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Just Wait 'Til We Get Home.

Words by JOS. MITTENTHAL. Music by JOSEPH M. DALY.

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

John McCann was a ladies man Always
Johnny fell for the village belle And the

left a broken heart where he would roam, Any
wedding bells went ting-a-ling-a-ling, Little

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girl that ever met him wasn't able to forget him. They were
Johnny is a martyr 'cause his wife-y is a tarter. And he
always glad to let him take 'em home. He was bashful
hasn't got the nerve to do a thing. When he goes sneak-ing
in a crowd, You wouldn't hardly notice him at all,
into town To look the girlies over on the sly,

But when he got one alone, one was sure to fall. Her
Dear friend wife is on the trail, with her eagle eye. When he

Just wait 'till etc. 4
lit-tle hand he'd squeeze  And mur-mur words like these.

thinks the coast is clear,    She whis-pers in his ear.

Chorus

just wait 'til we get home,    Wait 'til we're

home all a-lone,    I'm so bash-ful when

there's a crowd    But when we're home, I'll love you right out

Just wait 'til etc. 4
in the par-lor, Wait 'till your folks are gone,

Hon-ey just wait 'till lat-er on. Now you might learn a

thing or two Oh what I won't do to you! Just wait 'till

we get home. home.

Just wait 'till etc. 4