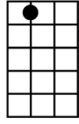
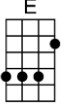
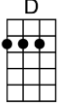
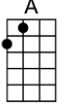
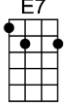


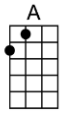
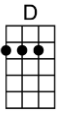
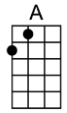
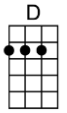
SING C#



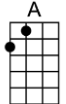
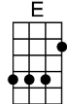
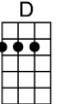
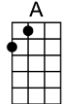
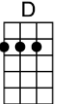
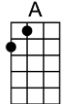
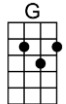
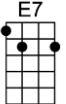
ONE LESS SET OF FOOTSTEPS-Jim Croce

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

Intro: |  |  |  |  |

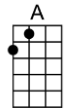
We been runnin' a-way from somethin' we both know

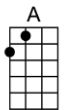
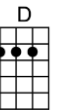
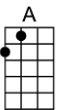
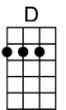
We've long run out of things to say, and I think I better go

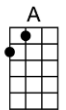
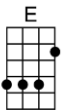
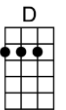
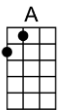
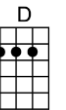
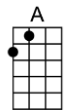
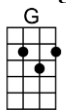
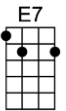
So, don't be getting' ex-cited when you hear that slammin' door

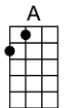
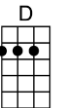
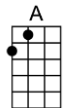
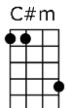
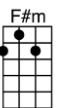
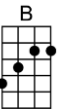
'Cause there'll be one less set of footsteps on your floor in the mornin'

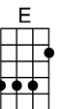
And we've been hidin' from somethin' that should have never gone this far

But, after all, it's what we've done that makes us what we are

And, you been talkin' in silence, but if it's silence you a-dore

Oh, there'll be one less set of footsteps on your floor in the mornin'

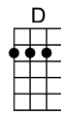
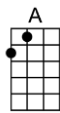
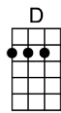
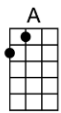
    

Well, there'll be one less set of footsteps on your floor, one less man to walk in

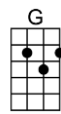
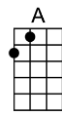
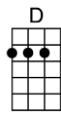
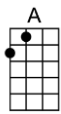
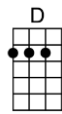
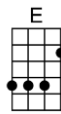
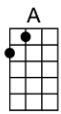
    

One less pair of jeans upon your door, one less voice a-talkin'

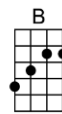
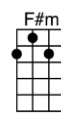
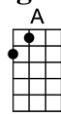
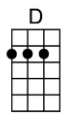
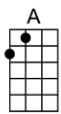
p.2. One Less Set of Footsteps



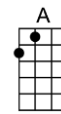
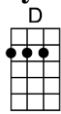
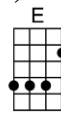
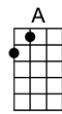
But, tomorrow's a dream away, and to-day has turned to dust



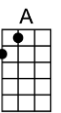
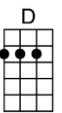
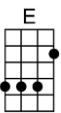
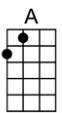
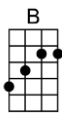
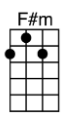
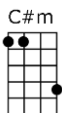
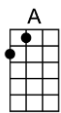
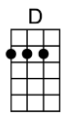
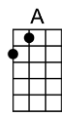
Your silver tongue has turned to clay, and your golden rule to rust



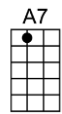
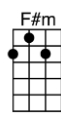
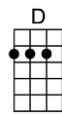
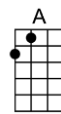
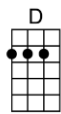
If that's the way that you want it, oh, that's the way I want it more



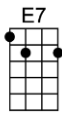
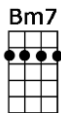
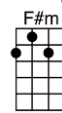
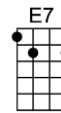
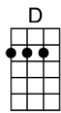
Oh, there'll be one less set of footsteps on your floor in the mornin'



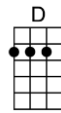
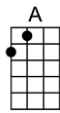
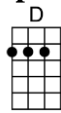
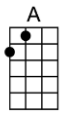
Interlude:



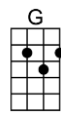
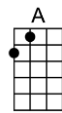
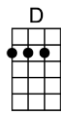
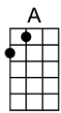
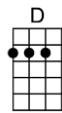
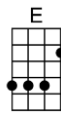
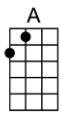
Well, there'll be one less set of footsteps on your floor, one less man to walk in



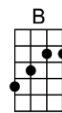
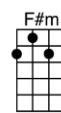
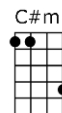
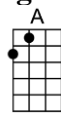
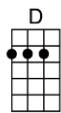
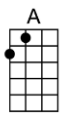
One less pair of jeans upon your door, one less voice a-talkin'



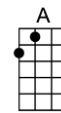
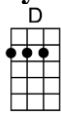
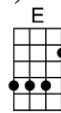
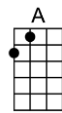
But, tomorrow's a dream away, and to-day has turned to dust



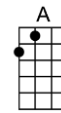
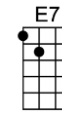
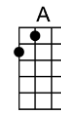
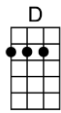
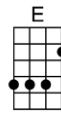
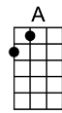
Your silver tongue has turned to clay, and your golden rule to rust



If that's the way that you want it, oh, that's the way I want it more



Oh, there'll be one less set of footsteps on your floor in the mornin'



Oh, there'll be one less set of footsteps on your floor in the mornin'

ONE LESS SET OF FOOTSTEPS-Jim Croce

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

Intro: | E | D | A | E7 |

A D A D
We been runnin' a-way from somethin' we both know
A E D A D A G E7
We've long run out of things to say, and I think I better go
A D A C#m F#m B
So, don't be getting' ex-cited when you hear that slammin' door
A E D A
'Cause there'll be one less set of footsteps on your floor in the mornin'
A D A D
And we've been hidin' from somethin' that should have never gone this far
A E D A D A G E7
But, after all, it's what we've done that makes us what we are
A D A C#m F#m B
And, you been talkin' in silence, but if it's silence you a-dore
A E D A
Oh, there'll be one less set of footsteps on your floor in the mornin'
D A D F#m A7
Well, there'll be one less set of footsteps on your floor, one less man to walk in
D E7 F#m Bm7 E7
One less pair of jeans upon your door, one less voice a-talkin'
A D A D
But, tomorrow's a dream away, and to-day has turned to dust
A E D A D A G E7
Your silver tongue has turned to clay, and your golden rule to rust
A D A C#m F#m B
If that's the way that you want it, oh, that's the way I want it more
A E D A
Oh, there'll be one less set of footsteps on your floor in the mornin'

Interlude: A D A C#m F#m B A E D A

D A D F#m A7
Well, there'll be one less set of footsteps on your floor, one less man to walk in
D E7 F#m Bm7 E7
One less pair of jeans upon your door, one less voice a-talkin'
A D A D
But, tomorrow's a dream away, and to-day has turned to dust
A E D A D A G E7
Your silver tongue has turned to clay, and your golden rule to rust
A D A C#m F#m B
If that's the way that you want it, oh, that's the way I want it more
A E D A
Oh, there'll be one less set of footsteps on your floor in the mornin'
A E D A E7 A
Oh, there'll be one less set of footsteps on your floor in the mornin'