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M. T. Pocket Blues



By ELI DAWSON
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Moderato

Till ready

Lost ma job, —
I can't smile, —

lost ma gal, — trou-bles come in a heap. —
for a while, ma fun-ny bone has been cracked, —

Like a child, — Run-nin' wild, — Play-in' read em' and weep. —
Room rent due, — Hun-gry too, — Ev'-ry poor-house is packed. —

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

Had ma day, — I must pay, — They smacked their old dad-dy 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-lowing me — All folks give me is

stomach is dead, — So long mam-mas, — Good-bye dice, You'll find your dad-dy lay-ing on a
 their sym-pa-thy, — Ill find a mam-ma, — Be her slave, Pro - vid - ing she has one foot a most

cake of ice, I pass a lunch room ev'-ry day, — In-hale my meals and walk a-way,
 in the grave, I get a heap of bills each day, — I tell col - lec - tors, "On your way,"

— If it was raining bean soup in New York, Id be down in Memphis with a fork, Oh!
 — Ther's just one thing I know that Ill get free, When the un-der-tak-er bur-ies me, Oh!

Lawd, its hard to lose, — Those doggone M.T. pock-et blues. — Ive got those —
 Lawd, its hard to lose, — Those doggone M.T. pock-et blues. —