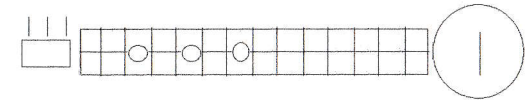
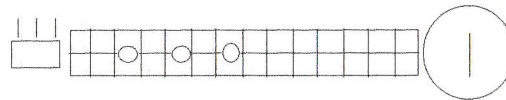
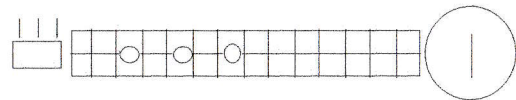


Oh, When the Saints Go Marching in

C	C	C	C	C	C	G	G	C	C	F	F	C	G	C	C
////	////	////	////	////	////	////	////	////	////	////	////	////	////	////	////



Blues and trouble seem to be my best friends

G	C	G	G	C	C	G	G	D	C	G	C G
////	////	////	////	////	////	////	////	////	/ . .	////	////

