Singing the Blues

Guy Mitchell

D	5	5~5	5	5	5	7	7	7	7	5	5	5~5	5	3	4	4	5		
Α																			
D																			
	Well, I never felt more like singin' the blues										ause	e I neve	r tho	ought	that	: I'd (ever lose		
D	3	1		5	31	~3	1	3	1										
А		1																	
D																			
	Yo	ur love	dea	r, wh	ny'd y	you	do r	ne tł	nis way?										
D	5	5~5	5	5	5	7	7	7	7	5	5	5~5	5	3	4	4	5		
Α																			
D																			
	We	ll, I nev	er fe	lt m	ore l	ike d	cryin	' all	night	'Ca	use	everyth	in's	wron	g, aı	nd n	othin' ain't right		
D	3	1		5′	~5	3^	' 3	1	31										
Α		1																	
D																			
	Without you, you got me singin' the blues.																		
D	4	55	7	5	4	4	2			4	5	57	5	4	4	2			
Α																			
D																			
	The	moon	and	stars	s no	long	ger s	hine	•	The dream is gone I thought was mine									
D	4	55	7	5	4	4	2			7	9^	~8~7 ~	' 5	4~3	8~1				
А																			
D																			
	There's nothin' left for me to do											But cry-why-why-why over you (cry over you)							
D	5	5~5	5	5	5	7	7	7	7	5	5	5~5	5	3	4	4	5		
А																			
D																			
	Well, I never felt more like runnin' away										t wh	y shoul	dlg	lo 'ca	use	l co	uldn't stay		
D	3	1		5′	~5	3	3	1	31										
Α		1																	
D																			

Without you, you got me singin' the blues.

D	5	5~5	5	5	5	7	7	7	7	5	5	5~5	5	3	4	4	5			
Α																				
D																				
	Well, I never felt more like singin' the blues											'Cause I never thought that I'd ever lose								
D	3	1		5	3^	~3	1	3	1											
Α		1																		
D																				
	You	r love d	'd yo	ou d	o m	e thi														
D	5	5~5	5	5	5	7	7	7	7	5	5	5~5	5	3	4	4	5			
Α																				
D																				
	We	ell, I nev	/er fe	elt m	ore	like	cryir	n' all	night	'Cause everythin's wrong, and nothin' ain't right										
D	3	1		5^	~5	3	3	1	31											
Α		1																		
D																				
	Witl	nout yo	u, yo	ou go	ot m	e sir	ngin'	the												
D	4	55	5	7	5	4	4	2		4	5	57	5	4	4	2				
А																				
D																				
	Oh	, the m	oon	and	star	s no	lon	ger s	shine	The	The dream is gone I thought was mine									
D	4	55	7	5	4	4	2			7	9~	′8~7~	5	4~3	3~1	I				
Α																				
D																				
	The	ere's no	othin	' left	for I	me t	o do)		But	But cry-why-why-why over you (cry over you)									
D	5	5~5	5	5	5	7	7	7	7	5	5	5~5	5	3	4	4	5			
Α																				
D																				
	We	l, l nev	er fe	lt mo	ore I	ike r	unn	in' a	way	But	But why should I go 'cause I couldn't stay									
D	3	1		5	3^	~3	1	3	1											
Α		1																	_	
D																				

Without you, you got me singin' the blues