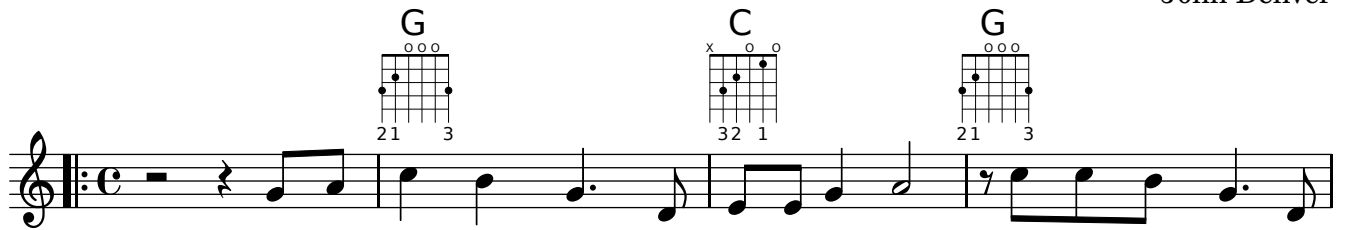


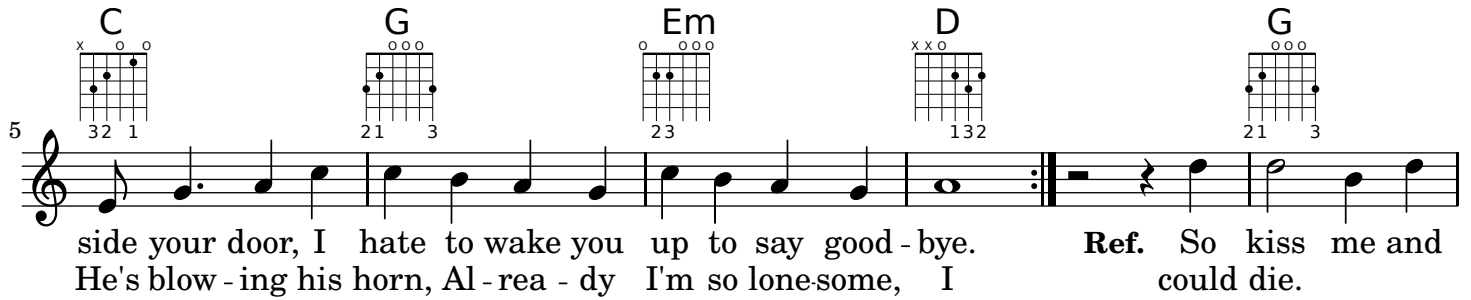
Leaving On a Jet Plane

Babe, I hate to go

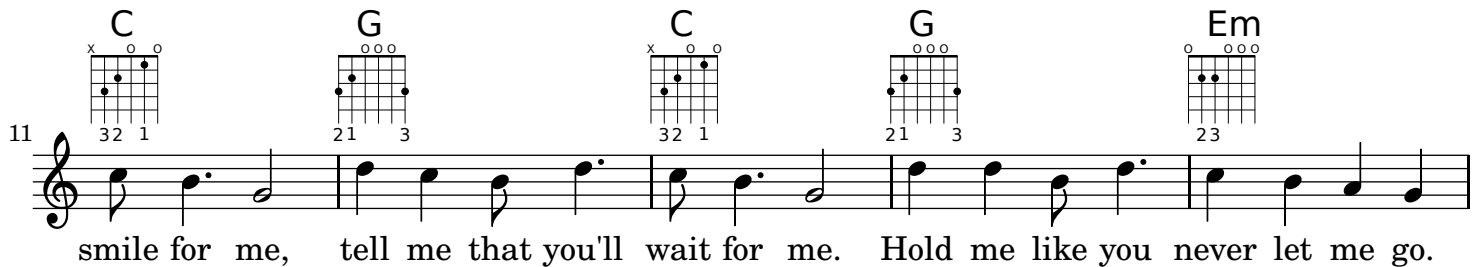
John Denver



1. All my backs are packed, I'm rea-dy to go, I'm standing here out-
But the dawn is brea-king, It's early morn, the ta-xi's wait-ing,



5 side your door, I hate to wake you up to say good-bye. Ref. So kiss me and
He's blow-ing his horn, Al-rea-dy I'm so lone-some, I could die.



11 smile for me, tell me that you'll wait for me. Hold me like you never let me go.



16 'Cause I'm leaving on a jet plane. Don't know when I'll be back a - gain.