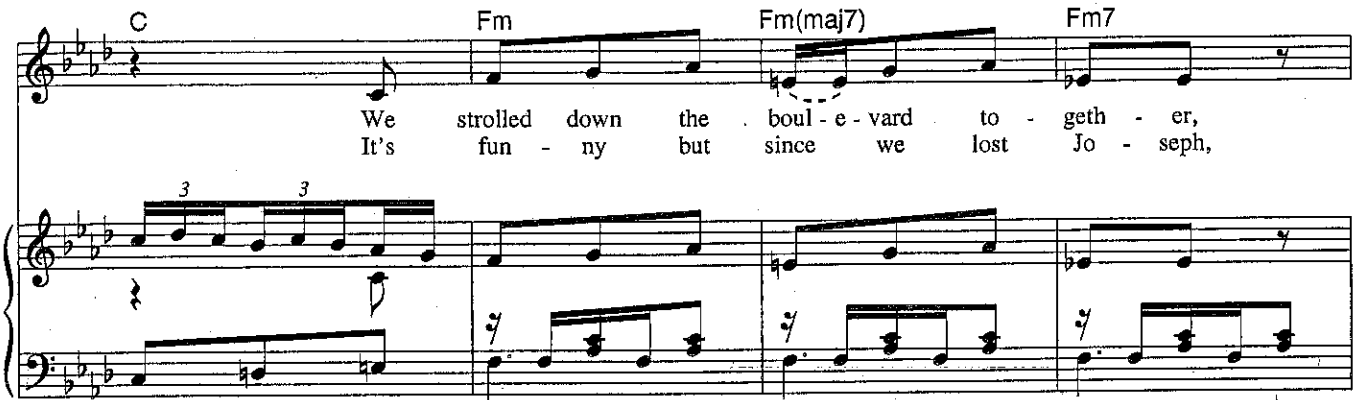


# REUBEN

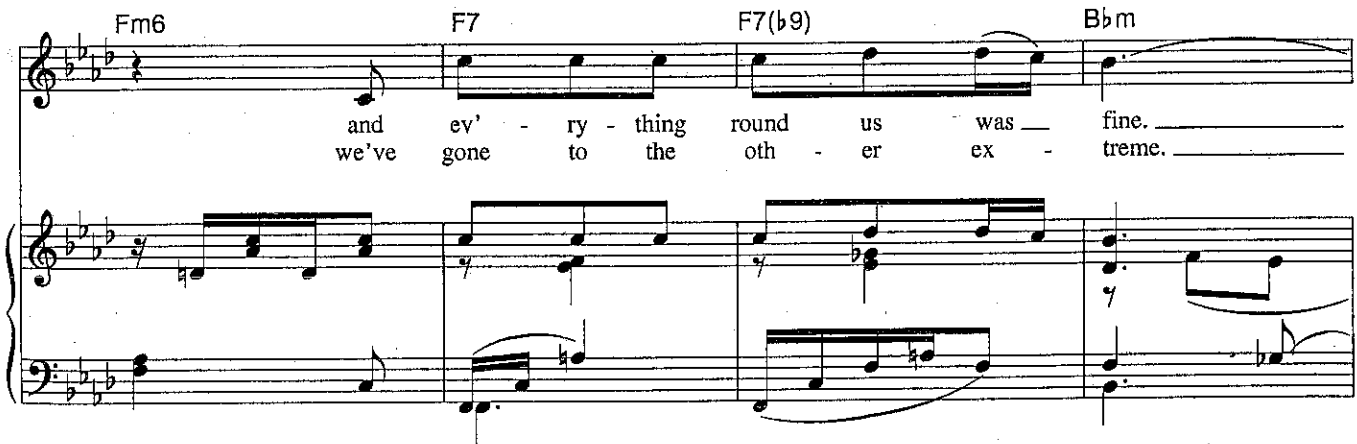
C Fm Fm(maj7) Fm7

We strolled down the bou-l-e-ward to- geth- er,  
It's fun- ny but since we lost Jo- seph,



Fm6 F7 F7(b9) Bbm

and ev'- ry- thing round us was fine.  
we've gone to the oth- er ex- treme.



Fm/C

Now the fields are dead and bare, no joie- de- viv- re an- y- where. Et  
No one comes to din- ner now: we'd on- ly eat them an- y- how. I

*colla voce*

