

Don't You Grieve

DON'T YOU GRIEVE 4137 52 A2

Troy Cambron Arvin, 1940

I went down town a-feelin' mighty funny
Picked up a pocket book stuffed full of money
Man on the street said, "Where ya goin' sonny?"
An' I tol' him not to grieve about me.

While I'm gone it's don' you grieve
While I'm gone it's don' you grieve
While I'm gone it's don' you grieve
O don't you grieve about me.

Went to a hotel to stay all night
Gave six bits and they said alright
Went upstairs and went to bed
An' I told 'era not to grieve about me.

While I'm gone it's don' you grieve
While I'm gone it's don' you grieve
While I'm gone it's don' you grieve
O don't you grieve about me.

Got up nex mornin and dressed my feet,
Went down stairs to my breakfast seat,
Jumped on the table and started in to eat,
And I told 'em not to grieve about me.

While I'm gone it's don' you grieve
While I'm gone it's don' you grieve
While I'm gone it's don' you grieve
O don't you grieve about me.

Got on a train without a cent of money
Long come conductor lookin might funny
Tapped me on the head said, "Where ya goin' sonny?"
An' I told him not to grieve about me.

At the next station he put me off
He ought not to done it fer I had a bad cough
All in a squall the train rode off
An' I told him not to grieve about me.

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