Ain't We Got Fun

Song

Richard A. Whiting
Raymond B. Egan
Gus Kahn

Introduced by
Arthur West
in
Fanchon and Marco
Satires of 1920

Jerome H. Remick & Co.
New York
Detroit
AIN'T WE GOT FUN

SONG

Lyric by
GUS KAHN
& RAYMOND B. EGAN

Music by
RICHARD A. WHITING

Moderato

VOICE

Moderato

PIANO

3 When the man who sold 'em Car-pets told 'em
1 Bill col-lectors gath-er 'Round and rath-er
2 Just to make their troub-le Near-ly dou-ble

He would take them a-way They said "Won-der-ful"
Haunt the cot-tage next door Men the gro-cer and
Some-thing hap-pen'd last night To their chim-ney a
here's our chance  Take them up and we'll dance And when
butcher sent  Men who call for the rent
gray bird came  But with
Mister Stork is his name
And I'll

burglars came and  All their silver they
robbed them taking

in a happy  And his bride of only a
bet two pins  A pair of twins Just happened in with the

say  Hubby yelled "We're famous"

year bird  For they'll name us

Seem to be so cheerful  Here's an ear full
gay and merry

In the papers today"

Of the chatter you hear

Just at dawn I heard

Ain't We Got Fun - 4
CHORUS

Night or day-time It's all play-time Ain't we got fun
Ev'ry morn-ing Ev'ry eve-ning Ain't we got fun
Ev'ry morn-ing Ev'ry eve-ning Don't we have fun

Hot or cold days An-y old days Ain't we got fun
Not much mon-e-y Oh but hon-ey Ain't we got fun
Twins and cares dear Come in pairs dear Don't we have fun

If wif-ie wish-es To go to a play
The rent's un-paid dear We have-n't a bus
We've only start-ed As mom-mer and pop

Don't wash the dish-es Just throw them a-way
But smiles were made dear For peo-ple like us
Are we down-heart-ed I'll say that we're not

Ain't We Got Fun -4
Street car seats are awful narrow
Ain't we got fun

In the winter in the summer Don't we have fun
Landlords mad and getting madder Ain't we got fun

They won't smash up our Pierce Arrow We ain't got none
Times are bum and getting bummer Still we have fun
Times are bad and getting badder Still we have fun

They've cut my wages But my income tax will be so much smaller
tales
There's nothing surer The rich get rich and the poor get children
There's nothing surer The rich get rich and the poor get laid off
cresc.

When I'm paid off I'll be laid off Ain't we got fun
In the meantime In between time Ain't we got fun

Ain't We Got Fun 4
JUST KEEP A THOUGHT FOR ME

SONG

Lyric by
HARRY D. KERR

Music by
EARL BURTNETT & MAX FISCHER
Arr. by J. Beldon & Sons

REFRAIN
a tempo

Deep in your heart, even though we're apart,

Just keep a thought for me.

Though other arms hold for you dearer charms,

Just keep a thought for me.

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