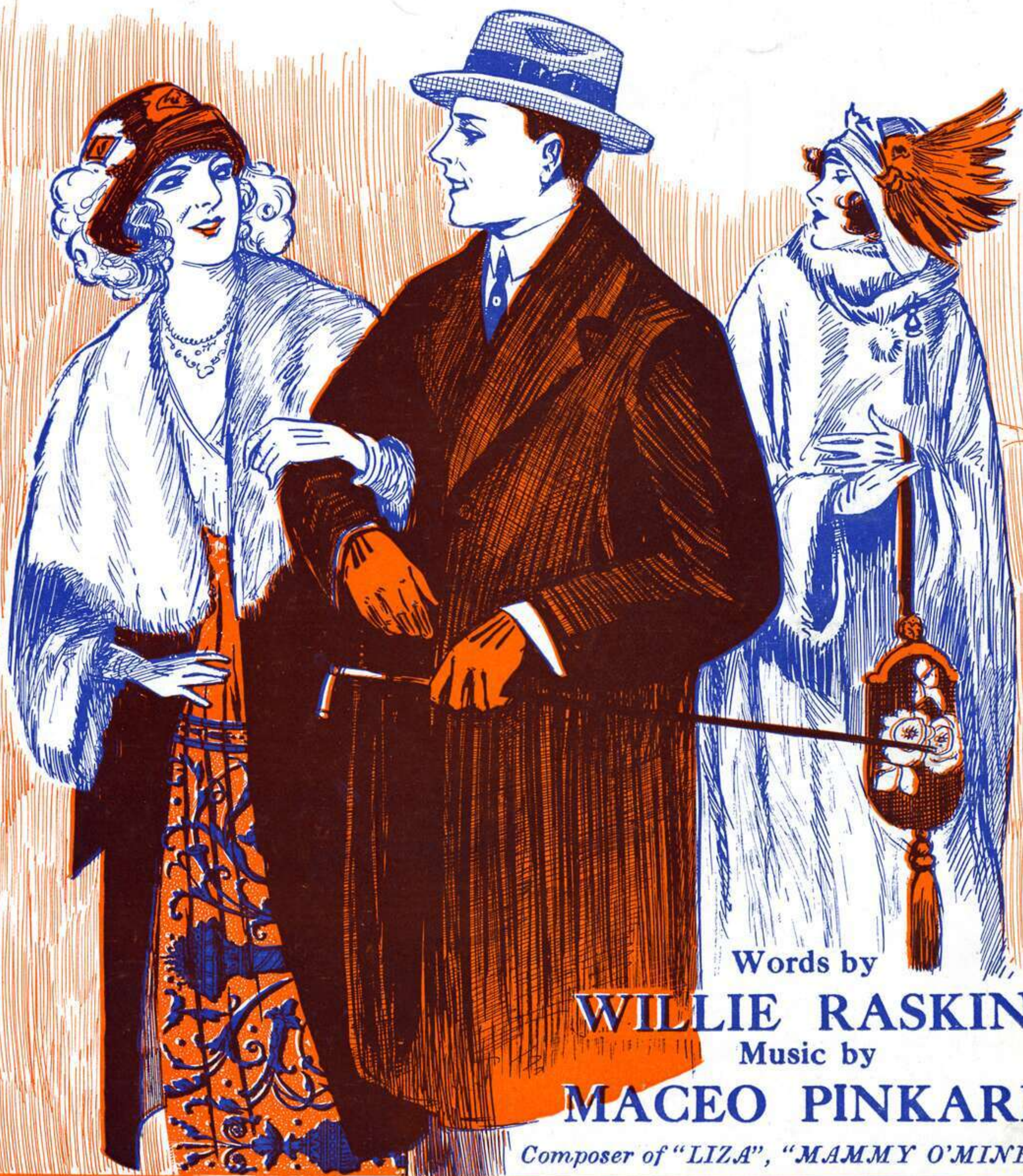


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HE MAY BE YOUR GOOD MAN FRIDAY

(BUT HE'S MINE ON SATURDAY NIGHT)



MADE
U.S.A.

Dambelle

Words by
WILLIE RASKIN
Music by
MACEO PINKARD

Composer of "LIZA", "MAMMY O'MINE" etc.

KAY STERN
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
154 O-BROADWAY New York

He May Be Your Good Man Friday

(But He's Mine On Saturday Night)

Words by
WILLIE RASKIN

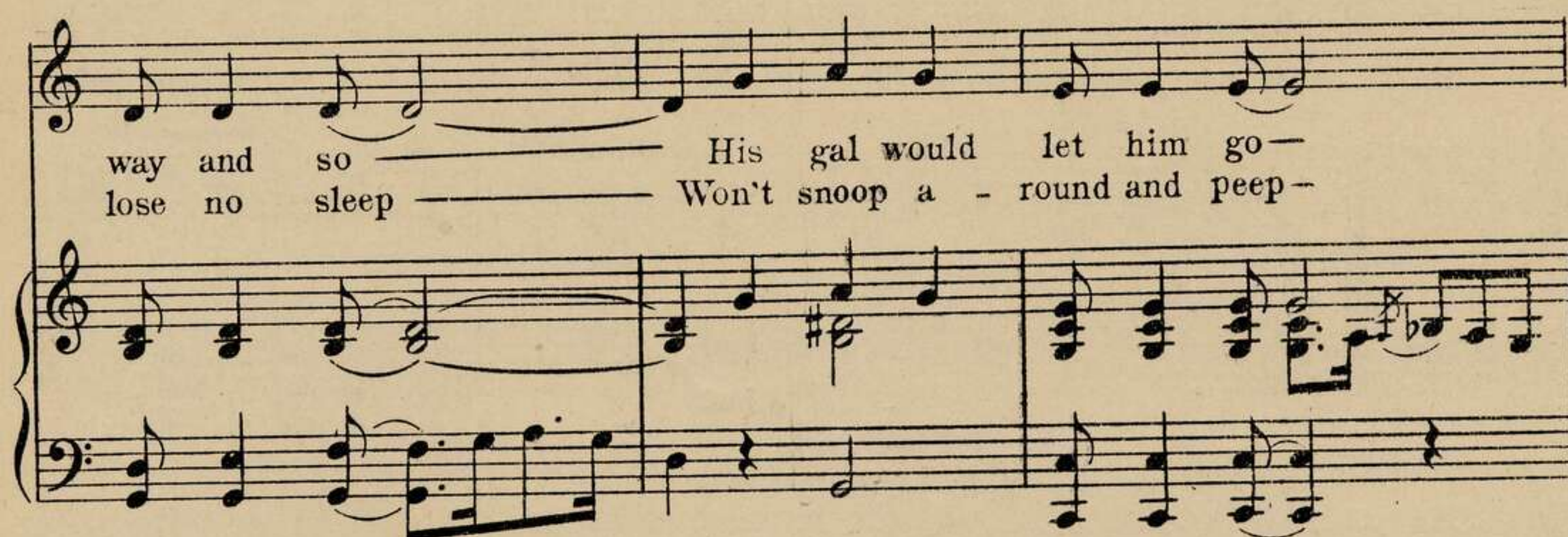
Music by
MACEO PINKARD

Piano *f*

Till Voice *Voice*

Mis - ter Rob - in - son
Tho' she heard all this

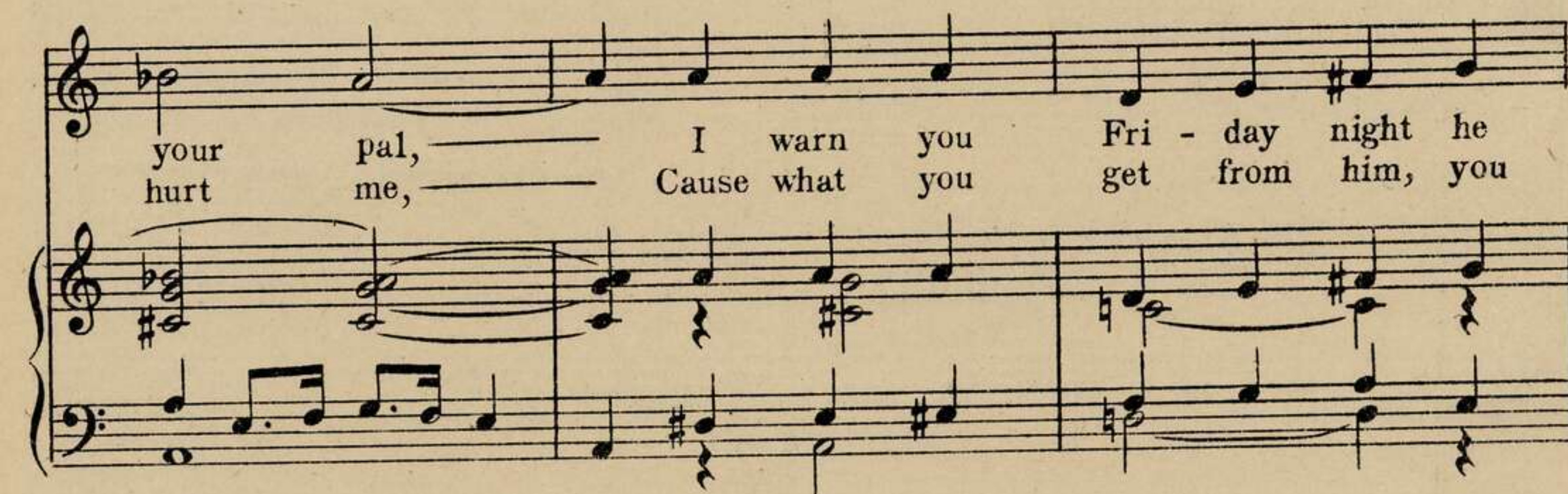
Cru - soe was a high brown Ro - me - o He'd steal a -
scan - dal Rob'son's gal would nev - er weep She said I'll



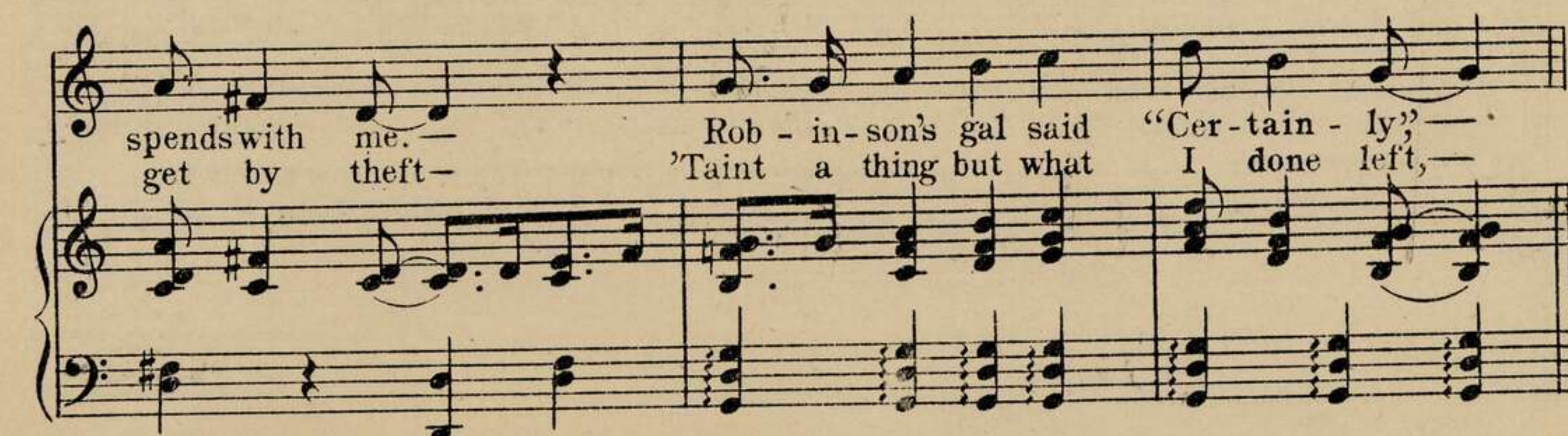
way and so ————— His gal would let him go —
lose no sleep ————— Won't snoop a - round and peep -



A dus - ky mam - ma told his gal, I'm fif - ty fif - ty with
I know he would - n't de - sert me, And what he does now don't



your pal, ————— I warn you Fri - day night he
hurt me, ————— Cause what you get from him, you



spends with me. ————— Rob - in - son's gal said "Cer - tain - ly" —
get by theft — 'Taint a thing but what I done left, —

Chorus

He may be your good man Fri - day, But he's mine on Sat-ur-day night—

For that's the day he draws his pay,— And he

al-ways treats me right — Fri - day night I al-ways let him
When he's at your house he al-ways

have his lib - er - ty. For what he learns he just re-turns and teach-es it to me
grabs the tel - e - phone You think he calls his moth-er but he's call-ing up my home.

No man wants a steady feast of honey and of jam So he sees you comes back to me And
And the very moment that my man steals out of sight I calls another Daddy up to

(Spoken)
sees how nice I am And when he wants to make me laugh- (Ha! Ha!) He lets me
come and fix my light. So if — you've got my man — It's on the

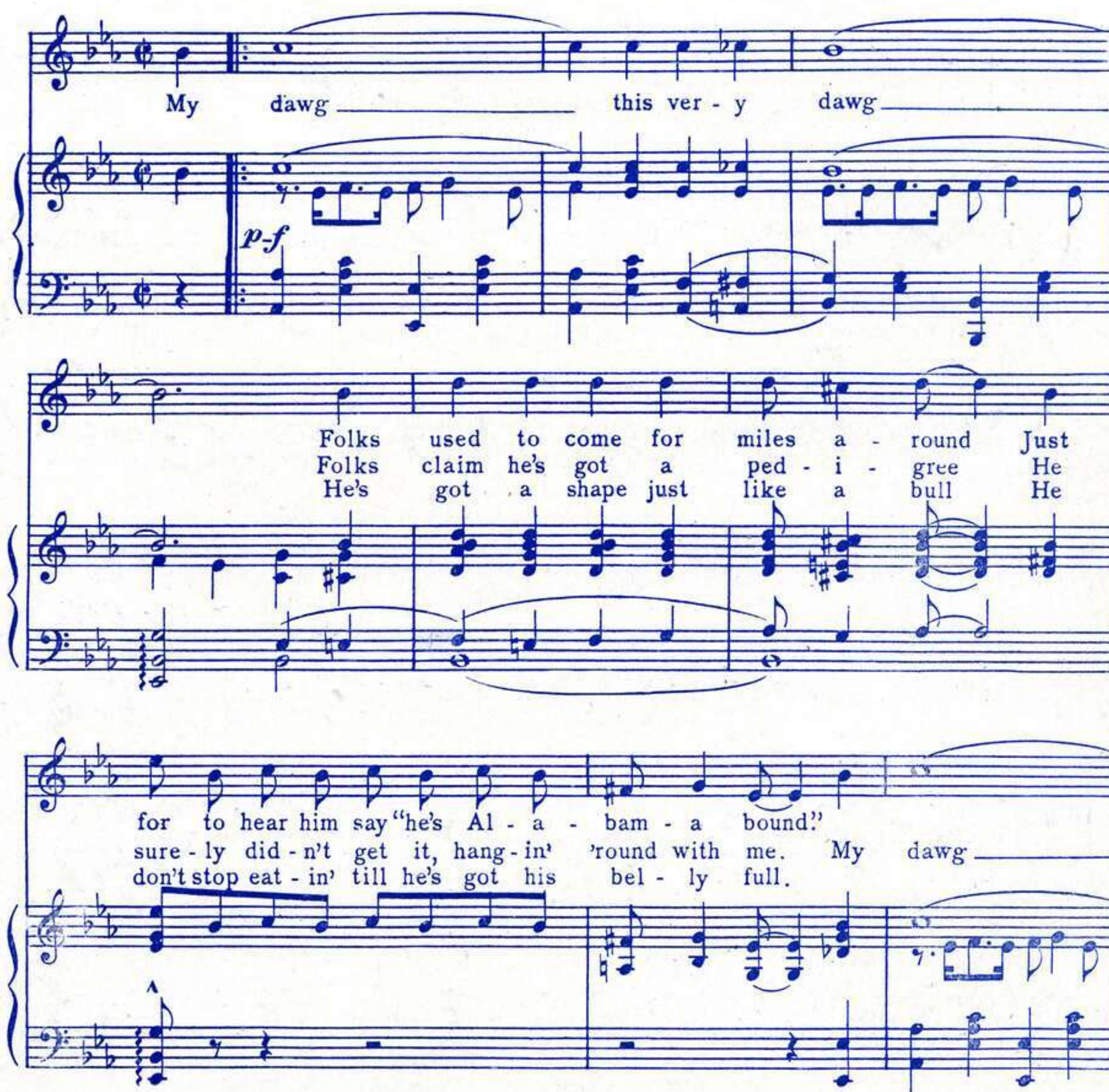
see your photograph — He may be your good man
eighty twenty plan —

1 2
Fri - day But he's mine on Saturday night. He night. —

THE LATEST SONG HIT

My Dawg

Words and Music by
BERT MURPHY



My dawg — this ver - y dawg —

Folks used to come for miles a - round Just
Folks claim he's got a ped - i - gree He
He's got a shape just like a bull He

for to hear him say "he's Al - a - bam - a bound"
sure - ly did - n't get it, hang - in' 'round with me. My dawg —
don't stop eat - in' till he's got his bel - ly full.

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