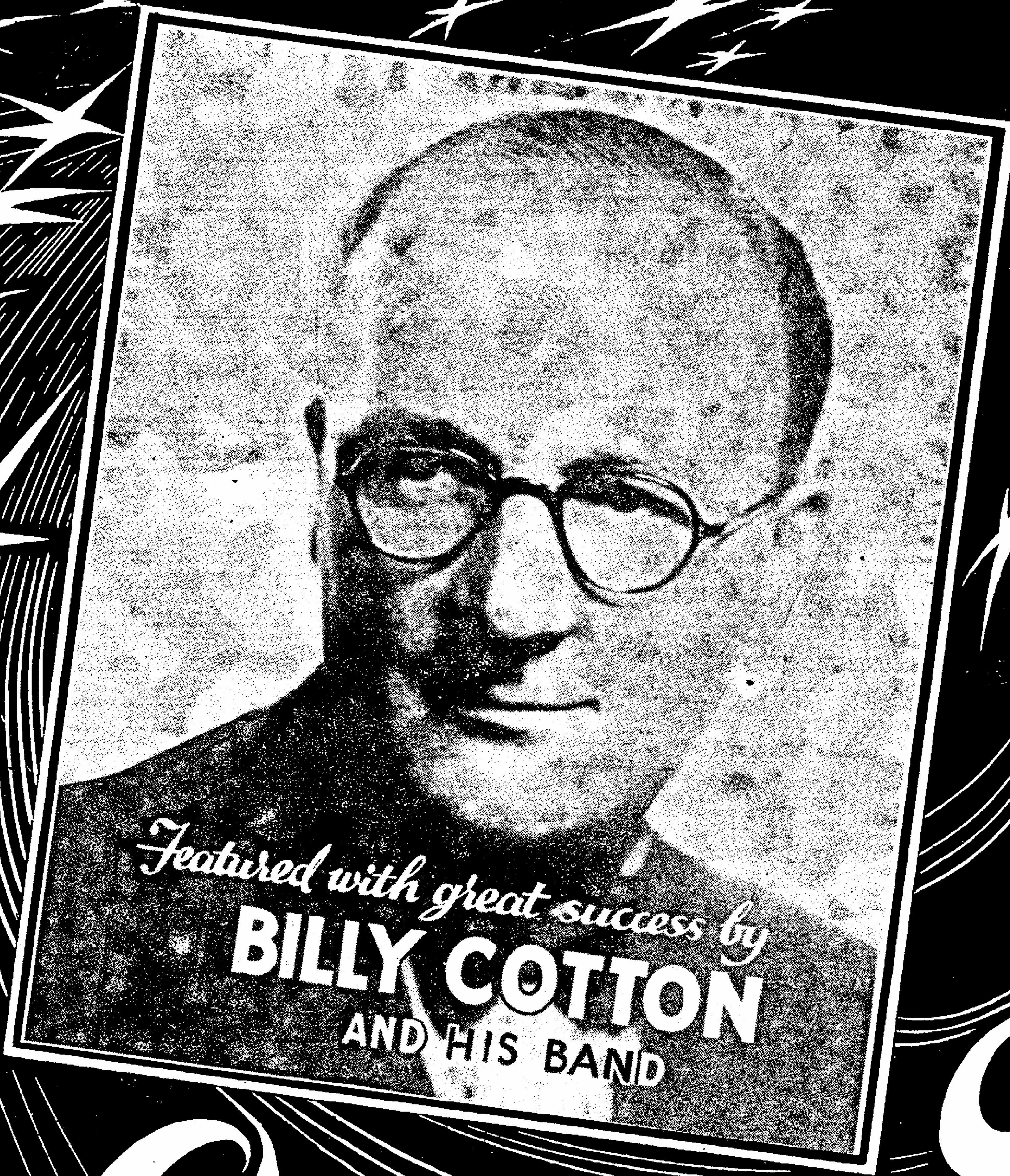


LIFE GITS TEE-JUS, DON'T IT?

BY CARSON ROBISON

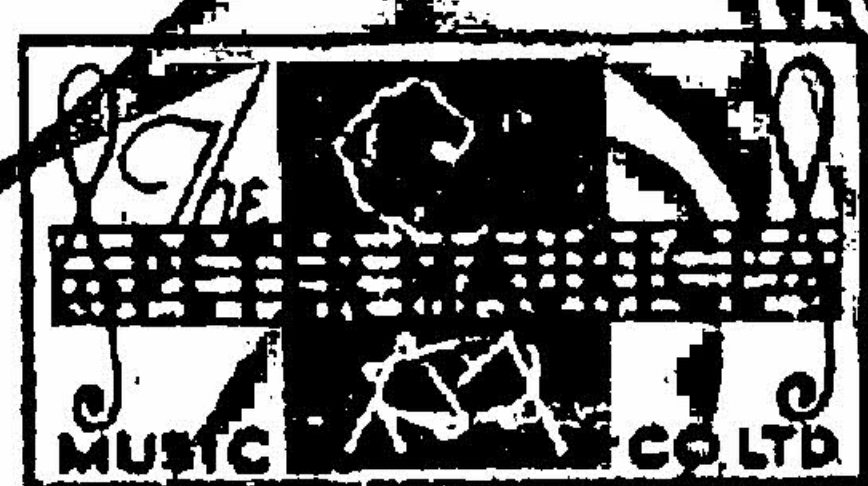
RECORDED ON H.M.V. By CARSON ROBISON-CAPITOL By TEX WILLIAMS-BRUNSWICK RECORD N°O4036 By PETER LIND HAYES



PRICE 1/- NET

E. J. KING
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THE GARDE
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EDGWARE



LIFE GITS TEE-JUS, DON'T IT?

(Recorded by Peter Lind Hayes on Brunswick Record No. 04036)

Words and Music by
CARSON J. ROBISON

Molto moderato

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and concludes with a ritardando (*rit.*) marking.

(Spoken ad lib)

The first line of the song features a vocal melody with lyrics: "The sun comes up and the sun goes down, The hands on the clock keep_". The piano accompaniment is marked *a tempo* and *mp*. The lyrics are written above the vocal staff with rhythmic notation. The piano part includes a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The second line of the song features a vocal melody with lyrics: "go - in' roun', I just git up and it's time to lay down,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a melodic line. The lyrics are written above the vocal staff with rhythmic notation.

The third line of the song features a vocal melody with lyrics: "LIFE GITS TEE-JUS, DON'T IT? My shoe's un - tied but I don't care,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a melodic line. The lyrics are written above the vocal staff with rhythmic notation.

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I aint fig-'rin' on goin' no - where, I'd have to wash and

C7 F F7

comb my hair, And that's just wast - ed (ef - fort.) (dont' it?)

Bb Bbm6 C7 F F

1 2 3 & 4 5 *Last time only*

EXTRA VERSES

2

Water in the well gettin' lower and lower,
 Can't take a bath fer six months more,
 But I've heard it said and it's true I'm sure,
 That too much bathin' will weaken yuh.
 I open the door and the flies swarm in,
 I shut the door and I'm sweatin' agin,
 I move too fast and crack my shin,
 Just one durn thing after another.

3

Old brown mule he must be sick,
 I jabbed him in the rump with a pin on a stick,
 He humped his back but he wouldn't kick,
 There's somethin' cock-eyed somewhere.
 A mouse a-chawin' on the pantry door,
 He's been at it fer a month er more,
 When he gits thru' he'll sure be sore,
 There aint a durn thing in there.

4

Hound dog howlin' so forlorn,
 Laziest dog that ever was born,
 He's howlin' cause he's settin' on a thorn,
 And jist too tired to move over.
 The tin roof leaks and the chimney leans,
 There's a hole in the seat of my ol' blue jeans,
 And I've et the last of the pork and beans,
 Jist can't depend on nothin'.

5

Cow's gone dry and the hens won't lay,
 Fish quit bitin' last Saturday,
 Troubles pile up day by day,
 And now I'm gittin' dandruff.
 Grief and misery, pains and woes,
 Debts and taxes and so it goes,
 And I think I'm gittin' a cold in the nose,
 Life gits tasteless, dont' it?