Waiting For A Certain Girl.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
MILTON W. LUSK.

Moderato.

Piano.

From the youth who's uncouth to the man without a tooth. There's not
I believe Mother Eve was the first one to deceive. And the

one beneath the sun who'll confess that his
prints ever since have remained. It's a

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smart little heart ever was pierced by Cupid's dart
The joy to decoy and mislead a trusting boy
With affection that's only feigned.
You hate to be late when you does not care
If he never saw a girl is again,
And he'll have a date And you prate resolutions galore,
That you'll
state that no date Could induce him to wait, That his
not wait a jet But will leave on the spot If the
time was reserved for men. But if you look around after
girl isn’t there before. But she’s not yet you don’t go a-
dark way, You’d discover him in the park.
Then you think that perhaps you’ll stay.

CHORUS.
Waiting, when you’re waiting How the time just meanders a
long! And you find yourself believing

that your time-piece must be wrong.

Waiting, fondly waiting.

Every moment is precious as pearl,

And your heart won't keep quiet

When you're waiting for a certain girl.