GAMBLER'S BLUES



Featured By

CARL MOORE'S VIRGINIANS.



Words by
CARL MOORE

Music by
PHIL. BAXTER

WITH UKULELE ACCOMPANIMENT



HARRY D. SQUIRES, INC.
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Gambler's Blues

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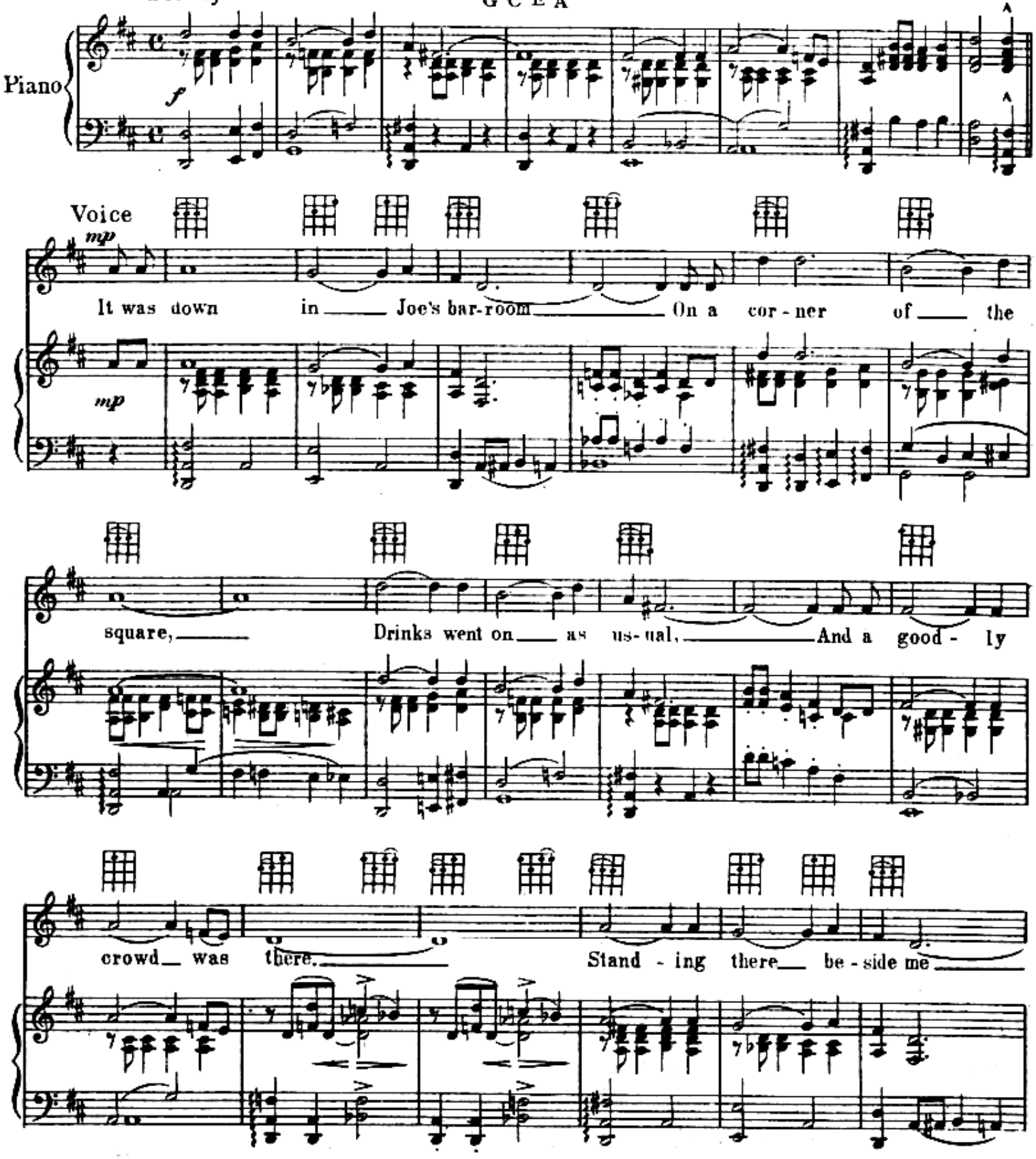
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CARL MOORE
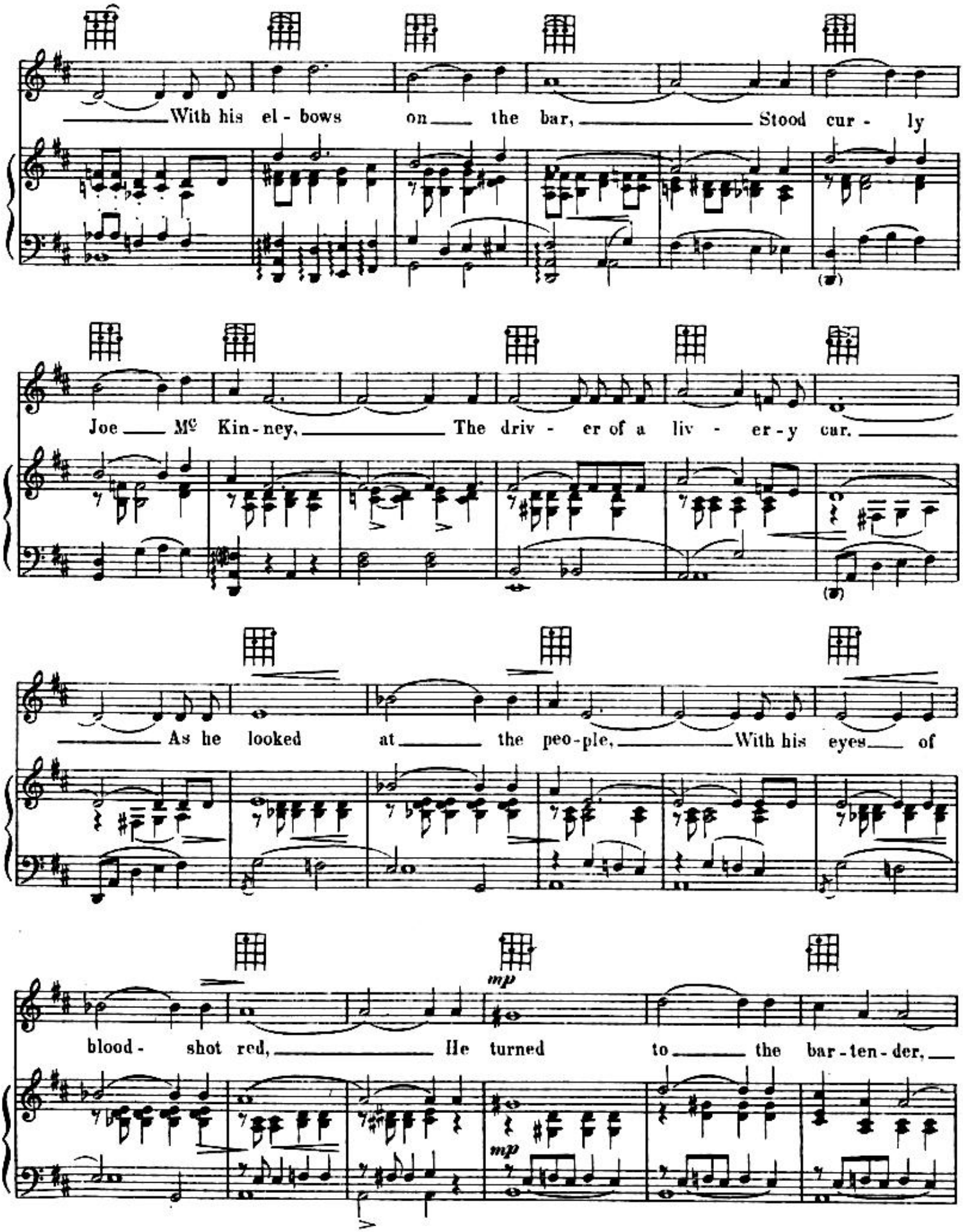
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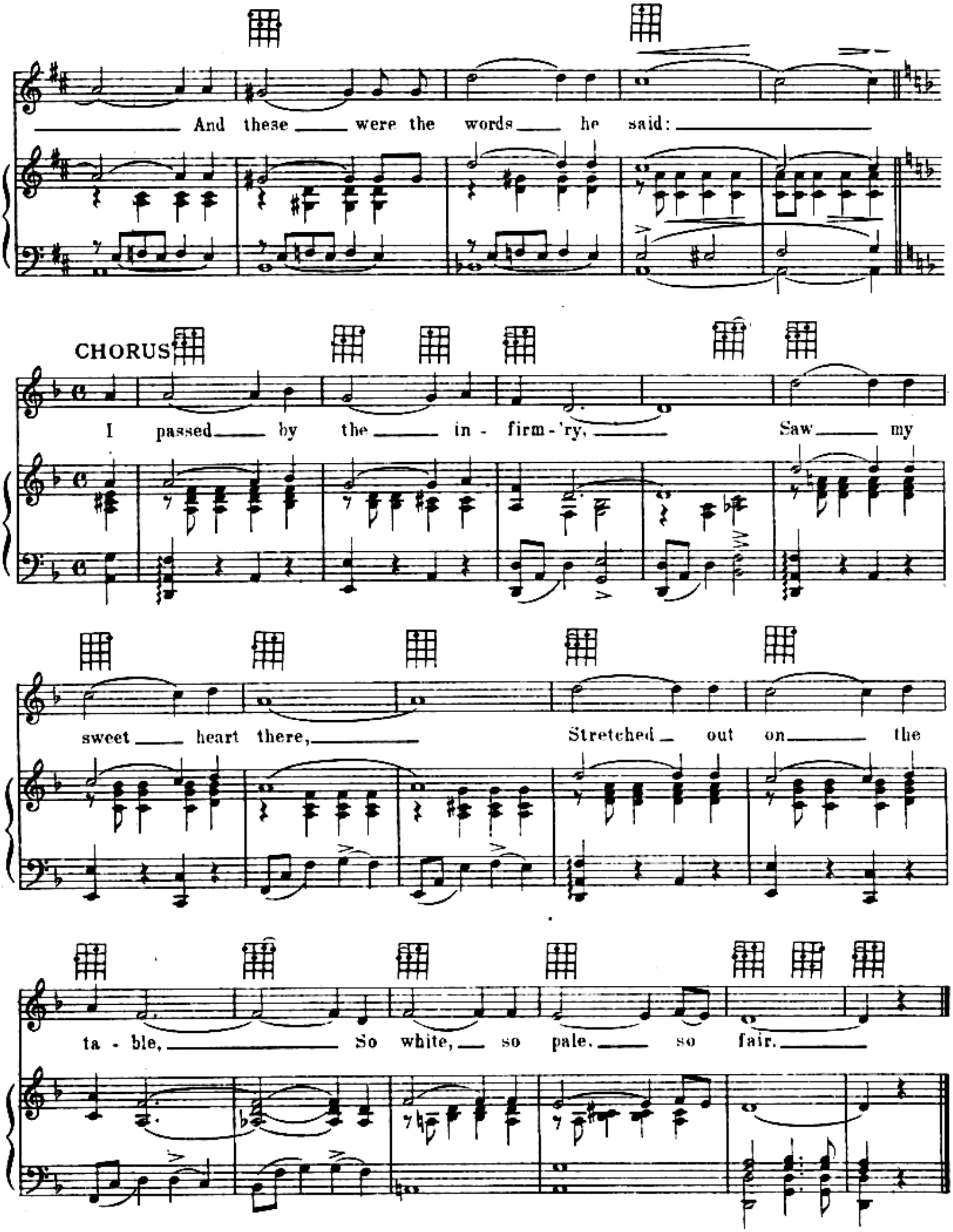
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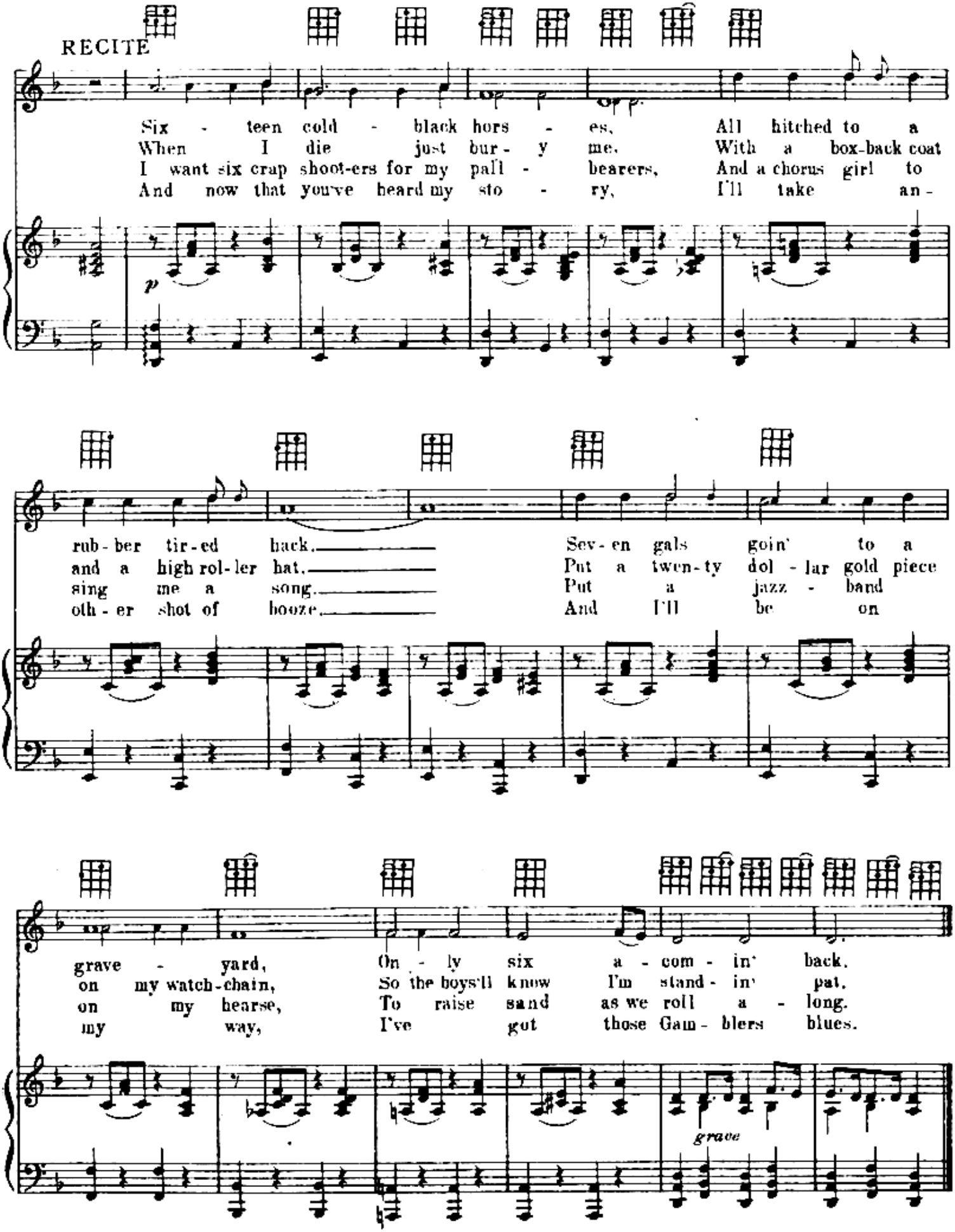


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With his el - bows on the bar, Stood cur - ly
Joe Mc Kin - ney, The driv - er of a liv - er - y car.
As he looked at the peo - ple, With his eyes of
mp
blood - shot red, He turned to the bar - ten - der,
mp


And these were the words he said:
CHORUS
I passed by the in - firm - 'ry, Saw my
sweet heart there, Stretched out on the
ta - ble, So white, so pale, so fair.


RECITE
Six - teen cold - black hors - es, All hitched to a
When I die just bur - y me, With a box-back coat
I want six crap shoot-ers for my pall - bearers, And a chorus girl to
And now that you've heard my sto - ry, I'll take an -
p
rub - ber tir - ed back.
and a high rol - ler hat.
sing me a song.
oth - er shot of booze.
Sev - en gals goin' to a
Put a twen - ty dol - lar gold piece
Put a jazz - band
And I'll be on
grave - yard,
on my watch-chain,
on my hearse,
my way,
On - ly six a - com - in' back.
So the boys'll know I'm stand - in' pat.
To raise sand as we roll a - long.
I've got those Gam - blers blues.
grave