Down In Bom-Bombay

Words by
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Music by
HARRY CARROLL

Moderato

If you're tired of this life,
If you're tired of this life,
There you're the tropic breezes blow,
There you're the tropic breezes blow,

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lone-ly with one wife,
Where the girls are nice,

Take your lit-tle grip,
Take a lit-tle trip to

They eat cur-ried rice,
Full of red hot spice in

In-di-a far a-way,
Down to Bom-Bom-bay:
In-di-a far a-way,
Down in Bom-Bom-bay:

CHORUS

Down in Bom-Bom-bay.

Down In Bom-Bombay - 4
Where the palm trees sway,

Where you clap your hands, Then you give commands

To those Indian bands to play a little tom-tom (hear 'em).

There the girlsies sway;

Down In Bom-Bom-Bay-4.
In that Oriental way,

Every cat has got nine lives,
Where you lead the simple life,

Every man has got nine wives,
Every day a different wife,
Down in Bom-Bom-

1.
bay

2.
bay.