YOU MAY BE FAST "BUT"
YOUR MAMMA'S GONNA SLOW YOU DOWN

WORDS BY GIL WELLS  MUSIC BY BUDDY COOPER

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Try This On Your Piano

Wonderful Girl Of Today

Chorus

Wonderful girl of today
Don't mind the things that they say
You laugh and dance, and they call it a shame,
When grandma was young, why they told her the

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You May Be Fast "But"
Your Mamma's Gonna Slow You Down
By GILBERT WELLS
and BUD COOPER

Moderato

Piano

Vamp

Voice

You've heard them talk about sweet papa
That I never seemed to find sweet papa who

wouldn't spend a night at home
wouldn't run around at night

They go roaming in the gloaming
Leavin' their mamas a

They'd be leavin', I'd be grievin' Sir-tin' in the candle

lone light

I know a man started stepping
Stepping out ev'ry

I lost my good disposition
Kept getting near'er each
night  Till his sweet ma-ma said sweet pa-pa
day       My pa-pa crossed me, double crossed me
Let me put you right.
So I had to say.

Chorus

You may be fast but you won't last, 'Cause your mama's gonna slow you down.
You may be fast but you won't last, 'Cause your mama's gonna slow you down.

You may roam away from home. But your ma-ma's gonna hang a round
You may roam away from home. But your ma-ma's gonna hang a round

If you think you can leave me flat Think that you can stay a way.
Graveyard bound you sure will be found Min-is-ter will then be gin.
I'll know where to find you at every decoration day
If you don't think you're sinkin' babe, just look at the hole you're in

If you go— I surely know, I'm never gonna wear a frown
When you leave, why I won't grieve, I'm never gonna wear a frown 'Cause

If you think you're big enough to black my eyes, I'm gonna get myself a razor and cut you
I remember when you got here from the South. You were so ragged you had your money

down to my size. You may be fast but you won't last. Because your
hid in your mouth. You may be fast but you won't last. Because your

mama's gonna slow you down.
mama's gonna slow you down.

Mama's Gonna etc. 3
Big Hearted Bennie

By VIC HEDDEN & VAN and SCHENCK

Chorus

I call him big heart-ed Ben-ny
He's as tight as the skin on a

I call him big heart-ed Ben-ny
Tho' he's tight as the corn on a

prune
When he gets his sal-ry on each Sat-ur-day Hour-

cob
Why he eats con-densed milk like he was a Lord. He's