WHEN THE MIDNIGHT CHOO-CHOO
LEAVES FOR ALABAM'.

By IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

Till ready

I've had a mighty busy

The minute that I reach the

day.............. I've had to pack my things away, Now I'm

place............. I'm goin' to overfeed my face, 'Cause I

goin' to give the landlord back his key; The very key That opened

hav'n't had a good meal since the day I went away. I'm goin' to

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up my dreary flat, Where many weary nights I sat, thinking
kiss my Pa and Ma A dozen times for every star, shining

of the folks down home who think of me. You can
over Alabama's new mown hay. I'll be

bet you'll find me singing happily, glad enough to throw myself away.

CHORUS

When the midnight choo-choo leaves for Alabama.

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I've got my fare. When I see that rusty-haired conductor, I'll grab him by the collar and I'll holler "Alabama! Alabama!" That's where you stop your train. That brings me to midnight choo-choo.
back again, Down home where I'll remain,

Where my honey-lamb am. I will be right there with bells, When that old conductor yells, "All aboard! All aboard! All aboard for Alabama. When the bam!..."

Midnight choo-choo 4