POOR PAPA
(He's Got Nuthin' At All)

Words by
BILLY ROSE

Tune Ukulele

A D F# B

Music by
HARRY WOODS

Moderato

Piano

Don't get married, don't get married, Said my friend McBride,
Then Mac cried: Oh what a life, I've got no chance at all,

If you take a wife, You're out of luck for life,
Once a girl gets you, You'll look like I do too,

Ukulele Arr. by MAY SINGH BRENN

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He had all his little sons, and daughters by his side,
Then he lined his children up, The short ones and the tall,
Like

Happy Hooligan's sixteen kids, They all lined up and cried,
as they marched down the avenue, You should have heard them bawl.

CHORUS

Mama's got shoes, mama's got clothes, Mama's got these and

Poor Papa

Mama's got those, But poor pa-pa poor pa-pa,
He's got noth in' at all.
Ma-ma goes here

ma-ma goes there Ma-ma goes out to ev-ry af fair, But

poor pa-pa poor pa-pa He waits out in the hall,

Christmas comes and ma-ma gets The most ex-pen-sive
frocks,  
Pa-pa gets a neck-tie and a pair of ten cent
socks.  
Ev-'ry one cheers when ma ma ap-pears,

She's got diamonds stuck in her ears, But poor pa-pa,

poor pa-pa, He's got noth-in' at all.
THE UP-TO-THE-MINUTE SONG HIT

I "WANNA" GO WHERE YOU GO—DO WHAT YOU DO
THEN I'LL BE HAPPY

Words by SIDIY CLARE & LEW BROWN

Music by CLIFF FRIEND

CHORUS

I "wan-na" go where you go—do what you do

love when you love... then I'll be hap-py.
"wan-na" sigh when you sigh

Cry when you cry... smile when you smile... then I'll be hap-py... If you go

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