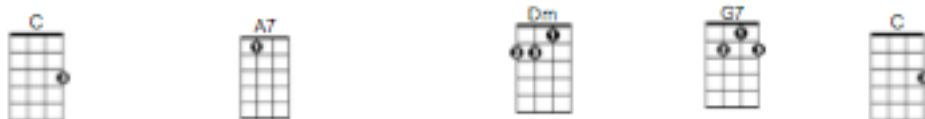
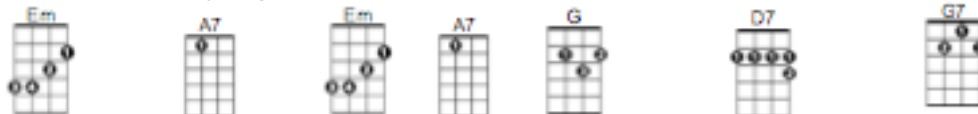


# Don't Get Around Much Anymore

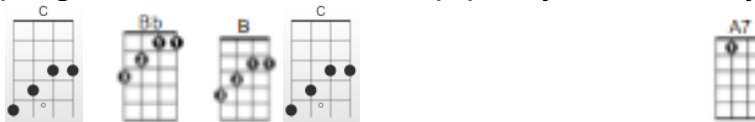
1942 music by Duke Ellington, lyric by Bob Russell



When I'm not playing solitaire, I take a book down from the shelf,



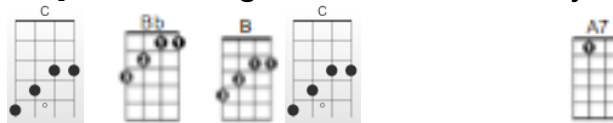
And what with programs on the air, I keep pretty much to myself.



Missed the Saturday Dance . . . . . Heard they crowded the floor



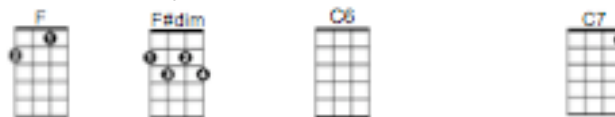
Couldn't bear it without you, don't get around much anymore



Thought I'd visit the club; . . . . . got as far as the door,



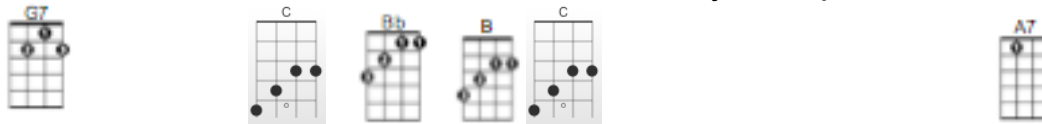
They'd have asked me about you, don't get around much anymore.



Darling, I guess, my mind's more at ease,



but nevertheless . . . why stir up memories?



Been invited on dates. . . . . Might have gone but what for?



|| : Aw'fully different without you, Don't get around much anymore :||

Last: Bb B C