A NEW SONG by the Writer of "BECAUSE I'M MARRIED NOW"

Somebody Ought To Tell Her Husband

Words and Music by

HERBERT INGRAHAM

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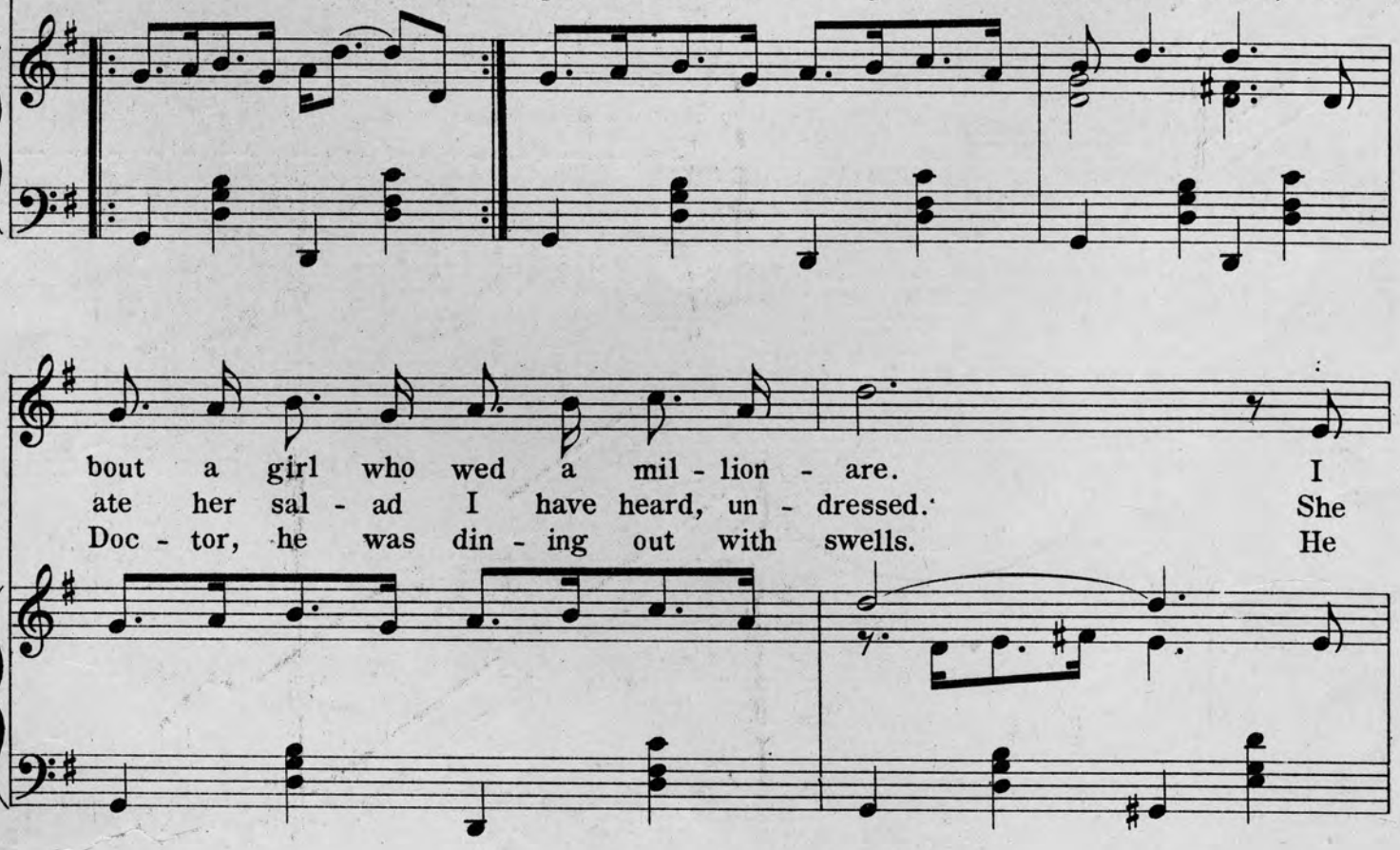
Somebody Ought To Tell Her Husband.

Extra verses by
EARL JONES.

Words and Music by
HERBERT INGRAHAM.

1. There is an aw - ful scan-dal in the neigh-bor - hood, A -
2. A chap once took her to a swell Ca - fé to dine, She
3. One night she sent a hur - ry call to Doc-tor Brown, The



bout a girl who wed a mil - lion - are. I
ate her sal - ad I have heard, un - dressed. She
Doc - tor, he was din - ing out with swells. He

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al - ways speak of neigh - bors as a neigh - bor should, But
or - dered hum - ming birds on toast, and White Seal Wine, Some
told his pals: "I've got a call to go up town, I'm

she does things a la - dy would - n't dare. She
Lob - ster too, but I for - get the rest. That
tip - sy now, but I'll be there with bells." His

calls the old man "Dar - ling" when he's by her side, But
night I hear she lost her "Mer - ry Wid - ow" hat, And
nerves were quite un - stead - y, when he felt her pulse, Then

she says oth - er things when he's a way, She
all her ser - vants that I know, de - clare, She
to him - self he mut - tered, "Hul - ly gee, You're

tells the boys "I'm mar - ried now, but not for love," So, I
put her dress to bed when she got to her flat, Then she
pif - li - ca - ted once a - gain, and then she said, "I____

think I'm jus - ti - fied to say:
hung her - self a - cross a chair.
am, but don't you tell on me.

CHORUS.

Some - bo - dy ought to tell her hus - band,

Some - bo - dy ought to put him wise.

I'ts just a shame the way she car - ries on, Right be - fore all the de - cent

neighbors' eyes, But when he's a - round she's just an an - gel,

Gone - and the an - gel's in dis - guise, She'll grieve him, leave him,

R.H.

L.H.

she'll de - ceive him, Some - bo - dy ought to put the old man wise.

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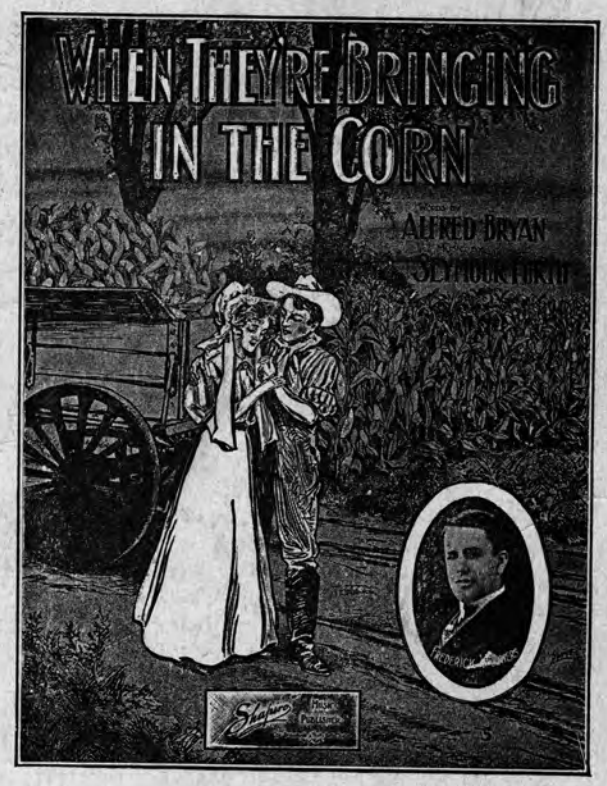

Other Big Hits.

Won't You Waltz Home, Sweet Home With Me for Old Time's Sake.
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Sonoma INTERMEZZO AND SONG

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Darling Broncho Buster

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And They Say He Went to College.

Colonia. INTERMEZZO

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This Aint Such a Bad Town After All.

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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

When They're Bringing In The Corn.

Words by ALFRED BRYAN.

Music by SEYMOUR FURTH.

CHORUS *Tenderly*

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