Alice Where Art Thou Going.

Words by
WILL A. HEELAN

Music by
ALBERT GUMBLE.

Marcia.

1 Her Christian name is Alice and her dad's a pres-i-

2 If she lived in the White House or a shan-ty out of

dent. Her home is not a pa-lace but an East side ten-e-ment; It's
date. Her home would be a light-house, that would al-ways steer me straight; That
at our labor meetings that her dad's chief officer, He's sounds just like a pocket and I like it too, somehow, But
there with friendly greetings, so I guess it's me for her, Each if she was to know it, I can hear her laughing now, Well,
Sunday morning dressed up swell, my visits never cease. I anyway, she waits at that, as sure as Sunday shines, And
ding-a-ling her front door bell, and speak my little piece, blushes when I tip my hat, and speak my little lines.
CHORUS.

Alice where art thou going

Where can we spend the day

Alice we'll make a dead swell showing If it costs my whole weeks pay

Alice Where Art Thou Going.
Sail or ride or roam the sands or sit and listen to the bands,
Al - ice where art thou go - ing.

My coin was made for blow - ing.

Girl - ie it's up to you.

Sail or ride or roam the sands or sit and listen to the bands,

Al - ice where art thou go - ing.