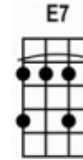
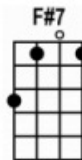
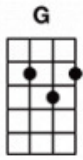
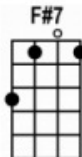
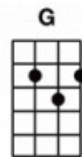
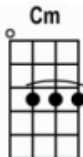
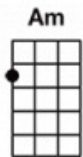


One Less Tear

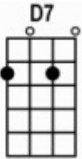
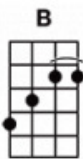
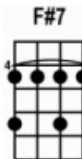
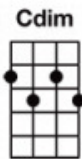
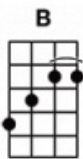
Artist: The Barnkickers | Composer: Steve Boisen | Copyright: Copyright 2009 Barnkicker Music | Instrument: Ukulele (Standard)



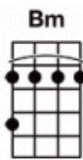
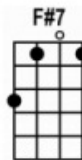
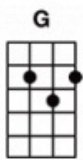
One less birthday party I must attend. One less Christmas card that I'll have to send



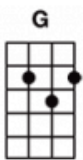
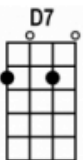
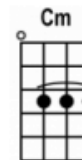
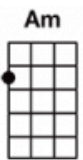
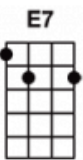
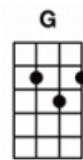
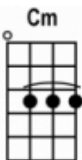
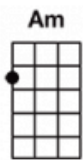
There's one less number to dial on my phone.



But someday maybe you'll change your mind and call me



One less reason to get up before noon. One less ukulele I've got to tune



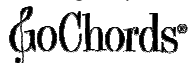
Now that it's over there's one less goodbye. And one less tear to cry

Verse 2 (same chords):

Can't go on livin' this way, I must have my freedom.
My things I'm givin' away, I surely won't need them.
I see that road ahead, I'm wonderin' where it's leadin'.
I've got nowhere to go, but still I'm on my way.

So fetch my travelin' shoes I know they won't fail me.
I'll play those travelin' blues on my ukulele.
I've finally realized there's nothing left to lose.
Except those sad old blues.

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