EVERYTHING'S AT HOME EXCEPT YOUR WIFE.

Words by
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Music by
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Moderato

Bouchotte

I come home each night to dine, The house-maid lets me in,
wife leaves home in time each day To lunch at some ho-tel,
She
She

has a na-ture sa-tur-nine, And wears a dread-ful grin.
likes the cheer-ful ma-ti-née, And shops a bit as well.
I
The
say to her, "Su-zette, my girl, Is Ma-dame in her room?" She
things she buys reach home as I re-turn from toil at night, The

pauses to ar-range a curl, And watch my grow-ing gloom; For
house-maid has them piled up high To greet my fe-vered sight; And

house-maids view with fiend-ish glee, A hus-band's se-cret woe. Mine
as with hope for-ev-er strong, I mur-mur, "Is she here?" She

al-ways rubs it in-to me Is Ma-dame in oh
starts the old fa-mil-iar song, "What! Ma-dame home? no
no!

Here's your house with

fear!

Here's some hats,


"Wel-come" on the mat, Here's the dog, The par-rot and the cat, There's the

think I've count-ed eight, For his pay The mes-sen-gor will wait, In the


gran-pa's clock in the cor-ner of the hall, And the par-quet floor to

big green box you per-haps have tak-en note, There's an er-mine muff and

catch you when you fall. There's a bill On the

new chin-chil-la coat. Here's some gloves, You
table by the door, There's the cook, (crash) The soup is on the floor! All the
couldn't count the pairs, Take a look
At the boxes up the stairs, You will

sights and sounds Of a happy married life, But not your
find up there What'll keep you "broke" for life, But not your

wife! No not your wife!
wife! No not your wife!

ev'-ry-thing's at home except your wife!
ev'-ry-thing's come home except your wife!

wife! wife!