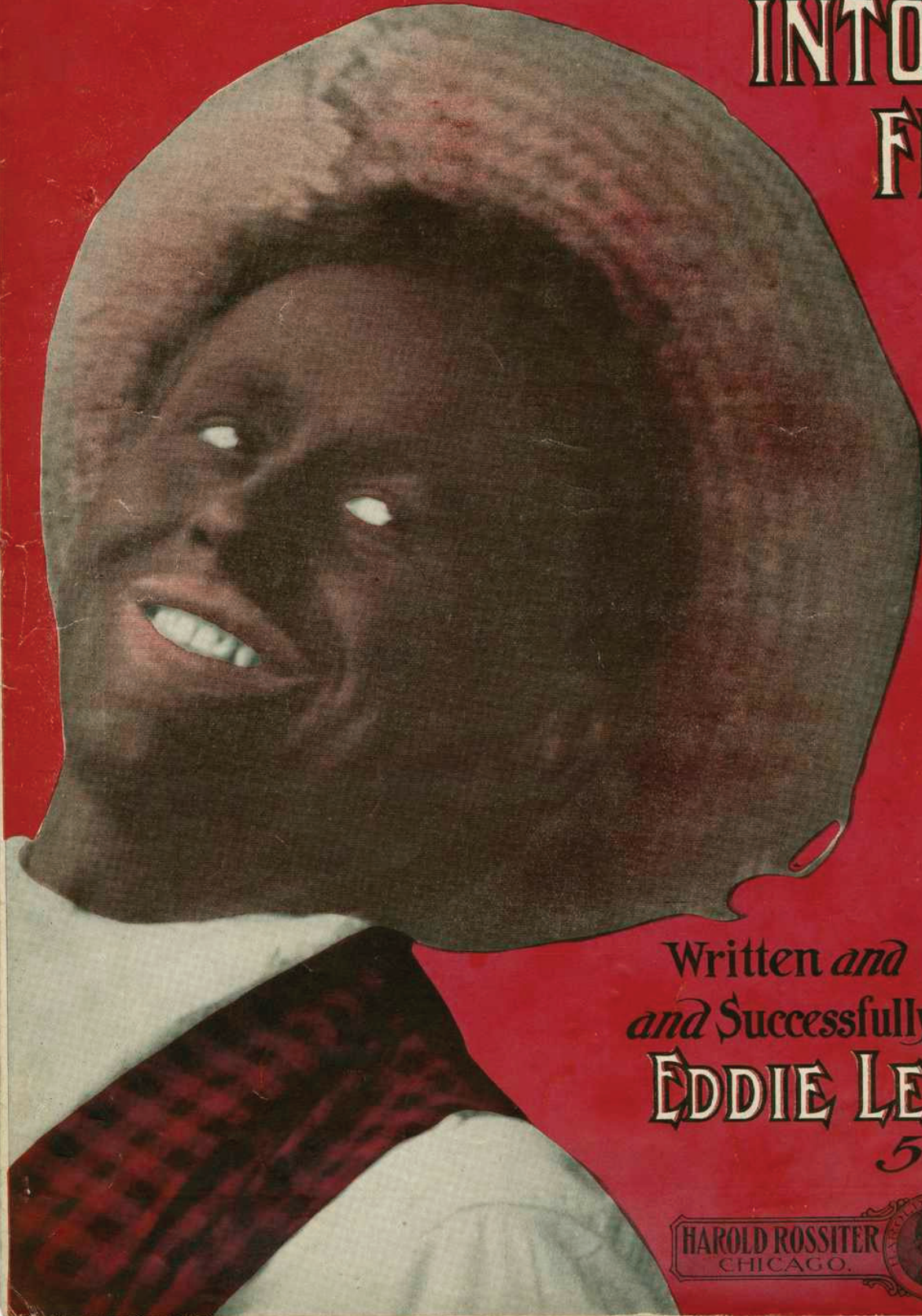


OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN, INTO THE FIRE



Written *and* Composed
and Successfully Introduced *by*
EDDIE LEONARD

5

HAROLD ROSSITER
CHICAGO,



MUSIC COMPANY
TEL. U.S.A.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN, INTO THE FIRE

Words & Music by
EDDIE LEONARD.

Moderato.

f

p

VAMP

p

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

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

born on A - pril thir - tenth 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.

5

p-f

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

p-f

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.—