

# I'm Not Supposed to Be Blue Blues

Bob Russell, Erroll Garner

♩ = 90

Gm /E Am7b5 D7b9 Gm /E Eb7 D7b9



The sky is blue, as blue as I have seen. The sea, if not a blue, at least a blu-ish green. Though

Dm7 G7b9 Cm Eb7 D7b9 Gm D7b9



blue the sky and sea, they're sup-posed to be, but I've got the I'm not sup-posed to be blu-ue blues. My ba-by's

Gm /E Eb7 D7b9 Db7b5 C7 Eb7 D7b9



eyes are blue, the blu-est yet. And smoke is blue when swir-ling from a cig-a-rette. Through

Dm7 G7b9 Cm Eb7 D7b9 Gm



smo-ky blue I see eyes be-witch-ing me, and I've got the I'm not sup-posed to be blu-ue blues. I was a

Cm7 F7 BbΔ7 Bbm7 Eb7 AbΔ7



good time Char-lie, — al-ways hap-py go luck-y, and re - gar-ded as some-bo-dy no-thing could faze. Blue was

Am7 D7 GΔ7 Eb7 D7b9



just the co-lor of the grass in Ken - tuck-y, and then wham! came that day of all days. And now I'm

Gm Bb7b5 Am7b5 D7b9 Gm /E Eb7 D7b9



blue like a-ny Jones or Smith, like ink is blue, the kind to write a let-ter with. No

Dm7 G7b9 Cm Eb7 D7b9 Gm



let-ter and no word, no-thing have I heard, so I've got the I'm not sup-posed to be blu-ue blues.