

I Call Him Abestos Daddy

'Cause He Tries To Cool Me Down

Piano Arr. by
Erwin F. Swindell.
Ukulele Arr. by
Grace Lucille Thompson

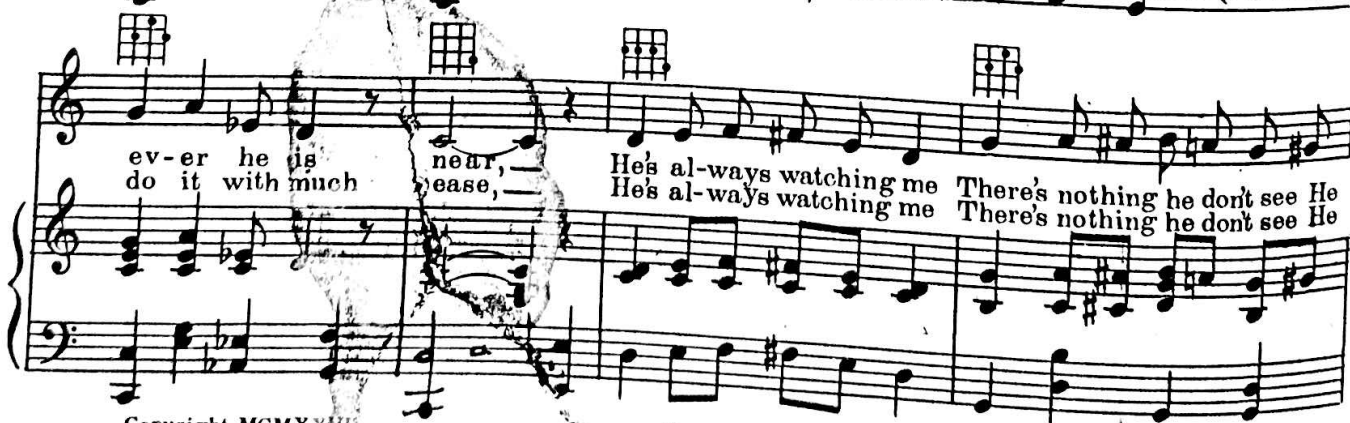
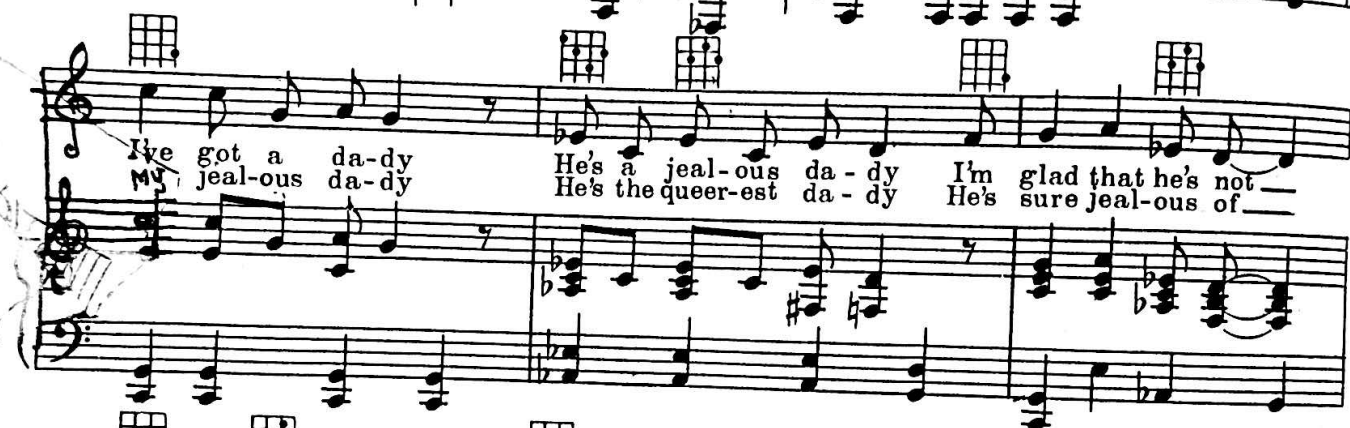
Tune Ukulele or Banjolele

Words and Music by
J. LAWRENCE POSTON &
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Moderato

G C E A

VAMP



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thinks that I have too much pep for one's good rep - u - ta - tion.
says if I don't set - tle down there'll be a sep - ar - a - tion.

I call him As-bes-tos Da-dy, As-bes-tos Da-dy, 'Cause he tries to cool me

down, When we go out at night The way he guards me it's a

sight, ——— He don't want me to have much pep, 'Cause

he's a - fraid that I might step, He's all the time a

bawl - in' me out No mat-ter what a - bout,

As-bes-tos Da-dy, As-bes-tos Da-dy, 'Cause he tries to cool me

down, I'm shout-in' 'Cause he tries to cool me down. down.

Asbestos Daddy

By
J. LAWRENCE POSTON
and S. E. (GENE) ALDRICH

Masculine Version (Asbestos Mama)

1.

I've got a Mama,
She's a jealous Mama,
I'm glad that she's not here.
I never can enjoy myself,
Whenever she is near.
She's always watching me,
There's nothing she don't see.
She thinks that I have too much pep,
For my good reputation.

CHORUS

I call her Asbestos Mama, Asbestos Mama,
'Cause she tries to cool me down.
When we go out at night,
The way she guards me it's a sight.
She don't want me to have much pep,
'Cause she's afraid that I might step.
She's all the time a-bawlin' me out,
No matter what about.
Asbestos Mama, Asbestos Mama,
'Cause she tries to cool me down, I'm shoutin'
'Cause she tries to cool me down.

2.

My jealous Mama,
She's the queerest Mama,
She's sure jealous of me.
I never can do as I please,
And do it with much ease.
She's always watching me,
There's nothing she don't see;
She says if I don't settle down,
There'll be a separation.

Dialog Version

1.

Poor jealous Mama;
You suspicious Mama,
I'm glad that you are here.
I'm going to enjoy myself,
And never have a fear.
You're always watching me,
There's nothing you don't see;
You think that I have too much pep,
For my good reputation.

CHORUS

I call you Asbestos Mama, Asbestos Mama,
'Cause you try to cool me down.
When we go out at night,
The way you guard me it's a sight.
You don't want me to have much pep,
'Cause you're afraid that I might step.
You're all the time a-bawlin' me out,
No matter what about.
Asbestos Mama, Asbestos Mama,
Don't you try to cool me down, I'm shoutin'
Don't you try to cool me down.

2.

Poor jealous Daddy,
You suspicious Daddy,
I'm glad that you are here.
I'm going to enjoy myself,
And never have a fear,
You're always watching me,
There's nothing you don't see,
You think that I have too much pep,
For my good reputation.