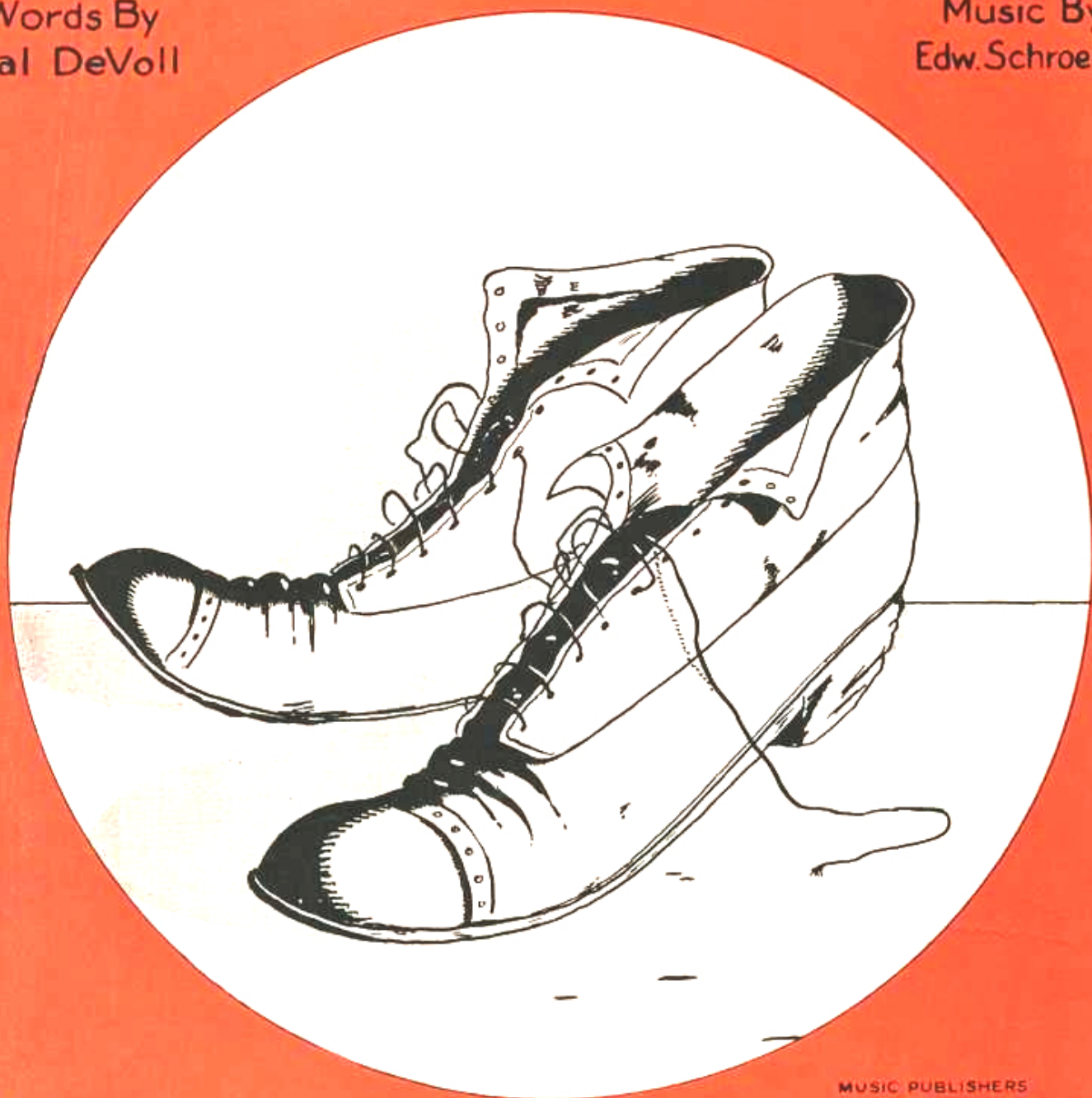


When My Shoes Wear Out From Walking I'll Be On My Feet Again

Words By
Cal DeVoll

Music By
Edw. Schroeder



WHEN MY SHOES WEAR OUT FROM WALKING I'LL BE ON MY FEET AGAIN

Lyrics by

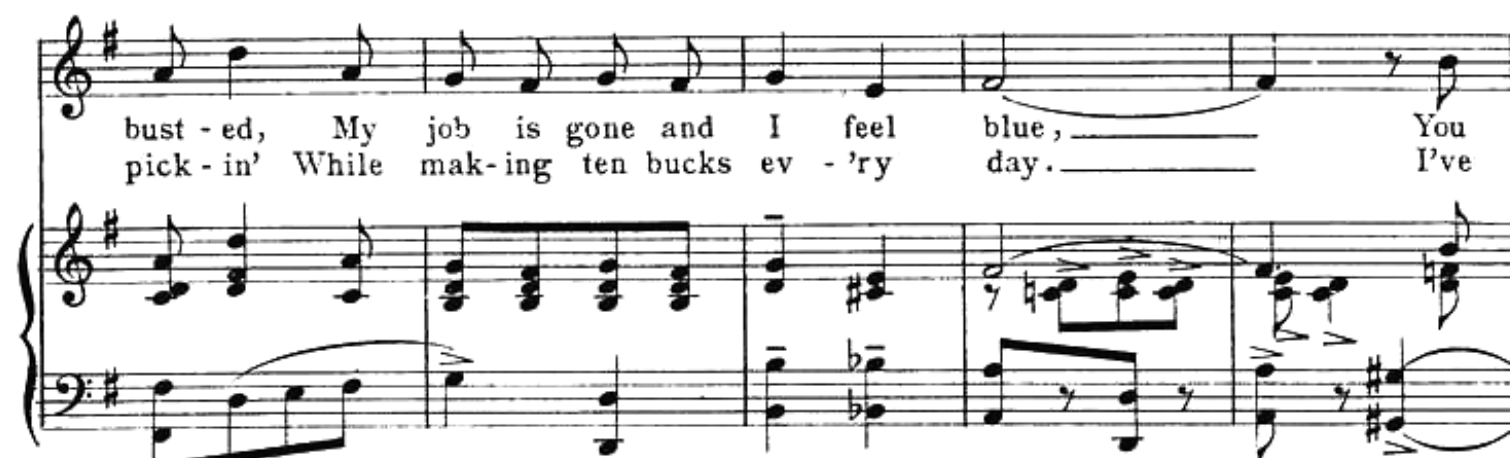
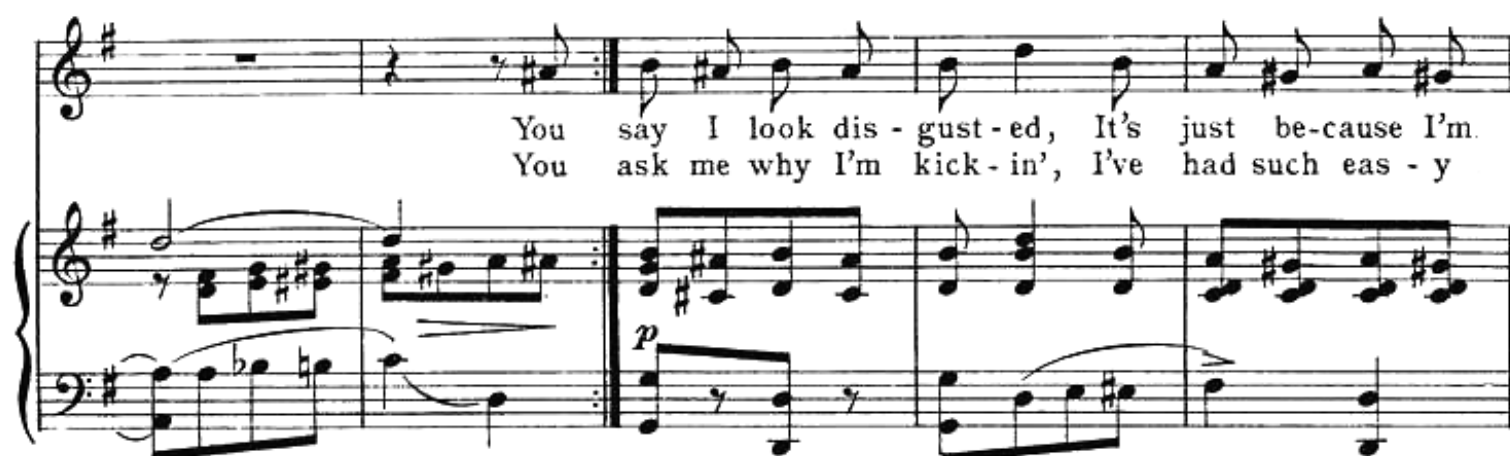
CAL. DE VOL

Writer of { Alabama Lullaby,
Kiss A Miss, etc.

Music by

EDW. SCHROEDER

Composer of { Tropical Blues,
Camp Custer, etc.



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ask me why I hol-ler, I've spent my whole last dol-lar, And now I don't know
al-ways been a spend-er, My friends call me a lend-er, But now they seem to

what to do. _____ The rain-y day has hit me, And pov-er-ty has
turn a - way. _____ I've al-ways had em-ploy-ment, And my share of en -

bit me, Here late-ly things don't come my way. _____ I'm back with Street and
joy-ment, But now I find that I'm dead broke. _____ So take a tip from

Walk-er, I'm just a curb-stone talk-er, So lis - ten while I say : _____
me, sir, It's not the way to be, sir, For real - ly it's no joke. _____

CHORUS

I've got the bust - ed blues, Seems like there ain't no use, — I've got my

walk - ing shoes right on my feet. — It real - ly
I know just

is a sin, — I've worn the soles so thin, — To ride a
how it feels — To miss those three square meals. I re - al -

jit - ney bus — would be a treat. — I've wan - dered
ize how nice — it is to eat. — To have the

up. and down And all a - round the town To find an -
 job I had Would sure - ly make me glad, But aft - er

oth - er job, but all in vain, _____ When my
 all I real - ly can't com - plain, _____ When my

shoes wear out from walk - ing I'll be on my

feet a - gain. _____ I've got the gain. _____