She's Mine, All Mine!

Tempo di Valse

The boys on the corner were talking—Each one said his girl was the best—And you ought to see Jimmy on Sunday—When he goes to call on his skirt—He

after they all get thru squaking—One big guy stepped out from the rest—Jimmy O'wears a white collar on Sunday—and puts on his other blue shirt—they go to

Lear—said, 'I've got a dearie—She's different from all of your girls—She's not a dance—but he takes no chances—he always sticks close to her side—and when a

queen like you see on the screen—and she aint got no diamonds or pearls—pal wants to dance with his gal—he says, 'go to it, I'm satisfied'—

Chorus

"But she's mine, all mine!—Yes, she's nobody else's but mine!—I told her I
"But she's mine, all mine!—Yes, she's nobody else's but mine!—She sure is a
"But she's mine, all mine!—As a cook she's certainly fine!—Her pies are de-

worked in a glue facto-ry—and that's how she happened to get stuck on me; and she's dand-y, she's hand-y, for fair—She makes her own clothes and she cuts her own hair; and she's lic-ious, she baked me a mince, I ate some last week and it's been with me since; and she's

mine, all mine!—On her nose there's a per-ma-nent shine—She has big blue eyes and a mine, all mine!—She's as sweet as the grapes on the vine—Last night in the parlor we mine, all mine!—And I know that we'll get a long fine—She's smart as a whip and as

litt-le pug-nose, she puts Mary Garden all over her clothes; she looks like a sat all alone, I gave her a ring any gal's proud to own; and I'm saving sharp as a knife, she saved ev'-ry dol- lar she's made in her life; when she gets e-

dai-sy and smells like a rose, and she's mine, all mine!—"But she's mine!—up now to buy her the stone, and she's mine, all mine!—"But she's mine!—nough saved I'll make her my wife, and she's mine, all mine!—"But she's mine!—"But she's mine!

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