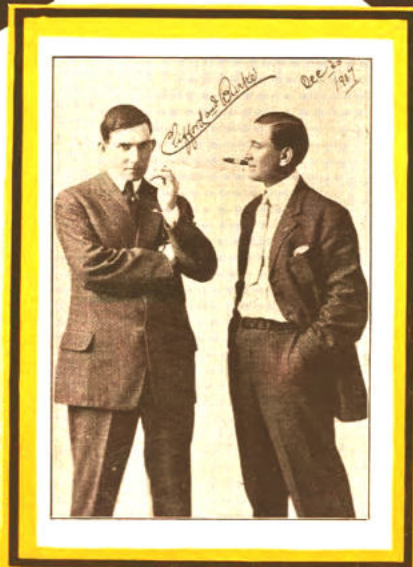


“SOME
HIT”

“YOU’LL LIKE
THIS ONE”

YOU AIN’T TALKING TO ME



WORDS BY
**MAT.
MARSHALL**

BEING POPULARIZED BY
CLIFFORD AND BURKE

MUSIC BY
**SHELTON
BROOKS**
AUTHOR OF
“HONEY GAL”

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YOU AINT TALKING TO ME.

Words by
MAT MARSHALL

Music by
SHELTON BROOKS.

Mod^{to}

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Mod^{to}'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and contains a series of chords and melodic fragments. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes and chords. The piece concludes with a final chord marked with an '8' below it.

The vocal line is in 2/4 time, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It consists of a single staff with a treble clef. The melody is simple and conversational, with a few rests.

1. We all re - mem - ber child-hood days, And the
2. Now I was sick De - cem-ber last, I had
3. I met a la - dy just last week, And her

The piano accompaniment for the first part of the song is in 2/4 time, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains chords and melodic lines, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes and chords. There are some slurs and accents in the treble staff.

The vocal line is in 2/4 time, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It consists of a single staff with a treble clef. The melody continues from the first part, with some slurs and accents.

good times that we had — The man-y jokes we used to play, On moth-er
fierce pains in my head — The doc-tor said you've got the Grippe, And it's quite
name was Lin-dy Lee — To tell the truth she was a Dream, I tell you,

The piano accompaniment for the second part of the song is in 2/4 time, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains chords and melodic lines, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes and chords. There are some slurs and accents in the treble staff.

and some-times on dad — When dad sat down, up - on a tack He jumped
 ser-i - ous_ I'm 'fraid — He said the on - ly cure would be To
 she looked good to me — She said it's Leap Year and you know, You're the

up with pain and cried — "You're a bad, bad boy now come
 bathe in wa - ter cold — Then I said to "Doc" I will
 man I'd like to wed — But when I found out, she

straight to me." I — trem-bling - ly — re - plied. —
 not get well, I'll — nev - er be — so bold. —
 had ten kids, To — her I quick - ly said. —

mf
 You ain't talk-ing to me, — You ain't talk-ing to me — I
 You ain't talk-ing to me, — You ain't talk-ing to me — I
 You ain't talk-ing to me, — You ain't talk-ing to me — I

mf

may be foolish and all of that, But that's not my fault you see _____
 may be foolish and all of that But I got good sense you see _____
 may be foolish and all of that But I've got good sense you see _____

You ain't talk-ing to me, _____ You ain't talk-ing to me _____ To the
 You ain't talk-ing to me, _____ You ain't talk-ing to me _____ No
 You ain't talk-ing to me, _____ You ain't talk-ing to me _____ I

woodshed we'd repair, Papa spanked me you know where; No. You ain't talk-ing to me. _____
 doubt I got the grip, No cold wa - ter will I dip. Oh! You ain't talk-ing to me. _____
 liked the lady's bids But she had too man-y kids: Oh! You ain't talk-ing to me. _____

I went one day, to lady's house just to get a bite
 to eat
 She gave me lots of pork and beans, and lots of
 pie called "minsus" meat
 When I got through, said she to me, now I hope
 I've fed you good
 Won't you go, for me, out in our back yard and
 saw that cord of wood.

Chorus

You ain't talking to me, you ain't talking to me
 I may look foolish and all of that, but I've got
 good sense you see
 You ain't talking to me, you ain't talking to me
 Your food was very good, but I couldn't saw the
 wood
 So you ain't talking to me.
 You aint talking etc. 3-3

My wife and I had ups and downs, all through
 our married life
 She said there was no use of us, goin' through
 this toil and strife
 We took a walk, along the lake, one evening
 just 'bout dusk
 When she said to me, let us drown ourselves,
 no one will grieve 'bout us.

Chorus

You ain't talking to me, you ain't talking to me
 I may look foolish and all of that, but I've got
 good sense you see
 You ain't talking to me, you ain't talking to me
 But when the lake gets dry, that's time enough
 to die
 So you ain't talking to me.