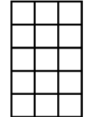


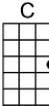
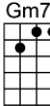
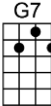
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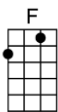
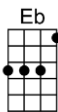
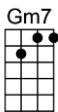
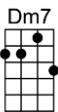
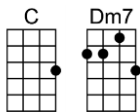


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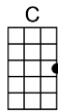
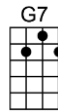
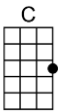
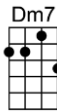
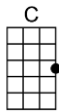
HARPO'S BLUES-Phoebe Snow

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

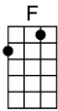
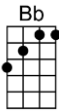
Intro: |  |   | (X2)



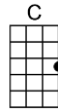
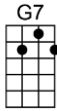
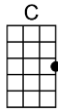
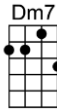
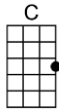
I wish I was a willow, and I could sway to the music in the wind



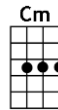
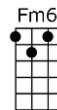
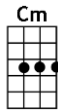
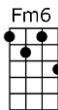
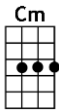
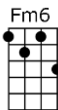
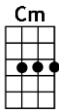
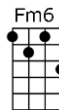
And, I wish I was a lover. I wouldn't need my costumes and pre-tend



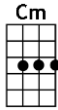
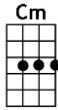
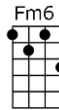
I wish I was a mountain. I'd pass boldly thru the clouds and never end



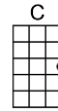
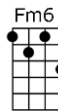
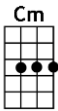
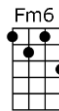
And, I wish I was a soft refrain. When the lights were out I'd play, and be your friend



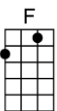
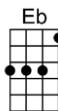
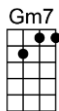
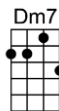
I strut and fret my hour upon the stage. The hour is up. I have to run and hide my rage



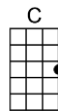
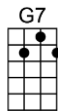
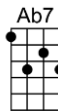
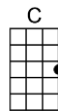
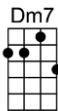
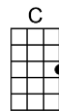
I'm lost a-gain. I think I'm really scared



I won't be back at all this time, and have my deepest secrets shared. N-n-n-n-n-no!



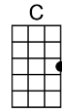
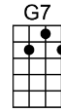
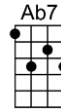
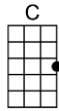
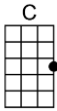
I'd like to be a willow, a lover, a mountain or a soft refrain



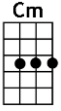
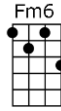
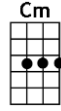
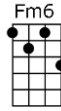
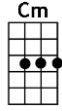
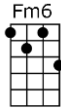
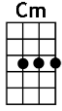
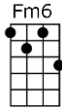
But I'd hate to be a grown-up, and have to try to bear my life in pain

Interlude: First 3 lines

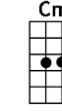
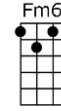
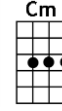
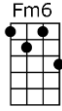
p.2. Harpo's Blues



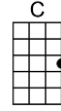
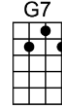
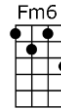
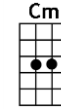
And, I wish I was a soft refrain. When the lights were out I'd play, and be your friend



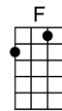
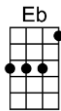
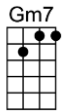
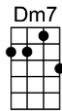
I strut and fret my hour upon the stage. The hour is up. I have to run and hide my rage



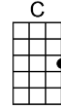
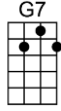
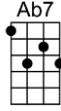
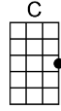
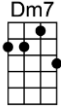
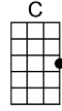
I'm lost a-gain. I think I'm really scared



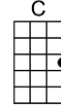
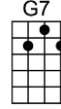
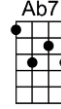
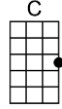
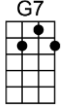
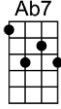
I won't be back at all this time, and have my deepest secrets shared. N-n-n-n-n-no!



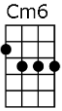
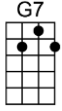
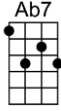
I'd like to be a willow, a lover, a mountain or a soft refrain



But I'd hate to be a grown-up, and have to try to bear my life in pain



And have to try to bear my life in pain... and have to try to bear my life in pain



And have to try to bear my life in pain

HARPO'S BLUES-Phoebe Snow

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

Intro: | C | Gm7 G7 | (X2)

C Dm7 Gm7 Eb F
I wish I was a willow, and I could sway to the music in the wind
C Dm7 C Ab7 G7 C
And, I wish I was a lover. I wouldn't need my costumes and pre-tend
Bb F D7 G7
I wish I was a mountain. I'd pass boldly thru the clouds and never end
C Dm7 C Ab7 G7 C
And, I wish I was a soft refrain. When the lights were out I'd play, and be your friend

Fm6 Cm Fm6 Cm
I strut and fret my hour upon the stage
Fm6 Cm Fm6 Cm
The hour is up. I have to run and hide my rage
Fm6 Cm Fm6 Cm
I'm lost a-gain. I think I'm really scared
Fm6 Cm Fm6 G7 C
I won't be back at all this time, and have my deepest secrets shared. N-n-n-n-n-no!

Dm7 Gm7 Eb F
I'd like to be a willow, a lover, a mountain or a soft refrain
C Dm7 C Ab7 G7 C
But I'd hate to be a grown-up, and have to try to bear my life in pain

Interlude: First 3 lines

C Dm7 C Ab7 G7 C
I wish I was a soft refrain. When the lights were out I'd play, and be your friend
Fm6 Cm Fm6 Cm
I strut and fret my hour upon the stage
Fm6 Cm Fm6 Cm
The hour is up. I have to run and hide my rage
Fm6 Cm Fm6 Cm
I'm lost a-gain. I think I'm really scared
Fm6 Cm Fm6 G7 C
I won't be back at all this time, and have my deepest secrets shared. N-n-n-n-n-no!

Dm7 Gm7 Eb F
I'd like to be a willow, a lover, a mountain or a soft refrain
C Dm7 C Ab7 G7 C
But I'd hate to be a grown-up, and have to try to bear my life in pain
Ab7 G7 C Ab7 G7 C
And have to try to bear my life in pain... and have to try to bear my life in pain
Ab7 G7 Cm6
And have to try to bear my life in pain