Great Big-Heap Much Bull

Words by EDWARD LASKA and NEVILLE FLEESON

Music by ALBERT VON TILZER

Moderato

Out from the wild and the wool-y west Not "Heap Much Bull" wrote a let-ter back To

long a-go there came The son of "Big Chief
sister in the west, He said "The pick-in's


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Sitting Bull, To seek for gold and fame. He laid his tomahawk away, His best!! So she closed up the wig-wam, Stuck a bow and arrows too, And if you haven't feather in her hat, Put heap much war paint met him yet, You'll know him when you do.
on her face— Now what d'you think of that?—

rall.
CHORUS

"Great Big Heap Much Bull," Oh! that's his name,
"Great Big Heap Much Bull," Oh! that's her name,

Shooting heap much bull, oh that's his game.
Down here on the fast-est train she came.

He will slap you on the back,
Laugh at ev'ry joke you crack,
How that baby learned to vamp,
At gold digging she's a champ.

When he says "Good-bye" your stack is minus twenty,
She can make a millionaire a tramp, "Sweet Pa-pa!"
“Great Big Heap Much Bull,” Oh! he’s some guy,
“Great Big Heap Much Bull,” Oh! she’s some queen,

Even while he sleeps he has to lie.
Fast-est work-er you have ev-er seen.

Takes you out to dine, by heck, Then laugh-him-self out of the check.
She don’t scalp ‘em, she’s too wise, She on-ly picks bald-head-ed guys.

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