Don't Blame Me For What Happens In The Moonlight

(BLAME THE MOON)

Words by
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Music by
BERT GRANT

Moderato

Dear - ie, hear me,
Soft breeze through trees,

Why do you turn your head a - way?
Sweet scented flowers perfume the air,

angry, Listen, to what I have to say;
June night, Just seemed to take me un - a - ware;

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I didn't mean to pain you, I'd rather die than shame you,
I couldn't help but squeeze you, I couldn't help but tease you,

I didn't mean to make you cry;
I thought that it would please you too;

I don't deserve all this abuse,
Wait till you hear my excuse.
I'm innocent and you'll know just why,
When you hear my alibi.

CHORUS
Don't blame me for what happens in the moonlight, Dear lie mine.
Don't blame me, for the kisses that I stole were so divine. Mister

Moon from the sky Sly-ly winked his other eye, As if to

Croon, Start something soon, So, don't blame me for what

Happens in the moon-light, Blame the moon. moon.

Don't blame me.

E.A. Stege Co., Litha & Eng., New York