Stavin' Change
(The Meanest Man in New Orleans)

(SONG)

By AL. BERNARD

Moderato

Piano

I'm gonna tell you 'bout a bad man,
I'm gonna tell you now how Stave loved,

Down in New Orleans,
Gal named Lindy Lee,

Now you can rave a-bout your
He al-ways told the men a -
Jes-sie James, But this man sure was mean, He sure was rough, he used to round the town, That gal be-longson to me, She sure was bold, just like the

strut his stuff, Up and down the Av-e-nues, He was a stor-y old, Trif-led on him one sad day, He shot poor

long, tall dressed up Brown, From his hat down to his shoes. Lindy through the heart, That's why folks down there all say.

CHORUS

Stav-in' Change, The good Lord knows he was bad,
Stavin' Change, He made the sweet mammas glad and sad

He had a knife long enough to row a boat, A big forty four, under-

neath his coat, Looking for a tussle, at a fish fry ev'ry night,

Mustard Browns They loved the tiger in his eye

Savin Change—4
Sat-in Blacks, They used to feed him Rock and Rye,

He said there's changes in the Ocean, changes in the Sea, Never gonna be any

change in me, 'Cause I'm Stavin' Change, The mean-est man in New Or-

leans.