Words by HOWARD JOHNSON
Moderato

Lonesome little love-sick China-man, packing up his grip, ready for a trip, or a great big ship. How he hates to leave his native land.

As the great big liner leaves the pier, streaming out to sea, there stands young China, lonesome lad is he, waving to the shores that disappear, after all these years. Time for sailing nears. He sings through his tears:

you can hear him say, "Tho' I'm far away, in my heart you stay!"

CHORUS:

"Good-bye, Shanghai, across the sea I've got to fly to fair America, oh my, Shanghai, sweet China-girl waits there, that's why pigtail must fail and go to her.

She wrote a note to me, said that we would start a tea room, Chop Suey room. Later build a home with one, two, three, room.

If you hit the pipe, lawcatchyouquick, smoke opium no more, Melican policeman swing big stick, pop head drop dead. Wear no more kimos made of silk, wear no more Pagoda hats, dress up like a dude in pinchback suit, wear a little cane and spats.

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