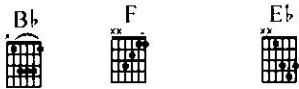
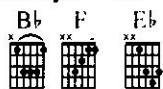


BYE, BYE

Words and Music by
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Moderately $\text{♩} = 120$



A musical score for piano and guitar. The piano part consists of two staves in common time. The top staff has a treble clef and the bottom staff has a bass clef. The guitar part is shown above the piano staves with three chord diagrams: B♭, F, and E♭. The tempo is moderately slow.



A continuation of the musical score. The piano part remains the same. The guitar part now includes a new chord diagram for E♭(9). The music continues with eighth-note patterns.

Verse:

Gm11



1. Boy. — you sure — look good — there. stand - ing in the door - way in the
2. See additional lyrics

The piano and guitar parts continue. The piano part has a treble clef. The guitar part starts with a Gm11 chord, followed by an E♭(9) chord, and then a B♭ chord. The lyrics for the verse are provided below the staff.

sun - set light.

May-be I read you wrong, thinkin' you could be my "Mis-

sun - set light.

May-be I read you wrong, thinkin' you could be my "Mis-

F Eb(9) F Gm7 F

- ter Right." - I was puttin' my heart and soul on the line.

Eb(9) F Gm7 F Eb(9) F

Said you need-ed some time, just a lit - tle more time to make up your mind.

Gm7 F C F

Well, it's been long e - nough. Time is up. 1.2. Bye -

Chorus:

Bb F Eb F Bb F

bye, love, heart. 3. Bye - bye. I'll catch you lat er, got a lead foot down on my...

Eb F Bb F Eb F

ac-cel - er - a - tor, and the rear - view mir - ror's torn off. I ain't nev - er look-in'

B_b F E_b F B_b F E_b F

back, and that's a fact. I've tried all I can im-ag-i-ne, I've begged -

B_b F E_b F B_b F

— and plead-ed in true lov-er's fash-ion. I've got pride. — I'm

Eb F B_b F Eb F To Coda ⊕

— tak-in' it for a ride. Bye - bye, bye - bye, my ba - by, bye -

1. B_b F Eb B_b F E_b(9)

bye.

2. Gm7 F/A B_b E_b B_b/D

bye. I lost the game, I guess. I did

Bridge:

Gm7 F/A B_b E_b B_b/D

bye. I lost the game, I guess. I did

my best to win the part. — But now I'm leav - in' here with what's left of my
Coda
 bye. (Vocal ad lib.)

Bye - bye, bye - bye, my ba - by, bye - bye.

Verse 2:
 Don't think all those tears are gonna hold me here,
 Like they've done before.
 You'll find what's left of us
 In a cloud of dust on Highway Four.
 Baby, what did you expect me to do.
 Just sit around and wait on you?
 I'm through watching you just skate around the truth.
 I know it sounds trite, but I've seen the light.
(To Chorus:)