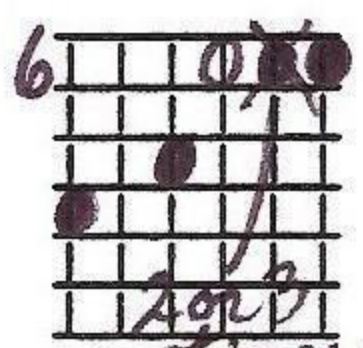
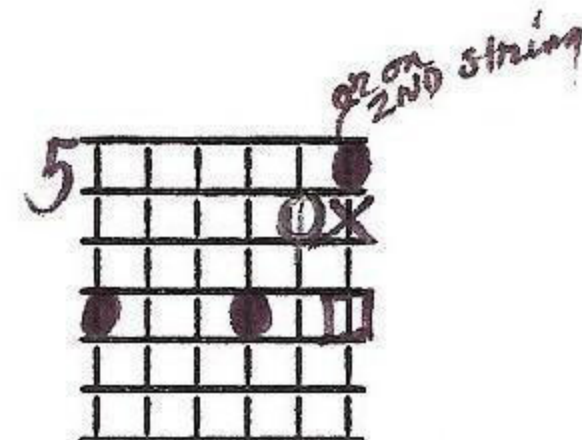


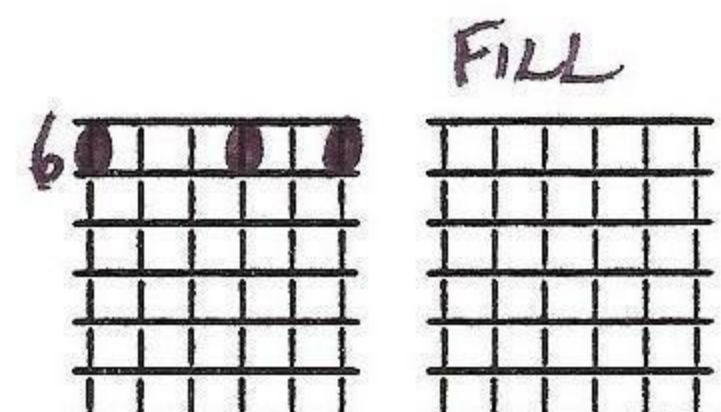
Ebm



Bbm



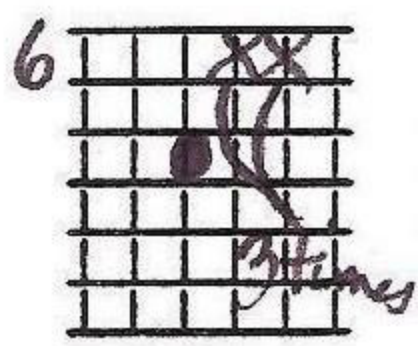
F7



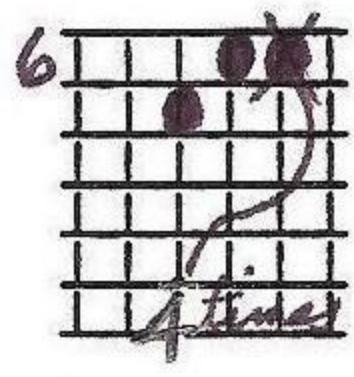
Bbm

blow me a kiss and that's luck - y too.

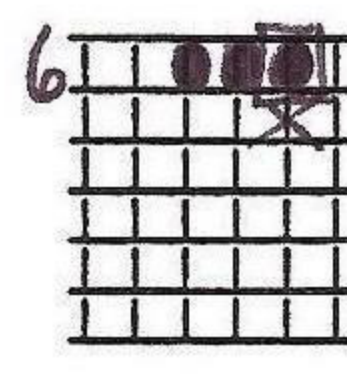
Bbm Adim7 Bbm Adim7



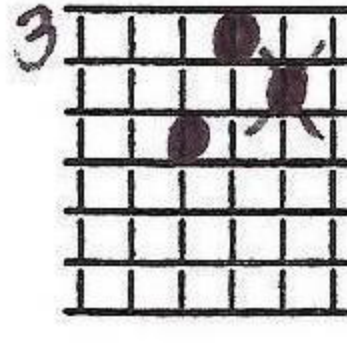
Bbm



Bbm7

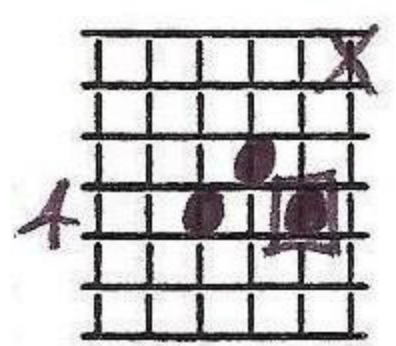


Bbm7

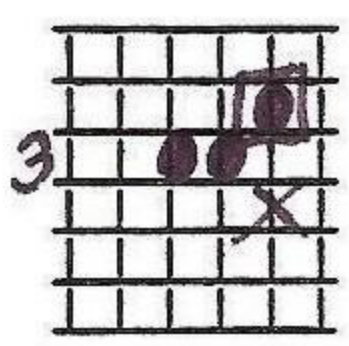


Eb

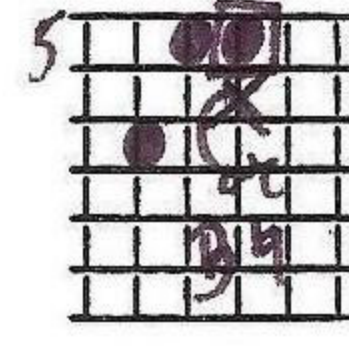
Now as the lad - der of life has been strung, you
I choose me bris - tles with pride, yes, I do. A



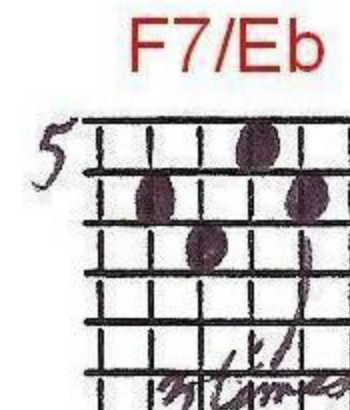
Ebm



Bbm

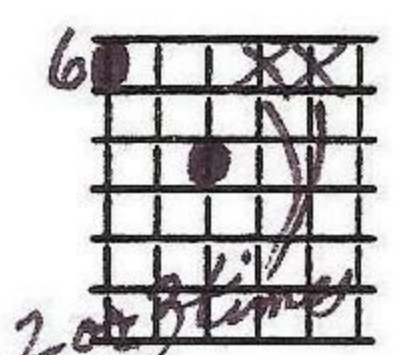


C7

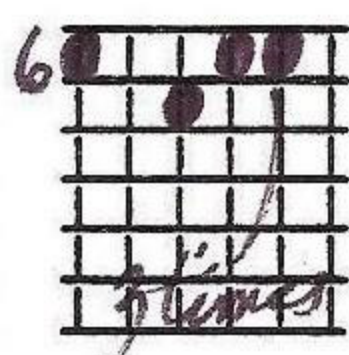


F

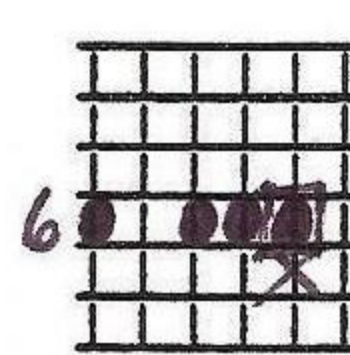
may think a sweep's on the bot - tom - most rung. Though
broom for the shaft and a brush for the flue. Though I'm



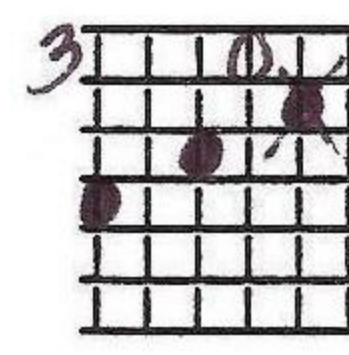
Bbm



Bbm7

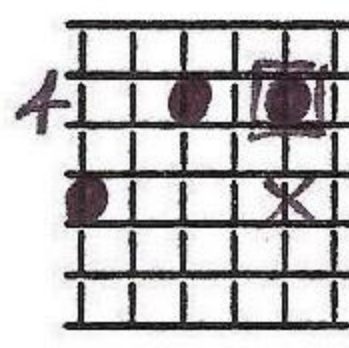


Bbm7

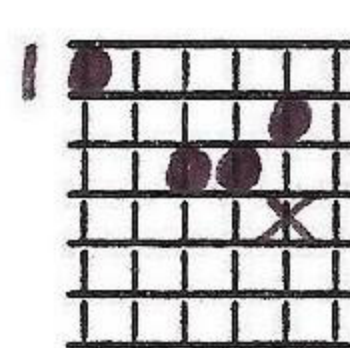


Eb

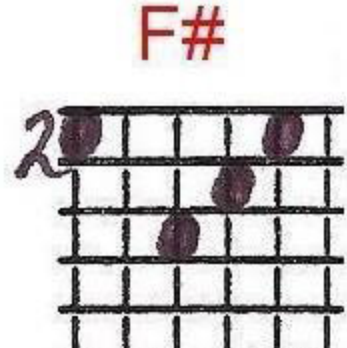
I spends me with time in the ash - es to and smoke, in
cov - ered with soot from me 'ead to me toes, a



Ebm



Bbm



F#



C7/G

F7



F/A

Bbm

this 'ole wide world there's no 'ap - pi - er bloke.
sweep knows his wel - come wher - ev - er he goes.