

Them's Graveyard Words

Lyric and Music by
GEORGE BROOKS

Gotham Music Service

150 West 46th St. INC.
New York City

"Everything in Music and Musical Merchandise"

Them's Graveyard Words

Ukulele in D

A D F# B

Capo on 1st fret
(or use Eb tuning)

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Moderato

f

ad lib.

mp

I've got a man, I've had him for a year, But

mf

mp

he just won't treat me right, He knocked me silly with a rock-in' chair, 'Cause

I stayed out one night, But he's done finally got my goat, 'Cause he

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tole me to my face,— That he'd bought some gal a

new fur coat, And shed done took my place.

Wont some-bo - dy o - pen up his eyes? 'Cause them is grave-yard
 Go and tell him that he's slow-ly dyin' 'Cause them is grave-yard
 Please go tell him not to be no fool, 'Cause them is grave-yard

words;— And I'll show him just be-fo' he dies, That
 words;— Please don't let me lose my right-ful mind, 'Cause
 words;— I'm as ev - il as a Georg-ia mule, A -

them is graveyard words; I can see a un-der-tak-er put-tin' flowers on a door, And a
 them is graveyard words; I done pol-ished up my pis-tol, got my ra-zor sharpened too, And hell
 -bout them graveyard words; He can beat me if he keeps me, but he mus-n't throw me down, If he

trav-ler go - in' where they nev-er come back here no more, Tell him I'll fix him sho' as
 think the world fell on him when my dir - ty work is thru, Call him and tell him I'll do
 do hell sho' be room-in' six feet in the mud-dy ground, Get him and tell him I'm in the

two and two is four, 'Cause them is grave - yard words.
 what I said I'd do, 'Cause them is grave - yard words.
 hot-test gal in town, 'Cause them is grave - yard words.