NIGGER WAR BRIDE BLUES

Music by "MITCH" LE BLANC
Words by "JIMMIE" MARTEN

Slow

Nigger war bride blues.

Listen folks, I'm going to tell you.

Engine whistled like it never ever whistled before.

Saw him.

Baby's gone an' I'm feelin' awfully blue.

Walk inside, turn around and shut the door.

Done.

Jined the war an' left me all alone, that's true.

Oh I'm blue.

He.

Fell so bad I nearly fell down on the floor.

An' what's more.
I left a note it was all edged in black
two sixteen done carried poor John away
It's a tell-in' me that he never was a com-in' back
long long way so I heard mos' all the white folks say
Yes

stated he was never never com-in' back
now that's fact.
twenty sixteen done took my lovin' Johnie away
t-o other day.

CHORUS
I never tells to no body a lie
Most ev'ry day I jes'
I loved him powerful an' didn't have try. I

recon you all knew John Fry. They call him easy greasy breezy John.

Easy breezy greasy John.

Makes me blue an' sick an' out an' down out an' down

Nigger War Bride Blues.
Ea-sy eas-y eas-y breezy grea-sy_ John

Dow-n the road just as far as I could see

Thoug-ht I saw my dear old used to be

Thoug-ht I heard my John-ie call-in' me.