He's The Talk Of The Whole Darn Town

Comedy Song

By BILLY HEAGNEY & BERT REED

Moderato

I've got a pal and I'm right here a tell-in' you,
Down at the opera house about a week ago,

He's just the slick-est feller in our town;
He sung a song entitled After the Ball;

brand new, silver dollar, His christian name is Eb-en-ez-er Cyrus Brown;
I don't think so much of that, Eb-en-ez-er holl-ered go and hire a hall;

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TRI A TRIANGLE TUNE
He smokes solid gold tipped cigarette, Got mad last week
Eats all his meals at the lunch cart restaurant, Plays Mister Kelly Pool
and I heard he swore; Always drinks one half of one per cent, And he's that's his game; Corresponds with a fellow in Chicago,
checker champion of the general store. Mister Sears, Roebuck is the man's name.

CHORUS
He's the talk of the whole darn town, My pal Eben ezzer;
He's the talk of the whole darn town, My pal Eben ezzer;

He's the talk, etc. 3

TRI A TRIANGLE TUNE
He's about the biggest sport you've ever met,
Sings a wicked bass in the town quartet;
He wears ties of red, green and yellow,
Scotch last year; When he cuts up you'd laugh your self silly.

Sings about a girl named Dardineer;
Shakes at a dance till you'd think he was chilly,
Plays lots of tunes upon his down in the cellar, He's the talk of the whole darn town.

old ukalilly He's the talk of the whole darn town.