Hold Me Just A Little Bit Tighter.

Words by
BALLARD MACDONALD.

Music by
JAS. W. TATE.

INTROD.
Waltz Moderato.

He used to call ev'ry Sat-ur-day
They'd never go out on Sat-ur-day

night, Sit on the so-fa and hold her so tight. They didn't turn out the
night. They'd rather stay home and cud-dle up tight. They never went to a

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gus, that pair. They were true lovers so they didn't care. Her name was
Broad-way show. They never saw any reason to go. They gave real

Mabel and his name was Jim, Whether the light was full on or was dim,
kisses and that was more sport, They didn't care for the play acting sort,

His little heaven was just number seven When ever she said to him,
Why pay their money for make believe honey, The real thing is what they sought.

Chorus.

"Hold me just a little bit tighter And kiss me, do!"
My heart couldn't be lighter
Than when I'm close to you.
I just think it's lovely to love you and sit like this.
Come along, dearie, Cuddle up near me, Give me a great, big kiss!"

D. S. Vamp