"THAT AEROPLANE RAG"

Words by
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Music by
BERTE C. RANDALL

INTRO.

Now I've been made love to every way there be,
Make yourself real comfortable before we start,

On the desert sands and on the bounding sea.
Crank out all the gratitude that's in your heart.

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I've been kissed in Summer and in Pittsburgh too,
Snuggle right up close where I can squeeze your hand.

Motor boats and Taxicabs are nothing new,
Never thought that lovin' could be half so grand.

My beau's got an Aeroplane, oh Joy and bliss,
Honey slow your motor down don't go so fast.

You should see us do that Aviation kiss,
'Traid this ecstacy it aint a going to last.

That A-Rag
Magin if you can the very lovin'ist man, A lone with you up in the sky. 
Guess I'm getting airsick or it's lovesick I'm sure, Your lovin' love's the only cure.

Oh You!
found the moon.

Go and pack your grip, Then we'll take a trip, get your aeroplane Rags.
I am not to blame Love's my middle name, Oh You! Aeroplane Rag!

CHORUS

Oh You! ooo take me around the moon. Oh You! ooo

This is the place to spoon. Tilt your planes and shoot right thro' the air,
Riding, sliding, gliding, crying

"I Don't Care!" Good-bye! We're off for that heav'ly spot I ne-ver felt so glad.

Kiss me and squeeze my hand, Promise we'll ne-ver land. Hon-ey take me high-er, high-er,

high-er, don't you go no high-er! Stop!

Oh You Aero-plane Rag.