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Poor Relation Blues

Words & Music
By JACK MAHONEY

Tempo di Blues

There are a hundred kinds of Blues, and they all come in different hues;
My near relations make me mad, they keep too near, that's why I'm sad

I've got the bluest kind and they're the newest kind; I know I've got 'em, oh, can't you
Since 'Put and Take' hit town, they take what I put down, They've got the habit, it's nab it,

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I'll tell you the reason why, I'd like to lay me down and
My wife's people make me blue, I'll count them all right here for

die, I've got enough relations to start a league of nations, Listen while I sigh;
you; First you put down eleven, then multiply by seven, Now add twenty-two.

Chorus

I've got the poor relation blues, And they're very hard to
I've got the poor relation blues, And they're very hard to

lose; My big family tree has branches 'round the map,
lose; One cold day last Winter I felt very sore!

Poor Relation Blues
I am not a branch, I'm just a sap, And there's nothing they refuse To
take or pick or choose; When dinner on the table I can never eat, For
take or pick or choose; My aunt had pictures taken with my uncle John, She
twen-ty seven cousins have a ringside seat; Oh, I've got the poor relation
wore my mother's hat and he had my shoes on, Oh, I've got the poor relation

1. blue-o-o-o-o oos. I've got the oos.
2. blue-o-o-o-o oos. I've got the oos.

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Patter

When Columbus sailed from Spain, He didn't get a cheer, To get away from poor relations.

He came over here, And when Rome was burning Nero gave a mighty shout.

He said, "I'll smoke my poor relations out!" Tho' Sol-o-mon was wealthy, He died without a cent, His wives had many relatives who touched him for the rent. We know that poor relations never climb the golden stair. It wouldn't seem like Heaven if we found them there, I've got the

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