

RADIO BLUES



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WORDS AND MUSIC BY
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By MAUD MORAN

Moderato

Now I know you all have heard a - bout Mar -
O, I won - der if our sec - rets we'll be

- co - ni's new - est toy that is called the Ra - di - o - phone, Tho to
a - ble now to keep, when the world will hear ev - 'ry word, Will we

oth - er folks it brings a lot of hap - pi - ness and joy, it makes
have to stay a - wake for fear we'll talk out in our sleep and tell

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me feel blue, I must own. I list-en to strange voice-es night and
things we wouldn't want heard? But that's not why I'm cry-in' night and

day, But nev-er hear my sweet-ie, so I say:
day, Can't hear my man an-nounc-ing, so I say:

CHORUS *p-f*

I've got the list-en in to hear his voice call me "Dear." thru the Ra-di-o

p-f

Blues, I'm sick and tired of hear-ing a-bout the weath-er, and

darned old mu-sic and news, To live, I really don't care, To

die, I nev-er would dare, For fear that I might miss his sweet wireless kiss

as it comes thru the air, He promised when he went a-way, He'd

broad-cast mes-sag-es each day, But not a sing-le word

has this girl-ie heard tho I list-en in and pray, I

know that he could do what he prom-ised to if he on-ly would

choose, And I list-en in but I can't hear him so I've

got the Ra-di-o Blues. I've got the Blues.