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# Blues : My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me

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Carey Morgan  
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*Composer*

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# BLUES

(My Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me)

By ARTHUR N. SWANSTONE  
CHAS. R. M<sup>o</sup> CARRON  
& CAREY MORGAN

Writers of "I'm Glad I Can Make You Cry"  
"Oh Helen" "Wait and See" etc.

Intro.  
Moderato

VOICE

What is that song a-bout kiss-es —      What is that song a-bout smiles,  
No use in chas-ing those rain-bows —      Rain-bows will nev-er help you,

If I could have my way, I'd sing a song to-day, That would beat them all by miles,  
They look so bright and gay, But they will fade a-way, Then you'll find the sky's all BLUE,

I wouldn't sing a-bout smil-ing —      That's not the ti-tle I'd choose,  
Look at the e-cean and that's BLUE —      My sweetie's eyes are BLUE too,

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1919  
BLUES

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I would sing a - bout what I've got. And what I've got's the wear - y blues.  
 When she got me she BLEW a - way. And na - tur - ly that makes me BLUE.

CHORUS

There are BLUES that you get from wor - ry There are BLUES that you get from  
 There are BLUES that you get when sin - gle Those are BLUES that will give you  
 There are BLUES that you get from sweet - le When she 'phones to an oth - er

pain, And there are BLUES when you're lone - ly. For your one and on - ly. The BLUES you can nev -  
 pain, And there are BLUES when you're lone - ly. For your one and on - ly. The BLUES you can nev -  
 guy, And there are BLUES when your hon - ey, Spends all of your mon - ey, And BLUES when she tells

- er ex - plain, There are BLUES that you get from long - ing But the  
 - er ex - plain, There are BLUES that you get from long - ing To hold  
 - you a lie, There are BLUES that you get when mar - ried Wish - ing

blu - est BLUES that be Are the sort of BLUES that's on my mind. They're the ve - ry  
 some - one on your knee But the kind of BLUES that al - ways stabs, Comes from hi - ring  
 that you could be free But the kind of BLUES that's good and BLUE, Comes from buy - ing

mean - est kind, The BLUES my naught - y sweet - le gives to me. There are me.  
 tax - i - cabs, The BLUES my naught - y sweet - le gives to me. There are me.  
 wine for two, The kind of BLUES my sweet - le gives to me. There are me.

# BLUES

(My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me)

## *Single Patter Chorus*

There are BLUES you get from 'wimmin' when you see them goin' swimmin'  
 And you haven't got a bathing suit yourself  
 There are BLUES you get much quicker when you hide a lot of "licker"  
 And some "oil can" goes and swipes it off the shelf  
 There are BLUES you get from waiting on the dock  
 And wonderin' if the boat is gonna rock  
 And there's BLUES that come from getting in a taxi cab and fretting  
 Every time you hit a bump and jump the clock  
 There are BLUES you get from trying hard to save some guy from dying  
 And he afterwards forgets you in his will  
 And there's BLUES much worse than this is  
 When you're walkin' with the Missus  
 And some chorus lady shouts "Hello there, Bill"  
 But the BLUES that make me crazy mad and sorer than a bunion  
 'Til I feel like goin' out and stabbing some one with an onion  
 Are the BLUES my naughty sweetie gives to -  
 They're the bluest kind of BLUES.

## *Double Patter Chorus*

There are BLUES..... oh, the weary, weary BLUES,  
 That you get from..... they're the kind you never lose,  
 There are BLUES..... oh, the dreary, dreary BLUES,  
 That you get from..... any kind of pain you choose  
 There are BLUES when you're lonely for your one and only,  
 And BLUES you can never explain..... you may try 'til you die,  
 There are BLUES..... lack o' money makes you blue,  
 That you get from..... when the rent is coming due,  
 But the blue..... just as blue as Indigo,  
 -est BLUES that be..... that make you feel so mean and low,  
 And the BLUES that make me hot and cold  
 And make me shake and shiver  
 And make me want to end it all  
 By hopping in the river  
 Are the BLUES my naughty sweetie gives to -  
 They're the bluest kind of BLUES.