Anti-Loafin' Blues

Words and Music by
MACEO PINKARD

Moderato di "jazz"

Voice

It may be hard at first,

You little mama's joy,

I mean exempted boy,

And fighting ain't the worst,

And stop your dressing nice,

That is, for Uncle Sam,

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Chief Bug-a-boo was a red-man who, Heard the call of war (as)

THIS IS THAT SENSATIONAL HIT THEY SING AND DANCE TO FROM COAST TO COAST
We all should work or fight.
If you're shirking, got to working.
Or hear the Judge recite.
To work may make you sad.
If you're able don't act feeble.
Twill make the Judge cry mad.

Weir Kirk

Chorus

You've got to go to jail.
Or wear some working shoes.

You can't hope to fail.
Take either one you choose.

If you're in class B and didn't slack,
It's time to do your bitly bit right now.
You've got to work until the boys get back.
If you can't fight just learn to push a plow.

If you refuse you'll have.
Those Anti-Leaf-in' Blues.

OLÀ (FOX-TROT)
GET A COPY TO-DAY AND PLAY IT FOR YOUR FRIENDS

Swif to the test of his love he went, Sighing for his little Indian
Per copy the postpaid (State if Vocal or Inst. is desired)