Chorus:

Every sil—ver lining's got a touch of gre—ey

Intro:

(sing b)

Must be get—ting ear—ly clocks are run—ning late
Paint-by-num—ber morn—ing sky-y-y looks so pho-ny
Dawn is break—ing ev—ery—where light a can—dle, curse the glare
Draw the cur—tains I don’t— care 'cause it’s al—ri—ight

Chorus:

I see you’ve got your list out— say your piece and get out—
Yes I get the gist of— it but it’s all— right—
Sorry that you feel that— way— the only thing there is to— say—
Every sil—ver lining's got a touch of gre—ey———
Chorus:

D . . . | G . . . | C . . . | C C Maj7 \ C6 \ C/g |
I will get by
D . . . | G . . . | C . . . | C C Maj7 \ C6 \ C/g |
I will get by
D . . . | G . . . | F/c \ C Maj7 \ D |
I will get by
--- --- | C/g C . . | C/g C . . D . . . . . . |
I will sur–vi–i–ve

Bridge 1:

Am . . . | A . . . | D . . . . . .
It's a lesson—to me

. . . . . . | A . . . . . . | D . . . . . . |
The Ab–les and the Ba–kers and Char–lies

The A–B–Cs— we all must face

G7 . . . | C/g . . . | D . . . . . . |
and try to keep a litt–le grace

I know the rent is in a–rears the dog has not been fed in years

D . . . . . . . | G . . . . | C . . . . . . |
It's even worse than it a–ppears but it's all ri–i–ght

Cows giv–ing ker–o–se–ne kid can't read at sev–en–teen

D . . . . . . . . | G . . . . | C . . . . . . |
The words he knows are all ob–scene but it's all ri–i–ght

Chorus:

D . . . | G . . . | C . . . | C C Maj7 \ C6 \ C/g |
I will get by
D . . . | G . . . | C . . . | C C Maj7 \ C6 \ C/g |
I will get by
D . . . | G . . . | F/c \ C Maj7 \ D |
I will get by
--- --- | C/g C . . | C/g C . . D . . . . . . |
I will sur–vi–i–ve

Bridge 2:

Am . . . | A . . . | D . . . . . .
It's a lesson—to me

. . . . . . | A . . . . . . | D . . . . . . |
The Del–tas and the East– and the Freeze

The A–B–Cs— we all must think of

G7 . . . | C/g . . . | D . . . . . . |
And try to win a little—love

...
The shoe is on the hand it fits there's really no—thing much to it
Whistle through your teeth and spit 'cause it's all ri—i—ight—
Oh well a Touch of Grey—kind of suits you a—ny—way
That was all I had to say and it's all ri—i—ight—

Chorus:
I will get by
I will get by
I will get by
I will sur—vi—i—ve—

We will get by
We will get by
We will get by
I will sur—vi—l—ive—

San Jose Ukulele Club
(abridged v2 - 5/7/18)