POPULAR

Take Me Back To Col-ler-rad-da Fer To Stay

by

MORAN MOORE

COMPLIMENTARY

Villa Moret
MADE IN U.S.A.

With Uke Acomp.
Always hate to talk about my self,  
But I'm not layin' on the shelf  
I know a thing or two if I can think,  
Now the sun comes up, the sun goes down,  
The earth aint flat, it's kinda round,  
Who found that out? Well I'm the very gink.

CHORUS  
I'm the gink — I'm the gink,  
Guess I know a thing or two rote down with ink -  
But my head don't always work so well,  
I never learned to read and spell,  
It always seemed so hard for me to think.

T'other night I was a dreamin'  
An' to me it was a seemin'  
I's a pilot up sky writin' in the air -  
When I heard the people callin',  
"He's a fallin' — he's a fallin'".

I woke up with both my feet out cold and bare.  
CHORUS  
In the air — In the air -  
Just imagine what an awful, awful scare  
When I heard the people callin'  
He's a fallin' — he's a fallin' -  
Seem'd so good to find my feet out cold and bare.

I'm a fool about my eatin' —  
On the table I was beatin'  
Till the waiter handed me a bill of fare.  
It was spots and speck and broken necks  
Of half a hundred poor insects,  
I up an' left the dirty place right there.

CHORUS  
Left it there — Left it there -  
My old stomach was a gittin' on a tear.  
When the waiter shouted comin' up  
He told thruth, right on my cup  
I saw one climbin', looked just like a bear.

If I die at six or seven  
Before eight I'll be in Heaven  
Swappin' lies with old Saint Peter at the Gate -  
I do hope that I can stop a spell  
An' he won't send me down to Hell  
For that's the very thing I know I'd hate.

CHORUS  
I would hate — I would hate -  
P'VE been thinkin' 'bout that very thing of late.  
Up in Heaven suits me very well  
But I don't care for down in Hell  
P'VE heard of some things there I know I'd hate.

I just bought a little Ford machine  
An' filled it up with gasoline.  
I cranked her and the darn thing got away—  
Gosh! it did n't wait 'till I got in,  
So now I own a pile of tin,  
But ev'ry month I walk right up an' pay.

CHORUS  
Up an' pay — Up an' pay  
So much down an' so much every certain day -  
Gosh! it didn't wait 'till I got in,  
So now I own a pile of tin,  
But every month I walk right up an' pay.

*Be sure to close song with 4th verse and chorus.  
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Take Me Back To Col-ler-rad-da Fer To Stay

With Piano Tune Uke Thus

G C E A

By

MORAN MOORE

Modto.

1. Take me back to Col-ler-rad-da, she's a beat-in' ole New-

2. When them northwinds get to howl-in' and the ole ky-otes a-

3. That's a gal that ahm a lov-in', talk a bout yer tur-tle

4. Take me back to Col-ler-rad-da, she's a beat-in' ole New-

vad-da, I'm a long-ing fer them foot hills ev-er' day;

prowl-in', Then hits me you'll see a set-tin' by the farr;

dov-in', You can tell the wor-l'd we in-vent-ed that;

vad-da, I'm a long-in' fer them foot hills ev-er' day;

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Hits so sooth-in' in the eve-nin', when the ole gray wolf's a-
Mah ole dawg won't be a growl-in' and you wont ketch me a
We'll be at the squire's a mar-ry-in' and we wont be a

hits so sooth-in' in the eve-nin', when the ole gray wolf's a-

grieve-in', Take me back to Col-ler-rad-da fer to stay,
scowl-in', Fer we both know jes-tez ack-ly whur we orr;
tar-ry-in', As soon as ah can find out whur she's at,
grieve-in', Take me back to Col-ler-rad-da fer to stay,

fer to

CHORUS

stay, Fer to stay, Col-ler-rad-da or I'm
orr, Whur we orr, You kin bet yer boots we're
at, Whur she's at, Ah'll be get-tin' up and
stay, Fer to stay, Col-ler-rad-da or I'm

Take Me Back To etc. 4
bust-in' right away;
know-in' whur we brr;
un-der mah ole hat;
bust-in' right away;
Ah jess love the roar and
Mah ole dawg'll be a
Ah'll be jump-in' in the
With the prair-ie dogs a-

rat-tle of the hoofs and horns of cat-tle, Take me back to Col-ler-
scratch-in' fleas and ah'll be toast-in' mah ole knees, A - set-tin' in mah
sad-dle and mah bron-cho he'll skee - dad-dle Jess as soon as ah can
bob-bin' how mah heart' If be a throb-bin; Take me back to Col-ler-

rad-da fer to stay. Fer to stay.
eab-in bah the farr. Whur we farr.
find out whur she's at. Whur she's at.
rad-da fer to stay. Fer to stay.
Oh! Bury Me Out On The Prairie.
(The Cowboy's Lament.)

Valse Moderato

I've got no use for the women,
My pal was a straight young puncher.
All night long they trailed him.

A true one may never be found,
Honest and upright and square,
Trough mesquite and chaparral,
And I

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