Nobody Knows the Answer.

Words by
BENJ. H. BURT.

Music by
SILVIO HEIN.

Moderato.

Voice.

1. This
2. The
3. It
4. Some
5. The

Till Voice

Piano.

world is full of funny things and funny people too, Who
things we have to stand for every day on earth below, Pre
wasn't many years ago, the wilderness was here, When
men will make an awful kick in case their wife should say, "I
man who made the sad mistake to start the tipping crime, Has

Copyright MCMVI by Jos.W. Stern & Co.
British Copyright Secured.
English Theatre & Music Hall rights reserved.
do a lot of foolish things, they never ought to do. It
pare us for the other world, no matter where we go. It
with the gun and powder, men would hunt the forest deer. But
wish you'd post a letter, dear, for me across the way. But
get a lot to answer for, I wouldn't want in mine. Where-

seems too bad and really sad, But still the fact remains, We
can't be any worse than this, So no one need to fear, They'll
now it's quite a different game, From what was practised then, The
when he's playing golf he loves to chase the little ball, He'll
e'er we go they rob us so, our pocket books are lame, We'll be

seem to hardly know enough, To go in when it rains,
find it any warmer, Than they often get it here.
deers put on the powder now, To hunt the fickle men.
walk all day and never say, He's getting tired at all.
waiting on the waiters soon, If we don't quit the game.
Chorus.

No-body knows the answer, No-body ever will, We're growing easier every day, Getting stung in the same old way,

No-body knows the reason, So we're at it still, It's understood that we get it good, And we probably always will

D.C.