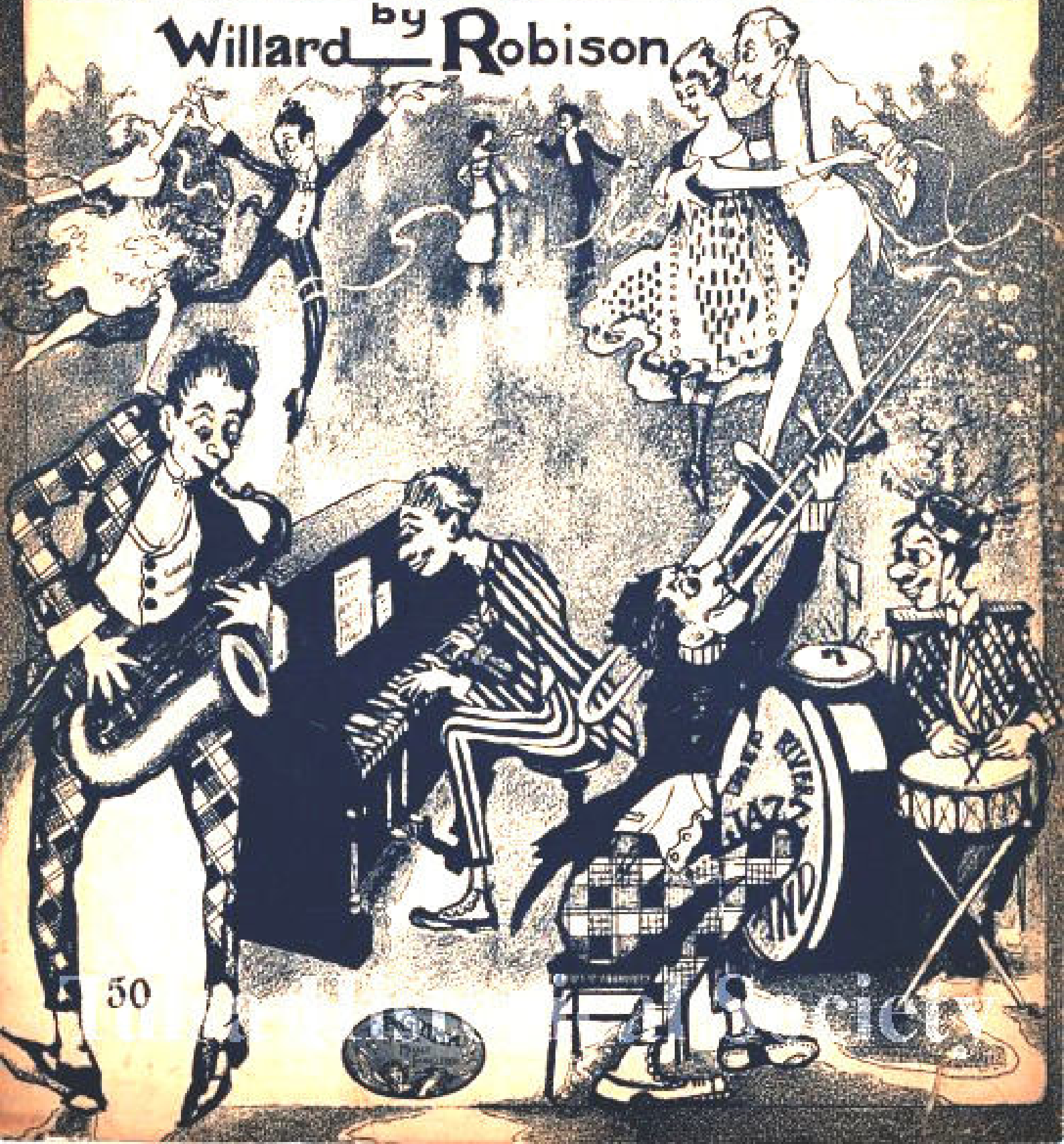


HULSA-BLUES

Willard ^{by} Robison



THE TULSA BLUES

Words & Music by WILLARD ROBISON

Slow Mod^{to}



Till Ready

Voice

Till Ready



Band in Tul-sa Town
time he hears that strain

And his mu-sic Would make a rab-bit whip a
He starts howl-ing Just like a whis-tle on a



hound— He has a tune— a jazz— croon— It sim-ply sat-is-fies my
train— It makes me sad— it makes me glad— It ev-en makes me have the



soul— They can play it more ways Than a mon-key can climb a pole.
blues— 'Cause they play it more ways Than a dar-ky can shine your shoes.



Oh! thean Tul-an Blues They have left me

weep-ing like a wil-low tree That boy with the Sax-o-phone

Plays an ob-li-gu-to to the slide trom-bone And the drummer he is a hum-mer too There's var-y

few just like him Oh! That mel-o-dy Some-how I can't re-

fuse There aint no use If you ev-er come down to Tulsa some day Don't for-get to hear that
It's a won-der-ful tune and eas-y to sing You can walk the dog or

Jazz Band play Play those wear-y an-y-thing When they play those tan-ta-liz-ing Blues, the Tul-an Blues, Just hol-ler Blues.

p-f *pp*

D.S. *D.S.*