Put On Your Slippers And Fill Up Your Pipe
(You're Not Going Bye-Bye To-Night)

Words by
ED.P.MORAN & WILL A.HEELAN

Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER

Moderato

The Jones-es had been mar-ried just a week and sev-en days—At
home they sat a-lone—When Jone-sey got a phone, He said "Gee whiz a man can't spend a
night home now a days, That's Brown, he's aw-ful sick I must go see him quick, What puz-zles me is
not out-side his door, One night he said I guess I'll leave you dear, and dress, I'm speak-er at the
swell-est of af fairs She said; "that's no puz-zle here's the an-s-wer John!"

Copyright MCMXVI by Broadway Music Corporation 145 W. 45th Str., New York
All Rights Reserved Will Von Tilzer Pres. International Copyright Secured
The Publisher reserves the right to the use of this Copyrighted work upon the parts of Instruments serving to reproduce it Mechanically.
CHORUS

Put on your slippers and fill up your pipe—You're not going "bye-bye" tonight.
Puf on your slippers and fill up your pipe—You're not going "bye-bye" tonight.

No earthly use making that old excuse—Let me tell you right here you're a kid-do.
You're married to a widow.

'Phone down to Brownie I know it's a shame.
Get out your old "Duke's Mix-ture." Keep up your pipe dreams, but don't be misled.

Tell him that I said your excuse is to lame. And give my regards to the boys in the
When your pipe goes out smoke your Mec-ca's instead. Then put on your nightie, and crawl into

game. You're not going "bye-bye" tonight.
bed. You're not going "bye-bye" tonight.

C.W. Kirk