

#5 - Ya Got Trouble

(HAROLD)

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game, I say that an - y boob — kin take 'n' shove a

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ball in a pock - et, and I call that sloth! — The first big step on the road to the

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depths of de - gra - da - I say, first it's a lit - tle - ah - me - dic - i - nal

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wine from a tea - spoon; Then beer from a bot - tle. And the

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(HAROLD)

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next thing you know, your son is play-in' fer mon-ey in a pinch-back suit, and

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list-'nin' to some big, out a - town jas - per, hear-in' him tell a - bout horse-race gamb - lin'.

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Not a whole - some trot-tin' race, no! But a race where they se' down right on a horse!

(h)
fz

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Like to see some stuck-up jock - ey boy set-tin' on Dan Patch? Make - your blood

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(HAROLD)

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boil? well I should say. Now friends, lem-me tell you what I mean. Ya got

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one, two, three, four, five, six pock-ets in a ta-ble!

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Pock-ets that mark the diff-'rence be-tween a gen-tle-man and a bum, with a cap-i-tal

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"B" and that rhymes with "P" and that stands for pool. And all week long your