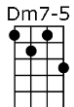

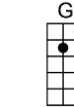
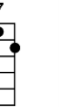
In the sun she dances to silent music, songs that are spun of gold

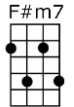

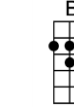
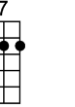
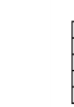
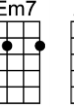
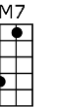

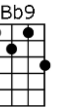

Some-where in her own little head.

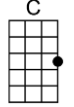

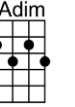

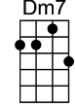
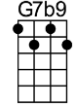
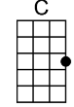
One day, all too soon, she'll grow up and she'll leave her dolls

And her prince and her silly old bear.

When she goes they will cry, as they whisper "Good-bye."

They will miss her, I fear, but then, so will I

WALTZ FOR DEBBY -Bill Evans/Gene Lees

3/4 123 123

Intro: | C | Ebdim | Dm7 | G7b9 |

Em7 Am7 Dm7 G7 E7 A7 D7 G7 C7 F
In her own sweet world, popu-lated by dolls and clowns

Dm7b5 G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7
And a prince, and a big purple bear.

Em7 Am7 Dm7 G7 E7 A7 D7 G7 C7 F
Lives my favor-ite girl, una-ware of the worried frowns

F#m7 B7 EMA7 F#m7 EMA7 E6
That we weary grown-ups all wear.

Dm7 G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 E7 Am7 Gm7 FMA7 E7
In the sun she dances to silent music, songs that are spun of gold

Am7 D9 EbMA7 AbMA7 Dm7 G7
Some-where in her own little head.

Em7 Am7 Dm7 G7 E7 A7 D7 G7 C7 F
One day, all too soon, she'll grow up and she'll leave her dolls

Dm7b5 G7 Em7 Am7
And her prince and her silly old bear.

F#m7 B7 Em7 Am7 FMA7 Bb9 Am Am7 D Ebdim
When she goes they will cry, as they whisper "Good-bye."

C Adim Dm7 G7b9 C Fm6 Cadd9
They will miss her, I fear, but then, so will I