

WHERE IS MY DADDY NOW BLUES?



MAY BE HAD FOR
TALKING MACHINE
AND PLAYER PIANO

60
LYRIC BY
JACK YELLEN
MUSIC BY
OTTO MOTZAN
AND ABE OLMAN

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"Where-Is-My-Daddy-Now" Blues

Lyric by
JACK YELLEN

Music by { OTTO MOTZAN
and ABE OLMAN

f

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I sup -
I con -

pose no one knows why I'm grouch-y, When the whole world's feel - in' so
fess I'm a mess since he gave me That last sweet kiss - at the

gay; — It's a fact that I act kind o' slouchy, But my dad - dy's gone a
train; — Haven't slept and I've wept like a ba - by, Cause my heart is full of

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way. — Ain't it strange how I change when he leaves me? I just want to be all a-
pain. — Friend of mine, if you pine for a dad-dy, Keep a-way from trav-el-ing

lone, — 'Cause I'm so down hearted, since we part-ed, I go'round and moan. —
beaux, — 'Cause you're sure to doubt him, wor-ry 'bout him, I'm a gal who knows. —

Those dog-gone-him - an - y - how "Where-is-my- dad - dy - now" Blues!

When ev-er he goes a-way In-to my sys-tem they ooze.

On - ly last night —
Why did I wed.

I asked my "wee - gee"
a trav'lin' sales - man?

"Tell me hon-est-ly Is he true to me?" It said "No" (Oh!) I'll
When his work is done he must have his fun— 'Cause I know (Oh!) He's

bet it's some scan-da-lous "look-out-she's - dan - ger-ous" doll! And
just like the rest of those "can't-trust-the- best - of- those, men! And

what will I ev - er do if he should hap - pen to fall? Oh!
I'll nev - er mar - ry a trav - el - ing sales - man a - gain. Oh!

Ev - 'ry-thing's so dog-gone gloomy, Law-dy send him right back to me, I want to lose those
I'll take butchers, bak - ers, tail - ors, But no trav - ling men or sail - ors, I want to lose those

"Where - is - my - dad - dy now" Blues. Those Blues.
"Where - is - my - dad - dy now" Blues. Those Blues.

PATTER

The blues come in the morning, The blues come in the night; And it's just be- cause my dad-dy does-nt
I don't know what he's do-in' And don't know where he goes; But I know a - bout a travlin' man what
My dad-dy bet-ter hurry, He's got no time to lose, Or - there will be an - oth-er dad-dy

treat me right - He goes a - way and leaves me, yes leaves me all a - lone, And -
ev-'ry girl knows - It's eas - y writ - in' let - ters, two cents will buy a stamp, But -
in his shoes - He may be fat and home-ly, bow - leg - ged, pig - eon toed, But a

L.H.

let me tell you now that I ain't made of stone. - I
male ain't no pro - tec - tion from a fe - male vamp. - My
hus-band on your arm is worth a doz-en on th'road. - And

one kiss on the lips is bet - ter than a thous - and in a let - ter, If

you want to lose - those "Where - is - my - dad - dy - now" Blues! *ff*