

# BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS (H. Warren) "Moulin Rouge"

I walk a-long the street of sor-row mor-row The Bou-le-vard of Brpk-en Dreams schemes,  
 Where Gigo-lo and Gigo-lette, can take a kiss with-out re-gret. So they for-get their broken  
 And Gigo-lo and Gigo-lette, wake up to find their eyes are wet With tears that tell of broken  
 dreams. You laugh to-night and cry to-mor-row dreams. Here is where you'll al-ways  
 find me Always walking up and down But I left my soul be-hind me  
 In an old Ca-the-dral town. The joy that you find here you bor-row You can-not keep it long it  
 seems. But Gigo-lo and Gigo-lette still sing a song and dance a-long The Bou-le-vard of Brok-en Dreams.

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