

(BALLAD)

BORN TO BE BLUE - ROBERT WELSH
MEL TORMÉ

Some folks were meant to live in clo-ver, — but they are such a cho-SEN
When there's a yel-low moon a-bore me, — they say there's moon-beams I should

few, and clo-ver be-ing green, — is some-thing I've nev-er seen —
view, but moon-beams be-ing gold, — are some-thing I can't be-hold —

'cause I was born to be blue. 'cause I was born to be

blue. When I met you, the world was bright and sun-ny;

when you left, the cur-tain fell. — I'd like to laugh, — but noth-ing

strikes me fun-ny; now my world's a fad-ed pas-sel. Well,

I guess I'm luck-i-er than some folks; — I've known the thrill of lov-ing you, and

that a-lone is more, than I was cre-at-ed for, — 'cause I was born to be blue.