PROFESSIONAL COPY
TRIFLIN' BLUES
(Daddy Don't You Trifle On Me)

By PORTER GRAINGER
and BOB RICKETTS

By the writers of "Laughin' Cryin' Blues"

Tempo di "Barrel House"

Miss Miranda Jackson had a lovin' man

That the ladies all would rave about

He was such another guy as

Dapper Dan

Miss Miranda shortly found it out

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When he took a pleasure trip to Tennessee,
Miss Miranda couldn't help but cry;
Jealously would fret her soul.

So she wrote a letter,
This is what she told him not to try.

CHORUS
Daddy don't you trif-le on me,
While you're down in Tennessee,
Daddy don't you trif-le on me,
Better jump into the sea.

Triflin' Blues 4
I've just bought a "gat" Its an "au-to-mat" Now you know ex-act-ly what your ma-ma's
Here is my ad-vice And I'm talk-in' nice don't you let me see you walk-in' with the
driv-in' at Dad-dy don't you tri-fle on me
same gal twice Dad-dy don't you tri-fle on me

'Cause I'm like a bum-ble bee You might ig-nore me while I
That's your lov-in' ma-ma's plea Now keep 'way from me when you

buzz a-roun' But you'll know I'm on you when I sit down Ma-ma's blue as she can
just must flirt, If I catch you cheat-in' you'll sure get hurt Ma-ma's blue as she can

Triffin' Blues 4
Here mama moans 'em"

Ev'ry day in ev'ry way I think much more of you
If some gal took you, I'll say I don't know what I'd do:
Winter, fall or summer time
To me it matters not I'd gladly give you my last dime
Or anything I've got, But