Follow The Car Tracks.

Words by
BALLARD MACDONALD.

Music by
ALFRED SOLMAN.

Moderato

When you've mopped up all the wet goods up and down the line,
When the little rosy sunbeams just begin to shine,

Just imagine you're a street-car when you hit the trail,
You will get on love-ly if your power doesn't fail,

But to stop at cor-ners is a thing you can't af-fail,
When the rag-pianist is too tired out to fail.

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play,_ It's then you think of home sweet home and taking to the
ford,_ For you can't carry passen-gers, you've got a load a-

hay;_ But your head seems up-side down and you don't know your
board;_ Should you meet ob-struc-tions you must al-ways ring your

way, _ And the streets don't look the same as they did yes-ter-
bell, _ It's only fair to oth-er cars who use the track as

day, _ If go-ing home's a thing that pos-i-tive-ly must be
well, _ And if you are a mar-ried man the truth you can re-
done. There's only one thing possible just one and only one:
late, By sticking to the car tracks you can swear you came home straight:

Chorus *slower*

Follow the car tracks they'll lead you home,

Ear-ly in the morn-ing, when the day is dawn-ing, Fol-low the pin strict time

car tracks, if you should roam, Home with the milk some
morning, yawning; Don't take the subway, don't take the

If your destination isn't near a station,

Don't trust to taxis don't take to hacks, But

shut your eyes and set your teeth and follow the tracks.