



# Somewhat-Official TAGS

## LEAD-HANGER TAG

So, please don't talk a - bout me when I'm gone.

gone. \_\_\_\_\_

So, please don't talk a - bout me when I'm gone.

## BASS-HANGER TAG

My sweet - heart Sal, my lov - in' gal. My My lov - in'

gal. \_\_\_\_\_

my lov - in'

gal, my gal. \_\_\_\_\_

## BARI-HANGER TAG

I love that old quar - tet of mine.

mine. \_\_\_\_\_

I love that old quar - tet of mine.

# TENOR-HANGER TAG

mine. \_\_\_\_\_

1 2 3 4

Tenor Lead

8

That old sweet - heart \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ mine.

Bari Bass

1 2 3 4

We'll build a rain - bow in the sky.

EARL MOON, early 1970s

boy, \_\_\_\_\_

1 2 3 4

Tenor Lead

8

Where is the boy, \_\_\_\_\_ where is the boy,

Bari Bass

5 6 7 8

the boy I used to be? \_\_\_\_\_

Fred King, 1964

1 2 3 4

Tenor Lead

8

In the val - ley where the south - ern ros - es grow. \_\_\_\_\_

Bari Bass

110. After Today

to - day, af - ter to - day.  
 Af - ter to - day, af - ter to - day, af - ter to - day, af - ter to - day.

Jay Giallombardo, 1971

no more hur - ry - in', wor - ry - in',  
 be - gins, no more hur - ry - in', wor - ry - in', I'm go - in' south.

Renee Craig, 1956  
 Sung by the Confederates

A - way, a - way, a - way down south in

Mo Rector, 1963  
 Sung by the Imposters

Dix - - - ie, way down south.

M - I - C - K - E - Y M - O - U - S - E!

M - O - U - S - E!  
 (one of several popular versions)

93. The Shadow Of Your Smile

The shadow of your smile, of your smile, when you are gone, when you are gone. —  
 smile, of your smile, when you are gone, when you are gone. —  
 smile, of your smile, when you are gone, when you are gone. —

Change your ways lit - tle Mid - night, lit - tle Mid - night Rose. —  
 Rose. —

Ed Woesche, 1975  
 Sung by the Bluegrass Student Union

76. For Me And My Gal

In love - land for me and my gal. —

Sung by the Sidewinders

73. As Time Goes By

The world will al - ways wel - come lov - ers as time goes by. —

Walter Lätzko, late 1950s

61. I'm So Alone With The Crowd

Old friends seem to be to - tal strang - ers to me, for I'm so a - lone with the crowd. —

Rex Reeve, 1952