

SVICIDE BLVES

DEDICATED TO OUR FRIENDS
THE LOUISIANA FIVE



5

WORDS BY
GEO. A. NORTON

MUSIC BY
PETER DE ROSE



F. HAVILAND PUB. CO.
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E. A. NORTON

Dedicated To Our Friends "Louisiana Five"

The Suicide Blues

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Moderato

Piano

Vamp

I'm dis - ap - point - ed, My
My spi - rit's bus - ted, I'm

heart's dis - joint - ed, There's some thin' that's ad - lin' my mind. —
plum - dis - gus - ted, 'Cause ev - 'ry thing seems to go wrong. —

Im on the blink, I just cant think, There's no cure I kin find. —
In all my dreams, There's grief it seems, Oh! hear ma sor-row song. —

rall.

Chorus (Not fast)

Im gon - na bathe ma' - self In car - bol - ic Ac - id, And eat a pound of Par - is

p-f

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Green _____ Chew all the heads off a box of Sul - phur Match-es,

And wash 'em down with Gas - o - lene; _____ Den Ill hang ma'-self to a

Weep - in' Wil - low Tree, _____ And stab ma'-self a time or two, And I'll

weep and sigh, -Till I droop and die, - Cause I've cer-tlnly got the "Su-cide Blues,"

-You tell the peo-ple Dad I had the Sui cide Blues _____ Im gon-na