

SHE WALKED RIGHT UP AND TOOK MY MAN AWAY

FOX-TROT SONG



LIZZIE MILES
PREMIER PHONOGRAPH STAR

By
LIZZIE MILES,
BABE THOMPSON
and
SPENCER WILLIAMS

MADE IN U.S.A.



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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BLUES SONG

By LIZZIE MILES,
BABE THOMPSON and
SPENCER WILLIAMS

Piano *f*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with quarter notes and eighth notes.

Voice *p*

I nev - er felt - so dog-gone mean - be -
I've got the blues - but I'm too mean - to

The first line of the song features a vocal melody starting on a whole note, followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

fore, _____ I'm fight-in' mad _____ I'm blue right to the core; -
cry, _____ I'm burn-in' up _____ Some-bod-y's gon-na die, -

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment includes some triplet figures in the right hand.

_____ Down at the Strut-ters Ball, _____ With Pa-pa tree top
_____ Cause that wo - man stole, _____ My lov-in' Jel - ly

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

tall, — A gal nam'd Liz - a Grant — She lit my pow-der plant: —
roll, — Sweet ven-gence I will seek — She'll be too proud to speak: —

Chorus

Be-cause she walked right up and took my man — a - way,

Now for that low down trick — You bet she's gon-na pay;

I've got a raz-or that I keep, — I'm gon-na carve her wide and

deep, — In six foot of ground — She'll soon be found, — Right there she's gon-na sleep; —

And the next sweet Pa-pa that I get No one will try to take,

Be-lieve me if she does she'll soon re-gret — I mean that aint' no fake; —

Now she's got him she had bet-ter leave this town, 'Cause if she stays 'round here I'll sure-ly
Got my-self a blackjack and it's filled with lead, — I'm gon-na in-tro-duce it to her

cut her down; — Be-cause she walked right up and took my man a -
big fat head; —

1 2
way. Be-cause she way. Fine

PATTER

I aint no bul-ly and I aint no joke, You can bet your boots that gal I'm

gon-na croak;- She's goin' on a jour-ney in a rub-ber tire hack, She'd

bet-ter say fare-well 'cause she aint com-in' back, She hurt my feel-ings now she's

got to fight,- And when I lay my hands on her sweet dreams good-night,- Because she

D.S. al Fine