

# Nobody knows when you're down and out

transposé une 3<sup>e</sup> min ↓

Paroles et musique de Jimmie Cox (1882-1925). Créé en 1923.

Piano introduction in G major, 3/4 time. The melody features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

Once I lived the life — of a mil - lion - aire, — Spend - ing my mon - ey, I

Ré Fa#7/do# Si7 Mim Si7/fa#

10  
did - n't care, — Tak - ing my friends — out for a good time — Buy - in'

Mim Sol Sol#m7#5 Ré Lam7/do Si7

boot - leg liqu - or, cham - pagne and wine — Then I be - gan to

Mi9 Mi7#5 La7 Ré Fa#7

15

fall so low, — I did - n't have a friend and no place to go — If I

Si7 Mim Si7 Mim

20

e - ver get my hands on a dol - lar a - gain — Gon - na hold on to it till that

Sol Sol#dim Ré Lam Si7 Mi9

ea - gle grins. — 'Cause no, no, no - bo - dy knows you

Mi7#5 La7 Ré Fa# Si7

25

When you're down — and out — In your pock - et

Mim Si7 Mim Sol Sol#dim

not one pen - ny And as for friends you have - n't a - ny. If

Ré Lam7/do Si7 Mi7 Mi7<sup>b5</sup> La7

30 you ev - er get back - on your feet a - gain - They you will find your long - lost friends.

Ré Fa#7 Si7 Mim Si7 Mim

35 It's migh - ty strange — with - out a doubt — No - bod - y wants you — when you're

Sol Sol#dim Ré Lam7/do Ré7 Mi9

1. 2. down and out, - no - bod - y wants you - when you're down and out - down and out -

Mi7<sup>b5</sup> La7 Mi9 Si<sup>b</sup>9 La9 Ré6 Mi7 Si<sup>b</sup>9 La9 Ré6

Once I lived the life of a millionaire,  
Spending my money, I did not care.  
Taking my friends out for a good time,  
Bought bootleg whiskey, champagne and wine.

Then I began to fall so low,  
I didn't have a friend, no place to go.  
I get my hands on a dollar again,  
I'm gonna hang on to it till that eagle grins.

'Cause no, no, nobody knows you  
When you're down and out.  
In your pocket, not one penny,  
And as for friends, you don't have any.

If you ever get back on your feet again,  
Then you will find your old long-lost friends.  
It's mighty strange, without a doubt,  
Nobody knows you when you're down and out.

Un jour j'ai vécu la vie de millionnaire,  
Dépensant mon argent, sans faire attention.  
Emmenant mes amis pour du bon temps,  
Achetant du whisky de contrebande, du Champagne et du vin.

Alors j'ai commencé à tomber si bas,  
Que je n'avais plus ni ami, ni endroit où aller.  
Si un jour je mets la main sur un dollar  
Je m'y accroche jusqu'à ce que l'aigle devienne vert.

Parce que personne ne te connaît  
Quant tu es dans la dèche.  
Dans ta poche, même pas un penny;  
Quant aux amis, tu n'en a aucun.

Si tu arrives à remonter la pente,  
Alors tu reverras tes vieux amis perdus de vue  
C'est vraiment étrange, sans aucun doute,  
Personne ne te connaît quand tu es dans la dèche.

