

Blue Skies

by Irving Berlin
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Ukulele

Blue skies, smil-ing at me. Noth-ing but blue skies

do I see. Blue - birds, sing-ing a

song. Noth-ing but blue - birds all day long.

Nev-er saw the sun shin-ing so bright, nev-er saw things

go-ing so right. Not-ic-ing the days hur-ry-ing by, when you're in love,

my, how they fly. Blue days, all of them gone. Noth-ing but

blue skies from now on.

