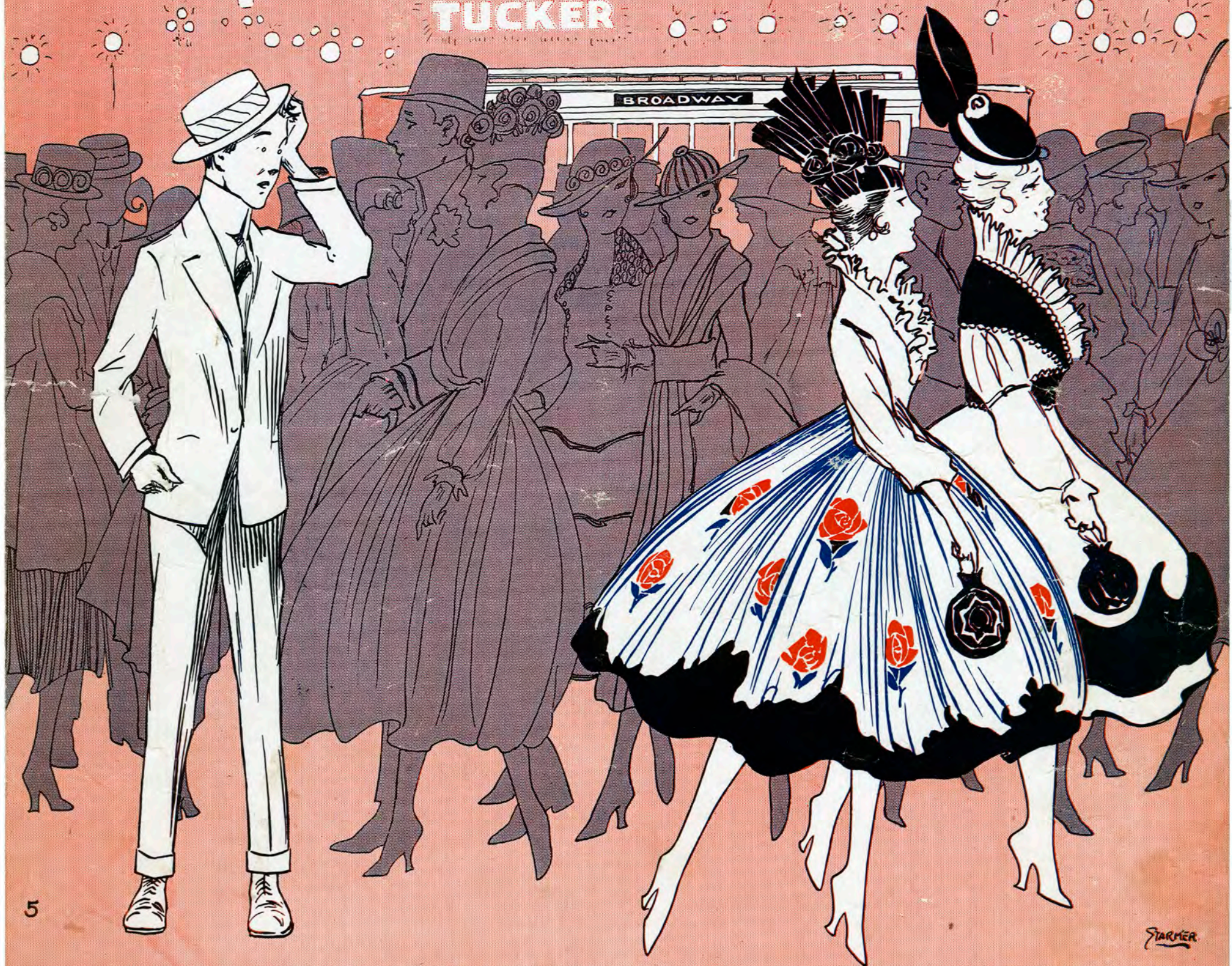


YOU CAN'T TELL THE MOTHERS FROM THE DAUGHTERS

WORDS BY
JACK YELLEN
MUSIC BY
JACK GLOGAU

THE
PALACE
EMMA
CARUS
SOPHIE
TUCKER

Hazel Love



You Can't Tell The Mothers From The Daughters

Lyric by
JACK YELLEN

Music by
JACK GLOGAU

PIANO

Voice

Things are get-ting high-er high-er ev-'ry day And folks are much a-
Once up-on a time a skirt would oft-en show, A-bout how old the

larmed, it's true, But I've still to meet the man who would com-plain, 'Cause
wear-er was; Lit-tle girls wore skirts that end-ed at the knees, Just

skirts are get-ting high-er too, Now I have no ob-ject-ions to the mod-ern style of
like my lit-tle sis-ter does; And grown-up lad-ies used to wear their dress-es rath-er

dress, I like to see all that there is to see, But there's one thing a-bout them that I
long, But now-a-days, of-course, the men all know, Po-lite skirts nev-er show the wear-er's

will con-fess Is ve-ry, ve-ry ser-i-ous with me:
age at all, Though there are lots of oth-er things they show:

Chorus

3

You can't tell the Moth - ers from the Daugh - - ters; You can't tell the young ones from the
 You can't tell the Moth - ers from the Daugh - - ters; You can't tell the young ones from the

old, Don't blame the girls for the naugh - ty things that they do, Be - cause their moth - ers
 old, A pret - ty dress, a lit - tle pow - der and paint Can make a nice old
 It's get - ting hard - er ev - 'ry day on us men, We go out af - ter a

like to do the same things too, They act a lot young - er when they're for - - ty, Than
 la - dy look like what she ain't; When Moth - er and Daugh - ter go out walk - - ing, No
 chick - en and we get a hen, When Moth - ers and Daugh - ters go par - ad - - ing, They

they used to do at six - teen, I asked a girl to go out in my motor car,
 bod - y can tell them a part, The grown up girls are get - ting young - er ev - 'ry day,
 all look a like from the rear; They're com - ing back from Hon - o - lu - lu, so I hear,

She said she would if I could get a friend for Ma, You can't tell the Moth - ers from the
 You ought to see my grandma strolling down Broadway, You can't tell the Moth - ers from the
 They're wear - in' them a whole lot high - er o - ver here,

Daugh - ters so what's a fel - low goin' to do. do.
 Daugh - ters, So what's a fel - low goin' to do. You do.



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REFRAIN

Tell the last rose of sum-mer that I said "good-bye," Ere your breath with the

p-f

aut-umn grows cold, Soon, I'll leave with a sigh, and the rose too must

die, While the trees turn to crim-son and gold, Sum-mer

breeze kiss the rose, while it's warm blush still glows, and the sum-mer sun

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