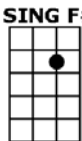
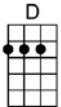
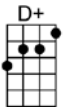
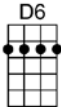


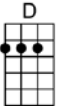
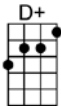
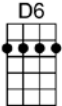
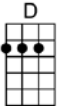
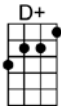
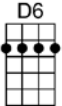
SING F#



MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY

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

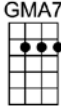
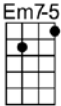
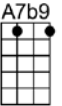
Intro: |  |  |  | (X2)

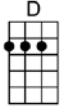
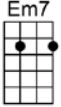
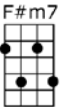
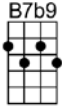
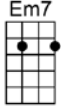
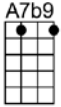
Make someone happy, make just one someone happy

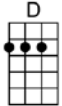
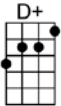
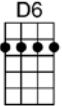
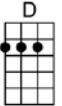

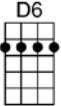
Make just one heart the heart you sing to

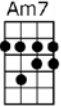
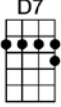
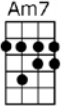
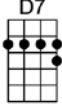
One.....smile that cheers you, one face that lights when it nears you

One girl you're ev - ry - thing to

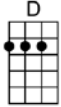
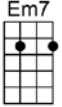

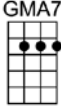
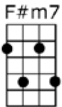
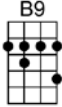
Fame, if you win it, comes and goes in a minute

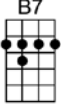
Where's the real stuff in life to cling to?

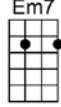
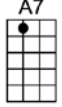
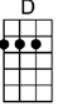
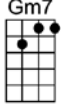
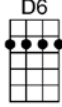
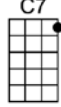
Love..... is the answer, someone to love is the answer.

Once you've found her, build your world a-round her.

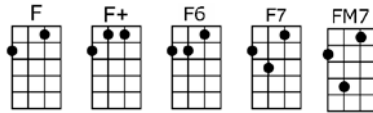
Make someone happy, make just one someone happy,

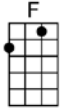
And you will be happy too.

MY KIND OF GIRL-Leslie Bricusse

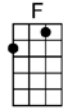
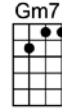
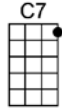
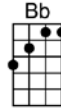
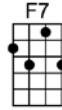
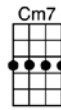
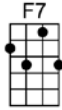
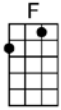
Intro (and basic F chromatic run):



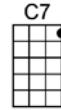
and back



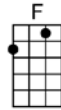
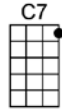
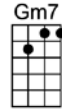
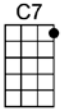
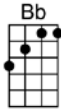
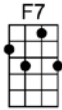
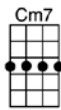
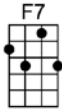
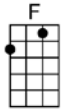
She walks like an angel walks, she talks like an angel talks,



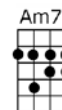
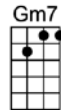
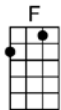
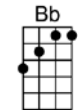
And her hair has a kind of curl, to my mind, she's my kind of girl.



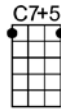
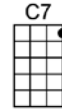
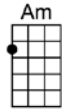
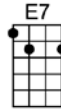
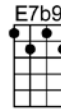
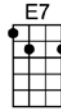
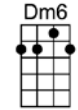
She's wise like an angel's wise, with eyes like an angel's eyes,



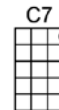
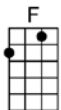
And a smile like a kind of pearl, to my mind, she's my kind of girl.



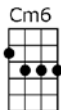
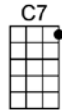
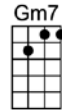
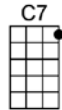
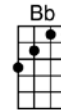
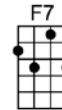
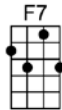
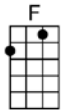
Pretty little face, that face just knocks me off my feet,



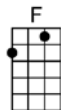
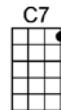
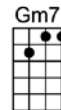
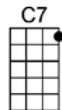
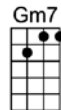
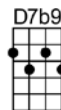
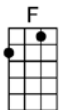
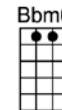
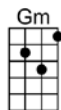
Pretty little feet, she's real - ly sweet e-nough to eat.



She looks like an angel looks, she cooks like an angel cooks,



And my mind's in a kind of whirl, to my mind, she's my kind of girl.



And my heart's kinda full of joy, be-cause she's told me I'm her kind of boy.