

NEVER GETTIN' NO PLACE BLUES

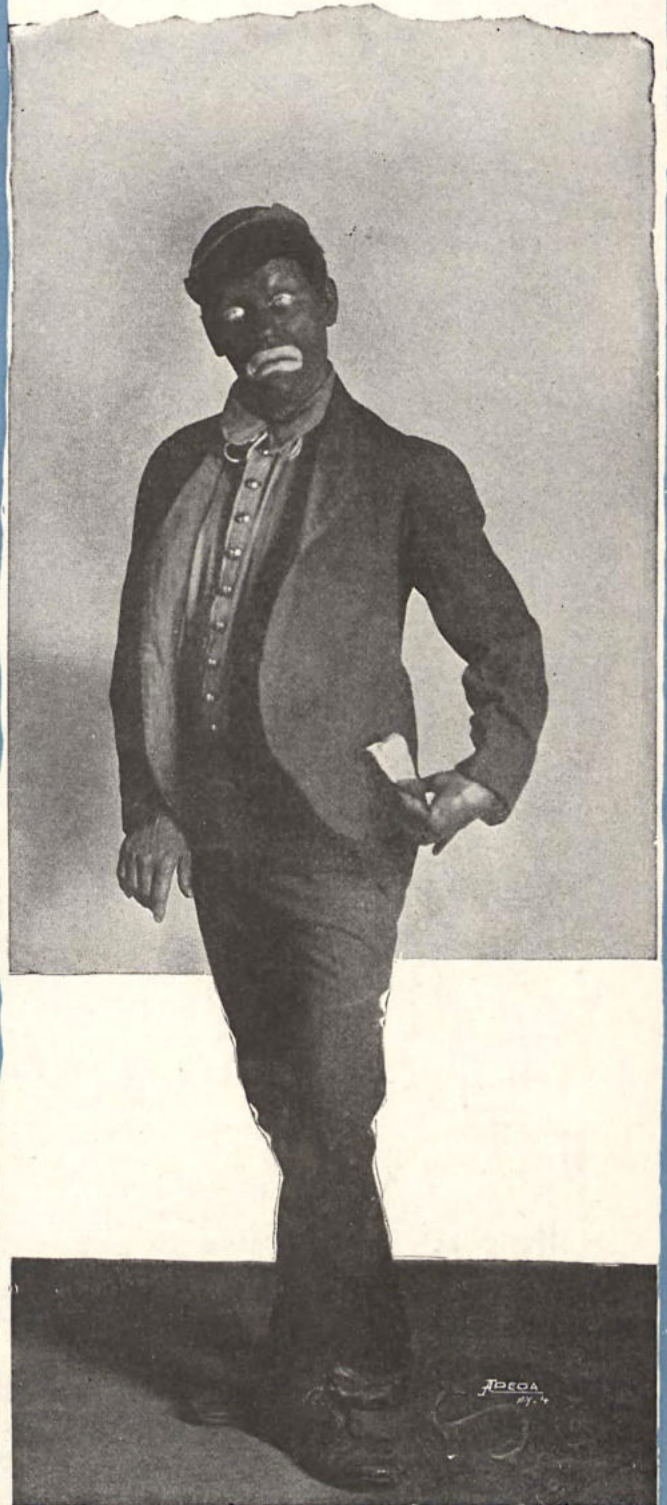


By
**FRAN FREY &
AL BERNARD &
RUSSEL ROBINSON**



WITH
UKULELE ARRANGEMENT

HENRY WATERSON, INC.
1571 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
WATERSON, BERLIN & SNYDER CO.
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Never Gettin' No Place Blues

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By FRAN FREY
& AL BERNARD &
RUSSEL ROBINSON

"The Dixie Stars"

Ukulele arr by Jeanné Gravelle

Nearest Player. 4th 3rd 2nd 1st

Slow and weary

Till ready

Piano

Voice

The wear-y blues have come to stay, — Surround-ed by 'em night and day, —
I was a fool to roam a - round, — I should have stayed in my home town, —

I left my friends and start-ed to roam, And now I have-n't a friend or a home.
But I was sort of rest-less I guess, To find the blue bird for my hap-pi-ness.

It seems I'm al-ways in the way, — I'm just a fail-ure so they say: —
How hard the road is no one knows, — I'm dis-con-tent-ment, head to toes: —

Chorus

Nev-er get-tin' no place, got the blues,— Always hear — some bad news.— I'm tired of liv-in',

p - f

What-'ll I do, do—when I'm feel - in' this way.— Young and smilin' faces

pass-in' by,— Bring a tear— to my eye,— And that's the reason, How come my poor brain is a reel-

- - - in' to-day.— Now that I've roamed the whole— wide world ov-er,

I want a home and fields — of wild clov-er, But it seems, luck-y I'll be if I get my dreams

— That's why I'm sigh - in', Gon-nafind a train track, lay my head, —

Toot, toot, toot, — I'll be dead, — I've got the mean-est Nev-er get-tin' no — place blues. —

blues. —

D.S.