ALWAYS IN THE WAY.

Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.
Arr. by Jos. Claude.

Andante.

Please, Mister, take me in your car, I want to see Mam
The ride it ended all too soon, she toddled off a-

ma, They say she lives in Heaven, is it
A light shone from a window, and she

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very, very far? My new Mamma is
peeped into the room, Please tell me is this

very cross, and scolds me ev'ry day, I
Heaven, Ma'am, and will they let me stay? For-

guess she does not love me, for I'm always in the way.
ev'er, child, for this is home, and you're not in the way.

CHORUS.
Valse lento.

Always in the way. Always in the way.
say, I wonder why they don't kiss me,

Just the same as sister May, Always in the way,

I can never play, My own Mam-

ma would never say I'm always in the way.

Always in the way.