
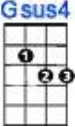
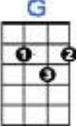
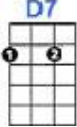

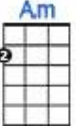

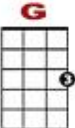
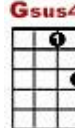
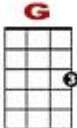



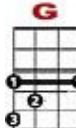


Bye Bye Blackbird by Mort Dixon and Ray Henderson

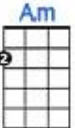
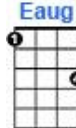
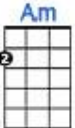
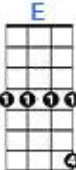

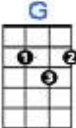
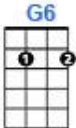
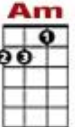
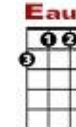
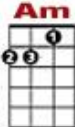

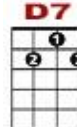
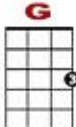
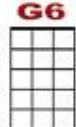
						
						

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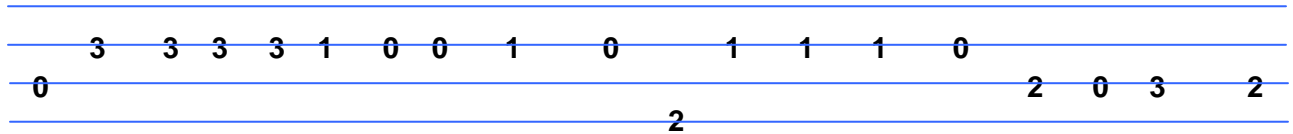
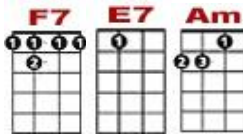
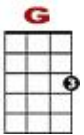
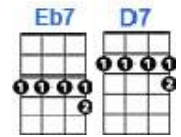
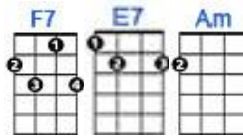
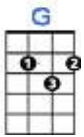
Pack up all my cares and woes, here I go sin-gin' low, bye, bye black-bird.

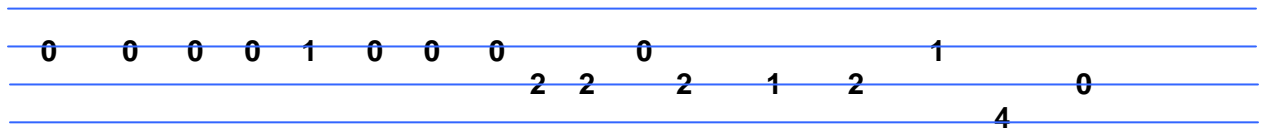
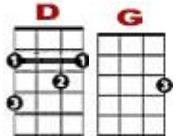
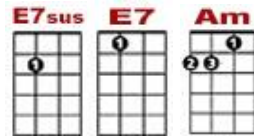
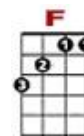
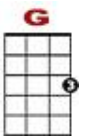
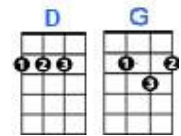
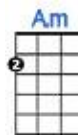
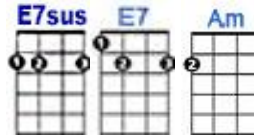
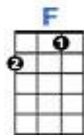
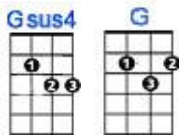
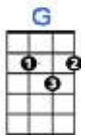
1 1 1 1 3 1 1 1 0 0 0 0

2 2 2 2 0

Where somebody waits for me, sugar's sweet, so is she, bye bye blackbird.



No one here to love and un-der-stand me. Oh what hard luck stories they all hand me



Make my bed and light the light, I'll a-rrive late to - night. Blackbird, bye bye.