

Bye Bye Blackbird

(I'm Your Mailman)

228

Mort Dixon/Ray Henderson - 1926
 Pop. by Eddie Canter
 Rec. by Gene Austin, Nick Lucas,
 Russ Morgan & Leo Reisman Orchs.
 "Mailman" parody followed soon.

Concert Pitch

The Firehouse Jazz Band

A



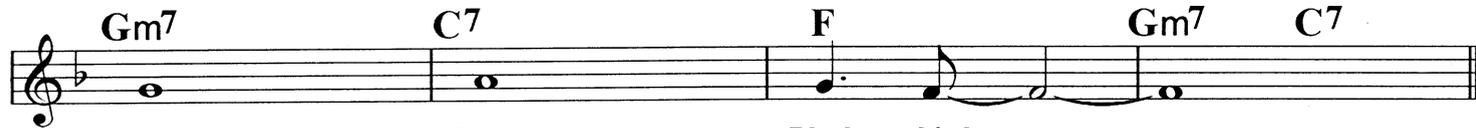
Pack up all my care and woe, Here I go, sing - ing low,
 Make you hap - py, make you gay, that's 'cause I come twice a day,



Bye, I'm Black - bird.
 Your Mail - man.



Where some - bod - y waits for me, sug - ar's sweet, so is she,
 Knock your knock - er, ring your bell, bet you think that I am swell,

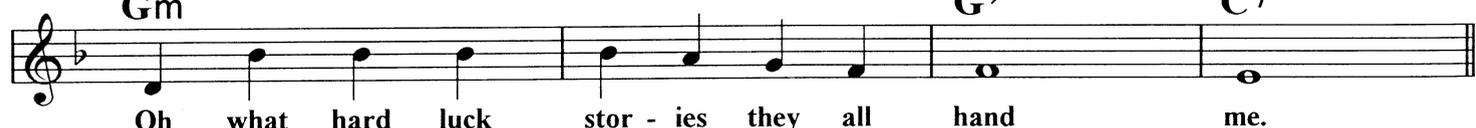


Bye, I'm Black - bird.
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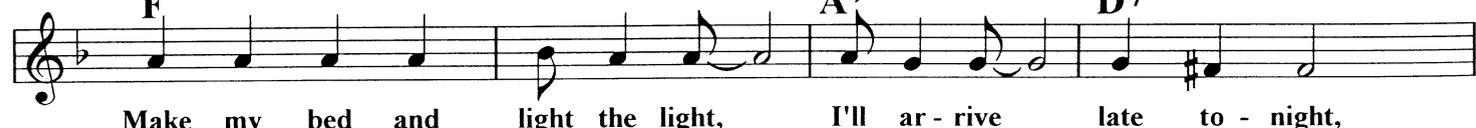
B



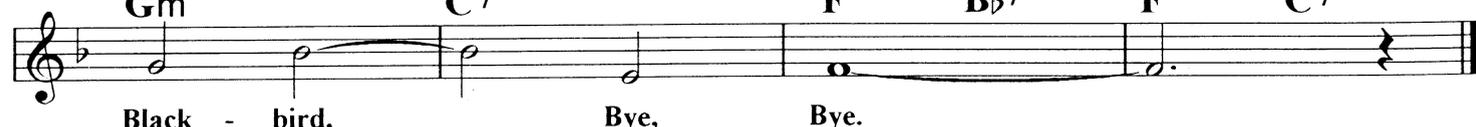
No one here can love and un - der - stand me.
 I can come in an - y kind of weath - - - er,



Oh what hard luck stor - ies they all hand me.
 that's be - cause my bag is made of leath - - - er.



Make my bed and light the light, I'll ar - rive late to - night,
 I don't mess with keys or locks, I just slip it in your box,



Black - bird, Bye, Bye.
 I'm Your Mail - man.