

IV' E GOT THE
PROFITEERING BLUES



WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
IRVING BIBO



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I've Got The Profiteering Blues

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Piano

I'm feel - ing sad — I'm feel - ing bad — I went to see my doc - tor to
Long, long a - go — Pric - es were low — That is like a dream now to

day — The doc - tor said — Your troub - le's gone to your head — and you must
me — A lit - tle pay — Would go a ve - ry long way — a loaf of

take my ad - vice — right a - way — I know just what's wrong with you —
bread now is a lux - u - ry — I'm dis - gust - ed through and through.

Med - i - cine will nev - er do — I've had a lot of pa - tients with the
Here's what I would like to do — Just like Rip Van Win - kle I would

There is a medley to this Song on back page



same com-plaint, When he told me what was wrong I thought that I would faint—I've got the like to sleep— Un til the cost of liv ing once a gain is cheap—

Chorus

Prof-i-teer-ing blues. — I've got the Prof-i-teer-ing blues — High pric-es make me sick for all my

clothes are worn through, — I'll have to dress like A - dam but what else can I do, — I've got the

prof-i - teer-ing blues — I can't af - ford to buy — a pair of shoes. —

Ev'-ry time I get a raise I laugh with glee — then a - long comes my land-lord and takes it from me — It seems the

more I make the more they take, I've got the prof-i - teer-ing blues. blues. —

MEDLEY FOR PROFITEERING BLUES

Do you re-mem-ber when pri-ces were low On that seems so long long a - go — And gone are the days when free
 bread-as wet with beers Those mem-o-ries just fill my eyes with tears On where are the steaks that cost a quar-ter
 No body knows On no-body knows And where is all the pumkin without the wa-ter — On
 that was when we were so young Maggie When ten bucks a week was big pay — But that pay-to-day Don't go a ver-y long way —
 You'd be sur- prised Just take your girl to a show And how those ten bucks will go — You'd be sur- prised — Do you re-
 mem-ber the suits with two pair of pants for fif-teen bucks I'll say I do — Now they're in luck If you get a suit with
 out an-y pants for fif-ty bucks — I'm right there to — And there's no stopping thieves to be land-lords to-day 'Cause they
 don't get ar-rest - ed for steal-ing that way King Solomon had a thou-sand wives I've heard them say Hold have no chance to keep all those
 wo-men to day — Be-lieve me it's no joke we're all dead broke I've got the prof-i- teer-ing blues —

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