

Buckeye Jim



Way up yon-der a - bove the sky, A blue - jay rests in a
 Way up yon-der a - bove the moon, A blue - jay rests in a
 There's an end-ing to grief and pain, A warm bright sky be-yond



green birds eye. _____ Buck - eye Jim, _____ you can't go, Go
 sil - ver spoon. _____ Buck - eye Jim, _____ you can't go, Go
 all that rain. _____ Don't have wings, _____ you can't fly, But



weave and spin, _____ you can't go, Buck-eye Jim.
 weave and spin, _____ you can't go, Buck-eye Jim.
 you can dream _____ if you try, Buck-eye Jim.