ARTIST COPY

FI CKLE FLO

By ROY TURK and J. RUSSEL ROBINSON

From Kokomo

Moderato

There's a girl named Flo, out in Kokomo, Just as
Soon she sailed away, from the U.S.A., Selling

fickle as can be; Any boy that she may see,
She will vamp him one-two-
goods across the sea; And no matter where she'll be,
Every boy fell for her

three. Travels every where, Selling just men's wear, Oh! the orders that she plea.
Now she's back to stay, And she stands all day, In the village grocery

brings. With her vamp'ing eyes, You can recognize, This girl, when she sings:
store. And if you come in, It will make you grin, When she begins to roar:

Chorus

"I got my fill of "Sleepy Phil," down in Phil-a-del-phi-a,
"I loved a "rum-my" out in Rome, just a Roman Rum e-o,

"I met "Jack" from Jack-son-Ville who spent his "Jack," so free,
That "Al," from Al-a-bam,

knew a dub in Dub-lin, but he left me in a rage,
And then some "ham," from Ham-
a, Didn't have a chance with me,
That "Al," from Al-a-bam

I started in to tamper with a burg, Begged me to try the stage,
I met a pest in Bu-da-pest, But I

Tam-pa millionaire Till "Vic" from Vicks-burg came a-long, but I handed him the air,
sent him on his way A sis-try from old Sie-ly all my per-fume bills would pay.

Now my lone-some heart is broken, Bout a ho-bo from Ho-bok-en, I'm
Now I've got a real strong suit-on. He's an on-ion from Ber-mu-da, I'm

Fickle Flo from Ko-ko-mo," I mo"
Fickle Flo from Ko-ko-mo," I mo"

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