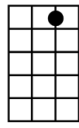


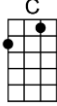
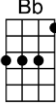
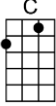
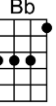
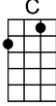
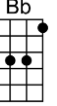
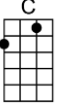
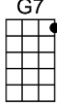
SING C

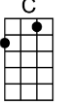
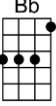
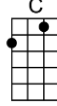
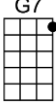
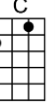
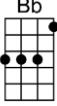
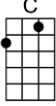
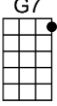


WAND'RIN' STAR_(BAR)

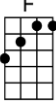
4/4 1...2...1234

-Alan J. Lerner/Frederick Loewe

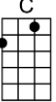
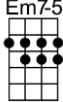
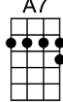
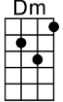
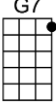
Intro: |   |   |   |   |

I was born under a wan-drin' star, **I** was born under a wandrin' star.



Wheels are made for rollin', mules are made to pack.

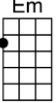
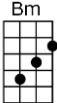
I've never seen a sight that didn't look better lookin' back.

I was born under a wan-drin' star,

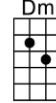
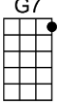
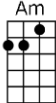
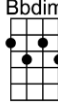
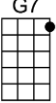
Mud can make you prisoner, and the plains can bake you dry.

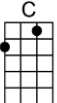
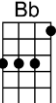
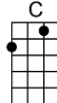
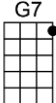
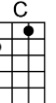
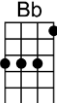
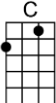
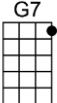
Snow can burn your eyes, but only people make you cry.

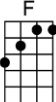
Home is made for comin' from, for dreams of goin' to,

Which, with any luck, will never come true.

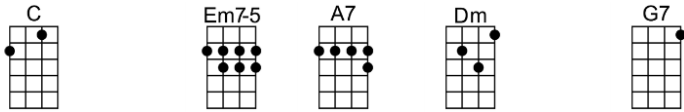
       

I was born under a wan-drin' star, **I** was born under a wandrin' star.

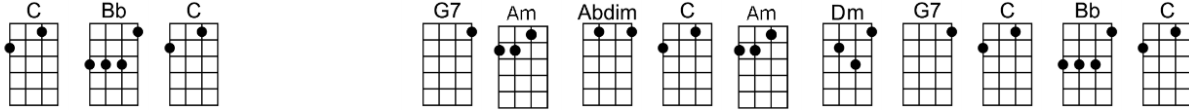


Do I know where hell is? Hell is in hello.

p.2. Wand'rin' Star



Heaven is good-bye for-ever, it's time for me to go.



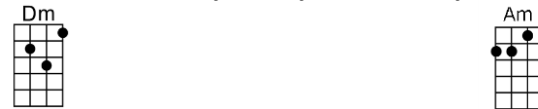
I was born under a wan-drin' star, a wan - drin' wan - drin' star.



Mud can make you prisoner, and the plains can bake you dry.



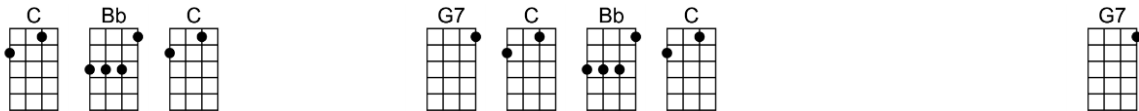
Snow can burn your eyes, but only people make you cry.



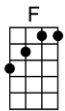
Home is made for comin' from, for dreams of goin' to,



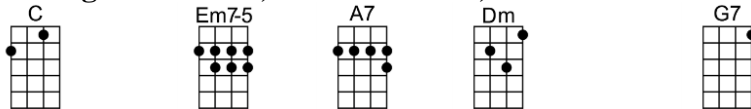
Which, with any luck, will never come true.



I was born under a wan-drin' star, I was born under a wandrin' star.



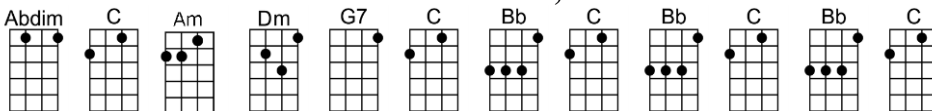
When I get to heaven, tie me to a tree,



Or I'll begin to roam, and soon you know where I will be.



I was born under a wan-drin' star,



A wan - drin' wan - drin' star.

WAND'RIN' STAR

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

-Alan J. Lerner/Frederick Loewe

Intro: | C Bb | C Bb | C Bb | C G7 |

C Bb C G7 C Bb C G7
I was born under a wan-drin' star, I was born under a wandrin' star.

F
Wheels are made for rollin', mules are made to pack.

C Em7b5 A7 Dm G7
I've never seen a sight that didn't look better lookin' back.

C Bb C G7 C
I was born under a wan-drin' star.

Em Bm
Mud can make you prisoner, and the plains can bake you dry.

Em Bm
Snow can burn your eyes, but only people make you cry.

Dm Am
Home is made for comin' from, for dreams of goin' to,
Dm G7 Am Bbdim G7
Which, with any luck, will never come true.

C Bb C G7 C Bb C G7
I was born under a wan-drin' star, I was born under a wandrin' star.

F
Do I know where hell is? Hell is in hello.

C Em7b5 A7 Dm G7
Heaven is good-bye for-ever, it's time for me to go.

C Bb C G7 Am Abdim C Am Dm G7 C Bb C
I was born under a wan-drin' star, a wan-drin' wan-drin' star.

Em Bm
Mud can make you prisoner, and the plains can bake you dry.

Em Bm
Snow can burn your eyes, but only people make you cry.

Dm Am
Home is made for comin' from, for dreams of goin' to,
Dm G7 Am Bbdim G7
Which, with any luck, will never come true.

C Bb C G7 C Bb C G7
I was born under a wan-drin' star, I was born under a wandrin' star.

F
When I get to heaven, tie me to a tree,

C Em7b5 A7 Dm G7
Or I'll begin to roam, and soon you know where I will be.

C Bb C G7 Am Abdim C Am Dm G7 C Bb C Bb C Bb C
I was born under a wan-drin' star, a wan-drin' wan-drin' star.