









# It's Only a Shanty in Old Shanty Town





Words & Music: Joe Young, "Little" Jack Little & John Siras (1932)




Arranged by: Ron Chamberlin




4/4 Time - Intro:  / / /  / /




/  / / /  / / /  / / / / / / /  
I'm up in the wo - rld, but I'd give the world,





/  / / /  / / /  / / / / / / /  
to be ba - ck where I used to be




  / / / / / /   / / / / / / /  
In a hea - ven - ly nest, where I rest the best.




/  / / / / / /   / / / / / / /  
That means mo - re th - an the wo - rld to me.




/  / / / / / /  / / / / / / /  / / / / / / /  
It's on ly a shan - ty in old shan - ty town.






/  / / /  / / /  / / / / / / /  
The roof is so slan - ty it tou - ches the ground.





  / / / / / /   / / / / / / /  
But my tum - bled down shack by the old rail - road track,

/  / / / / / /   / / / / / / /  
Like a mil - lion - aire's man - sion is cal - ling me back.

/  / / / / / /  / / / / / / /  / / / / / / /  
I'd give up a pal - ace if I were a king.

/  / / /  / / /  / / / / / / /  
It's more than a pal - ace, it's my eve - ry - thing.

/  / / / / / /  / / / / / /  /  /  / / / /  
There's a queen wait - ing there with a sil - ver - y crown,

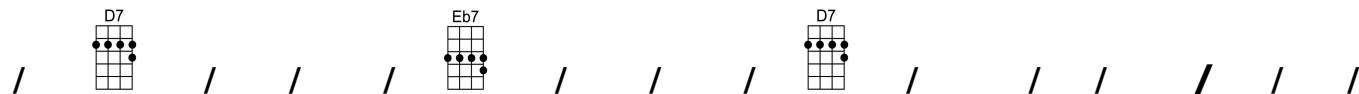
/  / / /   / / / / / /  / / / /  
In a shan - ty in old shan - ty town.



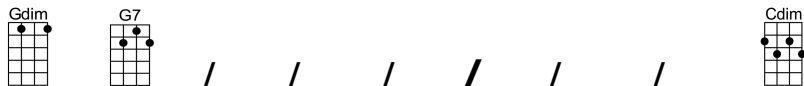
Well, there's a shanty in a town on a little plot of ground



Where the green grass grows all a - round, all a - round.



The roof's so worn, so dog - gone torn, it tumbles to the ground.



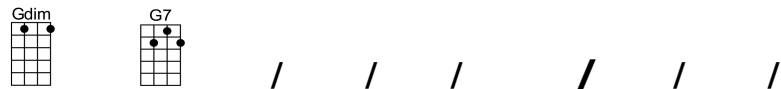
That little ole shack that sits way back a - bout



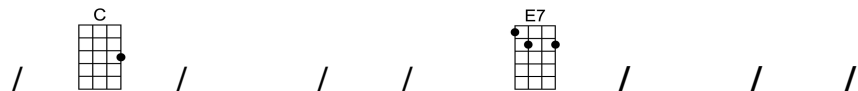
Twenty - five feet from the rail - road track,



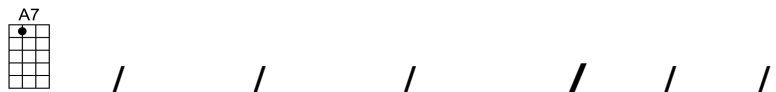
Lingers on my mind most all of the time,



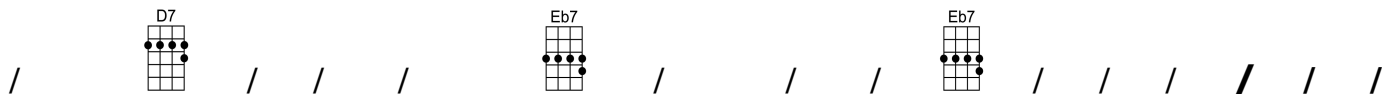
Keeps calling me back to my little ole shack.



Well I'd be as sassy as Haile Se - lassie.



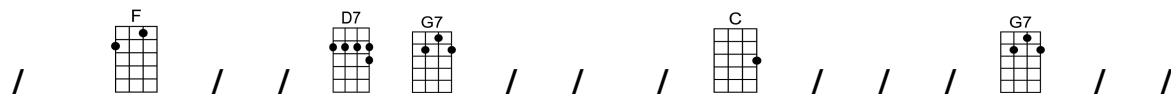
If I were a king it wouldn't mean a thing.






I pull my boots up tall, read the writin' on the wall, it don't mean a thing.










There's a queen wait - ing there with a sil - ver - y crown,








In a shan - ty in old shan - ty town. Well,

 / / /  / / /  / / / / / / /  
**I'm up in the wo - rld, but I'd give the world,**

 / / /  / / /  / / / / / / /  
**to be ba - ck where I used to be**

  / / / / / / /   / / / / / / /  
**In that lit - tle ole shack by the old rail - road track**

  / / /   / / / / / / /  / / / / / / /  
**In a shan - ty in old shan - ty town.**