

TAXATION BLUES



"I love Taxation Blues."
Some Blues, says Tom Hayes.

Words and Music
by

CLIFF HESS
JOE ROSEY
JOS. H. SANTLY

You can't go
wrong with
any Feist
Song

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Bluezioso

till voice

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked *f* and the second system is marked *p*. The music is in a bluesy style with a 12-measure structure, featuring a mix of chords and melodic lines in both the treble and bass staves.

Life to me just seems to be a joke, _____ Eith - er I'm in
 I went out to buy a can - non ball, _____ Thought I'd end this

The vocal line is written in a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is in two staves, with a *p* dynamic marking. The music continues with a similar bluesy feel, featuring a mix of chords and melodic lines.

trouble or I'm broke, _____ You can choose an - y Blues,
 tax for once and all, _____ But the man spoiled my plan,

The vocal line continues with lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a *f* dynamic marking. The music continues with a similar bluesy feel, featuring a mix of chords and melodic lines.

I have had 'em all, _____ Now a newer blu - er - kind, Just came a - round to call. — It's
 Taxes were so high, _____ I de - cid - ed then and there, It cost too much to die. — It's

The vocal line concludes with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar bluesy feel, featuring a mix of chords and melodic lines.

CHORUS

Those Taxation Blues, Those Vex-a-tion Blues, They put me in pawn, brought the panic
 Those Taxation Blues, Those Vex-a-tion Blues, Make a million-aire, stand right up and

on. My pocket-book is bent — from that ex-tra ten per - cent, They've tried to fleece me
 swear, I've spent my last "two bits," — Now I'm sure-ly on the "fritz," Still I don't mind 'Cause

on my lease, So I'm liv-ing in a tent; The out-come of the in-come tax will certain-ly —
 they're the kind That play no fav-o - rites; They ought to put a tax on what I'm thinking of, —

ru-in me, How I hate to pay that tax on shoes, — And now they've ev-en put the jinx, On
 I mean love, They would get more coin than they could use. — Just put col-lectors in the park, And

so-da fountain drinks, It's sure a shame, but lay the blame, On those Taxa-tion Blues! It's Blues! —
 wait'till af-ter dark, I tell you friend, twould put an end, To those Taxa-tion Blues! It's Blues! —