ARTIST COPY

MY IDAHO

Lyric by
CHARLES and HARRY TOBIAS

Music by
GEORGE J. BENNETT

Moderato

Voice

Ev'-ry where you roam,
           is some-one's Home Sweet Home,        Take folks from
Al-a-bam,    They claim their state is grand,    Go right down the line,

Each place is might-y fine,           I don't doubt the praise they shout,    Now I'll tell you mine:

Chorus

My I-da-ho,    I've de-cid-ed to be guid-ed where I be-long,    In I-da-ho,
Where you wake up in the morn-ing hum-ming a song,    I'm go-na board a train,
to fields of gold-en grain,    And start my life a-gain nev-er to roam

I hear the thrill of the sweet whip-poor-will,    Calling me
back to that house on the hill,    Some-one I know, I'll be press-in' and ca-ress-in'

Right in my arms, She's the sweet-est bunch of charms,    In I-da-ho.

PATTER

Sweet Lou-is-i-an-a won a lot of fame,    Just be cause the people there can raise the Cain,

Dear old Cal-i-fornia ev-ery-bo-dy booms,    Ev-en tho' we know the place is full of prunes,

Down in old Mis-sou-ri, they all know a lot, And you've got to show 'em, ev-e ry-thing you've got.

But there's just one place where good things grow, Look me o-ver folks I come from I-da-ho.

D.S. al Fine

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