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M. T. Pocket Blues

By ELI DAWSON
LEWIS MICHELSOHN
& VICTOR OLIVIER

Lost ma job, I can't smile,

lost ma gal, troubles come in a heap,

ma funny bone has been cracked,

Like a child, Runnin' wild, Play-in' read em' and weep,

Room rent due, Hungry too, Ev'ry poorhouse is packed.

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I've had mam-mas by the score, Chas-in' me a-round,
Seemsthere's noth-ing left to do, For down heart-ed me,

Had ma day, I must pay, They smacked their old-daddy down,
Folks good-bye, I must die, I'll throw my-self in the sea.

CHORUS

I've got those M. T. pock-et blues, The mean-est kind, and hard to lose.
I've got those M. T. pock-et blues, The mean-est kind, and hard to lose.

I've got no place to rest ma wear-y head. Ma throat thinks that ma
It seems that hard luck keeps on fol-low-ing me. All folks give me is

M.T. Pocket Blues - 3
stomach is dead,  
their sympathy, 

So long mam-mas,  
I'll find a mam-ma,  
Be her slave, Providing she has one foot almost

cake of ice, I pass a
in the grave, I get a
lunchroom ev'ry day, a
heap of bills each day,

In-hale my meals and walk a-way,
I tell col-lec-tors, 'On your way',

If it was raining beans soup in New York, I'd be down in Memphis with a fork, Oh!
There's just one thing I know that I'll get free, When the under-taker buries me, Oh!

Lawn, it's hard to lose, Those doggone M.T. pocket blues, I've got those
Lawn, it's hard to lose, Those doggone M.T. pocket blues.