I GO HOME TO MY WIFE

Words by
WM. A. DOWNS

Music by
ERNIE ERDMAN

Marcia (lively)

Doctor! Doctor! Doctor! There's something wrong with me, I
Doctor! Doctor! Doctor! You've cured my aches and ills, The

need a remedy to cure me, don't you see? I
meas-les, mumps and chills, I've al-ways paid my bills, So

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eat well, I sleep well, and work the whole day thru.
please look me over and do it carefully. Oh,

model man I know I am, I neither drink nor chew.
Gee! I hope your microscope will find what's wrong with me. Oh,

Doctor, won't you tell me why, when twilight shadows dim the sky. I
Doctor said: "Without a doubt, I'll have to cut your high-life out!"

grab my hat, dash from the flat: oh, Doctor, tell me why?
can't be cured must be endured, so I began to shout.

1h so home 4
When the clock strikes eight I call on Kate, And at

nine I call on Lou, At ten fifteen

teen to sweet Irene I slip a kiss or
two. At eleven four on

I'll go home.
Nellie's door— I'm knocking for dear life. But when the clock strikes one I take it on the run, I go home to my wife. When the wife.

I'll go home.

molto rit.

a tempo

D.S. 8

WALTON PROCESS CHICAGO