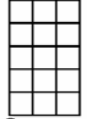


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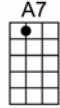
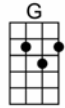


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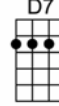
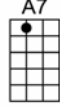
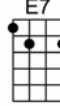
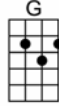
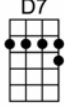
I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

Mort Dixon, Harry Woods

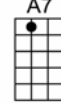
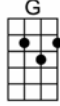
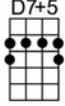
4/4 1...2...1234



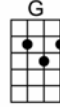
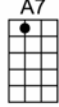
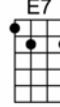
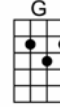
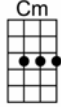
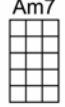
I'm looking over a four-leaf clover that I overlooked before



One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain, third is the roses that grow in the lane



You know there's no need explaining the one remaining is someone that I adore.



I'm looking over a four-leaf clover that I overlooked before.