He's The Cat's Meow

Words by BALLARD MACDONALD

Music by AL. PIANTADOSI & BILLY ABBOTT

Valse Moderato

Said He

Kit-ty O' Har-a to Mam-ie M'Cue At last me dream has come true — I've dress-es so smart, buys his clothes a la carte A Sears Roebuck fash-ion plate — Just

found me soul mate and the feel-in' is great Now it's wed-din' bells sure for us two — Oh! pipe me new lid I got that from the kid When he gave his old sweet-le the gate — Oh!

gosh! but he's grand and when he holds me hand I get goose pimplies all ov-er me — It's just gee! but he's grand, drives his ear wit' one hand Not a Ford but a swell Black and White — He's got

o- pen and shut He's got me off me nut I'm cu-c-koo as cu-c-koo can be dough put a-way cause he's sleep-in' all day And driv-in' his tax-i all 'night.

CHORUS

It was love at first sight when I met him that night His lamps looked

in-to me heart I felt a thrill Ma-mie the first kiss he ga-me His

bot had a hunch I seen him put must-ard all ov-er his cus-tard We

man-ners copped me from the start — He eats wit' his knife and his food seems to met in the Hang-ov-er Lunch — He showed me the pic-tures he's got in his

feat He does it so poi-fect he don't cut his throat I'm loon-ey I vow I can't flat And that was the night that he gim-me that hat

help it some-how Say Mame, He's the cats me-ow It was ow.

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