Follow The Car Tracks.

Words by
BALLARD MACDONALD.

Music by
ALFRED SOLMAN.

Moderato

When you've mopped up all the wet goods up and down the
Just imagine you're a street-car when you hit the

line, When the little rosy sunbeams just begin to
trail, You will get on lovely if your power doesn't

shine, When the rag-pianist is too tired out to
fail, But to stop at corners is a thing you can't af-

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play. It's then you think of homeward bound and taking to the ford,
For you can't carry passengers, you've got a load a-

hay; But your head seems upside down and you don't know your board;
Should you meet obstructions you must always ring your

way; And the streets don't look the same as they did yesterday,
It's only fair to other cars who use the track as

day; If going home's a thing that positively must be well,
And if you are a married man the truth you can re-
done, There's only one thing possible just one and only one:
late, By sticking to the car tracks you can swear you came home straight:

Chorus slower

Follow the car tracks they'll lead you home,

Early in the morning, when the day is dawning, Follow the

in strict time.

car tracks, if you should roam, Home with the milk some
Morning, yawn-ing; Don't take the sub-way, don't take the

"L" If your dest-i-na-tion isn't near a sta-tion,

Don't trust to tax-is don't take to hacks, But

shut your eyes and set your teeth and fol-low the tracks. tracks.

Svea D. C.