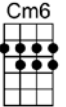
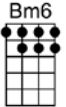
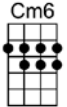
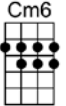
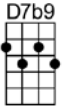
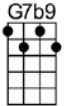
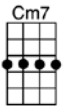
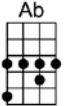
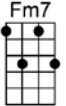
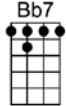


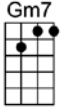
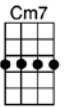
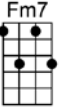
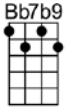
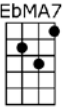
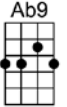
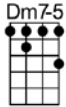
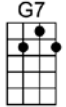
# LULLABY OF BIRDLAND

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

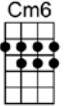
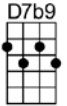
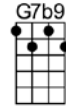
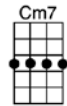
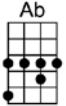
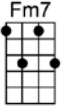

**INTRO:**    (vamp)

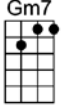
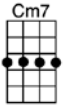
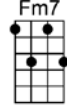
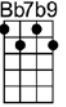
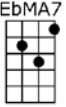

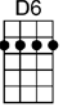
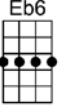
Lullaby of birdland that's what I always hear when you sigh

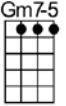
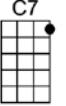
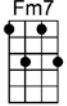
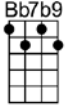
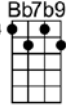
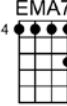
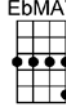
Never in my wordland could there be ways to re-veal in a phrase how I feel!

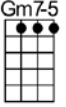
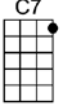
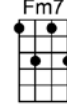
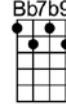
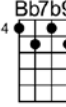
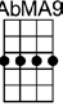
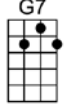
Have you ever heard two turtle doves bill and coo when they love?

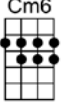
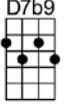
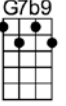
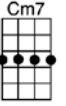
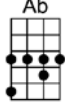
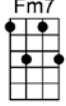
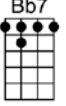
That's the kind of magic music we make with our lips when we kiss.

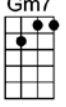
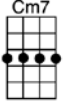
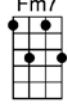
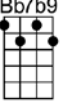
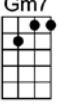
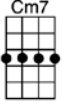
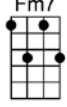
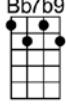
And there's a weepy old willow, he really knows how to cry.

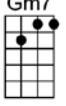
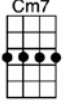
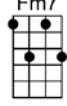
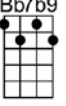
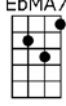
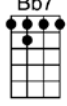
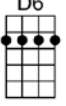

That's how I'd cry on my pillow if you should tell me fare-well and good-bye!

Lullaby of birdland whisper low, kiss me sweet and we'll go

Flyin' high in birdland, high in the sky, flyin' high in birdland, high in the sky,

Flyin' high in birdland, high in the sky up a-bove, 'cause we're in love.