Can't Live on Atmosphere

Words by Ed. Wilson

Music by Geo. H. Barnes
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ED. WILSON.

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GEO. H. BARNES.

Moderato.

A very dark coon and a brown-skin gal Had a falling out;
Dis coon got hot, you can bet your dough, But he took a quiet sneak;
He bought an automobile and a dimond ring, To a swell cafe he went;

If you'll listen I'll tell to you What it's all about.
Sware he'd be gone about ten year, And he only stayed a week.
Everything there on the bill of fare was ordered, For dis colored gent.

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tried to get bad, And said there'd be a fight, from way down South, And de message made him stare, de bill was due, De waiter kind-ly smiled,

If dat yel-low nig-ger dat keeps hanging To find an old rich un-cle died and Dis nig-ger laid down a hun-dred dol-lar

'round, Wouldn't leave town dat night. But de gal said no, he's got de dough, And a cheap man's eas-y made Him a mill-ionaire. Now I'll go back and show dem coons Dat I'm dead hard to bill, Said dat'll hold you for a while. The very next day while riding down Broadway, He met dat gal of

found; And dis nig-ger re-plies as he rolls his eyes, Ba-by, you have throwed me down. beat; As he passed by you could hear dat gal cry, Don't dat nig-ger look sweet! brown; She asked to ride and dis coon replied, You're de gal dat throwed me down.

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D.C.S.

But you'll see the day when you'll be glad To get me back again.

Now my honey gal wouldn't you think it mighty queer If I'd take you back again.

Oh, my honey gal you makes me so sad. And in deed I just feels awful bad. I left here? I guess he's living on de atmosphere. Where's dat yellow mister dar I left here? I guess he's living in de atmosphere.

al ways called me pet and dear. Now you wants me to live on de atmosphere. to me with dar somet-hing spell. Dat you wants to ride in my all-to-mo bile.