

SINGIN' THE BLUES

'TILL MY DADDY COMES HOME

WORDS BY
SAM M. LEWIS
& JOE YOUNG
MUSIC BY
CON CONRAD
& J. R. ROBINSON



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Moderato

Piano

Oh! dad - dy I've been
I'm gon - na search and

till ready

p

weep - in', Just like a wil - low tree.
find me, A weep - in' wil - low tree.

With - out a wink of sleep - in', Where is your sym - pa -
The weep - in' will re - mind me, Of my old used - to -

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thy? All is black 'round the shack, Since you said "good-bye" to me.
 be. I'll just lie 'neath the sky, With that tree for com-pa-ny.

Chorus

Oh! I'm just sing-in' the blues, _____ 'till my dad-dy comes home; _____

- The mean-est feel-in' pur-sues, _____ Since he left me a-lone. _____

- For ev-'ry blue strain puts new pain right in-to my heart _____

Boo - oo - oo, your
 And I just sigh at that cry-in' part. _____

ba-by's blue.

It sure gets your nerves. When you hear your-self moan,

If I got all I de-serves, I would - n't be here all a-

lone; I would - n't watch all night, And sit by the win-dow with a

can - dle - light; Sing-in' the blues, 'till my dad - dy comes home.

Oh! I'm just

O.S.