

SM 1841

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I Want To Be A Janitor's Child.

By the writers of
Redhead, I'm A Bringing Up The Family,
I've Got The Mumps etc.

Words by
IRENE FRANKLIN.

Music by
BURT GREEN.

Moderato.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 8/8 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (Bb).

Musical notation for the piano, continuing from the previous system. It includes a 'Slower.' marking and a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The key signature remains Bb.

We live in a big a - part - ment house with eigh - teen el - a -
The jan - i - tors child next door buys ho - key - po - key from a

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

va - tors, And but - lers, maids and schof - fer - men and fif - teen mil - lion
gui - nea; I eat my cream with a plate and spoon, so's not to spoil my

Musical notation for the second line of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.

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wai - ters; You can't slide down the ban - is - ters nor play jacks on the
pin - ee; We go to Eu - rope once a year bud the lit - tle girl next

mf

1st Verse only.

floor. Ma says it's ver - y el - e - gant but I like the house next door. Cause
door, Can go to Co - ney Is - land, twice a week and some - times more. I

there's a lit - tle girl lives in there, she's just as big as me. She's
have to eat what's good for me, my milk is pas - ter - ized. My

got the grand - est yel - low dog and a kit - ten full of fleas; She
bread comes rolled in pa - per and my eggs are scan - dal - ized; My

rides up on the dum-wai-ter, and she don't wear fussed up clothes; You
nurse is an - ti - sep-tic and my clothes is hard and firm; If

colla voce.

see her Pa is a - jan - i - tor, And good-ness on - ly knows.
I grow up to be eigh-teen, I'm going to eat a germ.

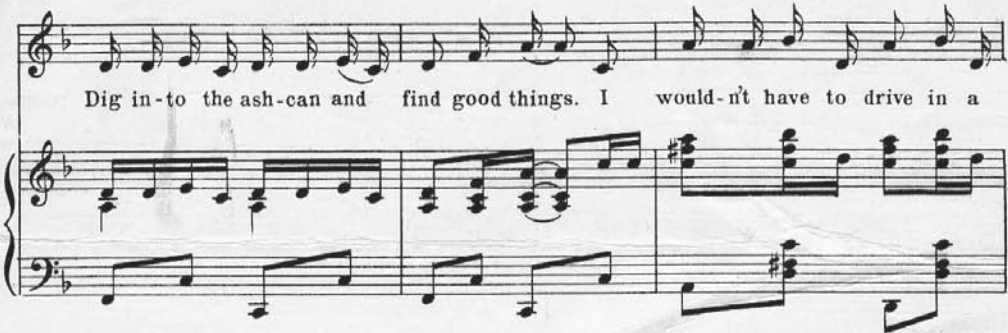
CHORUS.

I wish my Pa was a jan - i - tor man, then I could run for beer with a

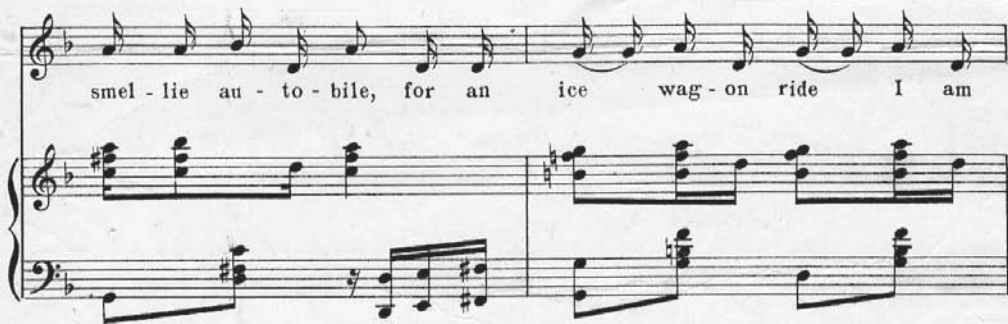
mf *mf-ff*

nice tin can; Sam-ple all the good-ies that the gro-cer brings,

Dig in-to the ash-can and find good things. I would-n't have to drive in a

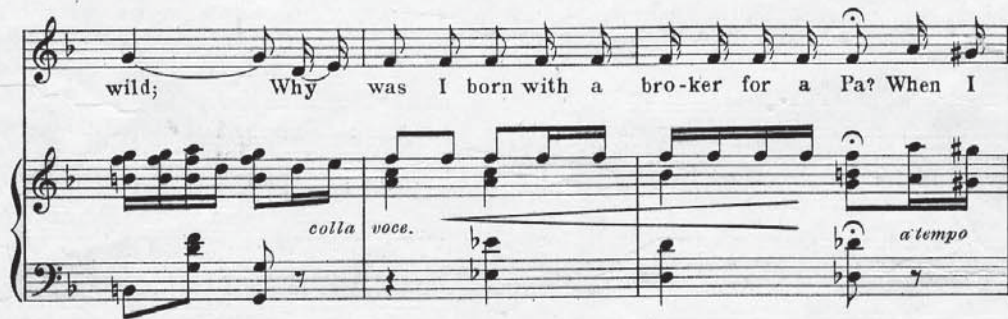


smel - lie au - to - bile, for an ice wag - on ride I am



wild; Why was I born with a bro-ker for a Pa? When I

colla voce. *allegro*



want to be a Jan - i - tor's child! I child!

