

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN, INTO THE FIRE



Written and Composed
and Successfully Introduced by
EDDIE LEONARD

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CHICAGO.
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Words & Music by
EDDIE LEONARD.

Moderato.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for the piano, showing chords and bass notes. The second staff is for the vocal part, starting with a piano dynamic (f) and a vocal dynamic (p). The third staff is another piano part, labeled "VAMP". The fourth staff is a continuation of the vocal line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, corresponding to the music. The piano parts provide harmonic support, with the vamp section featuring a repetitive eighth-note pattern.

Of all hard luck folks in this world, I'm
One day out in the coun-try woods, A
I had ap - pen - di - ci - tis to A

VAMP

cham - pion of them all When they framed up my
stroll I thought I'd take I was me - an - d'ring
hos - pi - tal I went, They op - er - a - ted

game I was the man who had to fall I was
slow - ly when 'long came a rat - tle snake I
on me and they did - n't charge a cent Them

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born on A - pril thir - teenth and it came on a Fri -
 felt quite 'xas - per - a - ted so, I hid be - hind some
 doc - tors cert - 'nly carved me tho', I did - n't feel the

day ____ Most ev - 'ry job of work I get they
 trees ____ I was - n't there a mo - ment when long
 pain, ____ They found me well and heart - y so they

poco - - - a - - - poco - -

say I'm in the way.____ If mon - ey grew on trees in ev - 'ry
 came a swarm of bees,____ I thought I'd bet - ter go and take a
 sewed me up a - gain.____ And when at last I hap - pened to a -

- rall.

land,____ I would get the rheu - ma - tism in my hand.
 rest,____ And sat right down on a great big hor - net's nest.
 wake,____ I found a sign marked "O - pen'd by mis - take!"

CHORUS.

p-f

Out of the fry-ing pan in-to the fire — That's the kind of life I live, —

No-bod-y gives me noth-in' for noth-in', I al-ways have to give — The

way ev -'ry thing slips thro' my hands My — hands must be a sieve —

Out of the fry-ing pan in-to the fire — That's the kind of life I live. — live. —

1. 2.