

# Bye Bye Blackbird (cl)

Ray Henderson/Mort Dixon



Pack up all my care and woe, here I go, swing-in' low, bye bye black-bird.

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Where some-bod-y waits for me, sug-ar's sweet, so is she, bye bye black-bird.

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No-one here can love or un-der-stand me. Oh, what hard luck stor-ies they all hand me.

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Make my bed and light the light, I'll be home late to-night, black-bird bye bye.