Come On Papa

By EDGAR LESLIE
and HARRY RUBY

Sweet Ma-rie, in gay Pa-ree, Had a mo-tor car; It filled her
Yan-kee boys make lots of noise, When they're in Pa-ree; They like to

heart with joy, To drive a Yan-kee boy; On the sly, she'd winker eye,
prom-e-nade, Up-on ze Boul-e-vard; They all know Ma-rie and so,

If one came her way, She'd stop her mo-tor car, And then she'd say:
An-y time she's near, They knock each oth-er down, Each time they hear:

Chorus

"Come on pa-pa, Hop in ze mo-tor car, Sit by mam-ma, And hold ze
You start to raise for me, What zay call ze deuce;— I'll be so sweet to you, Like ze Charlotte Russe; Come on pa-pa, Beneath the shining star,

Bounce your ba-bee, Upon ze knee;— I'll give you ze kiss like ze mam-selles do.

Each time you ask for one — I'll give you two, — Comme ci, comme ca — And when you're in ze car — You love mamma, Oo-la-la! Oo-la-la! Come on Pa-pa Come on pa-pa!