"My Yellow Jacket Girl"

Words by
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Music by
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Allegro Moderato

Jim Johnson Gray saw a Chinese play;
He thought the spooning didn't make any sense.

Jim's lady love from her flat above
Heard all this singing so queer.

He had to say: That's some loving way,
That's honey, she didn't know who was down below.

She thought 'twas

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moon-ing for mine
Chin-ese New Year.
I'll talk to Sue, like those chop-sticks do
She'll hear me
She saw the gink, and she said "Say Chink,"
Come take the

croon-ing so fine
With a chunk or so
of some
laun-dry from here
When he tried to say "It's my

punk a-glow
And a man-do-lin, like a man-da-rin
Then he
loving way?"
Then the feath-er bed landed on his head
And the

sighed for her, Then he cried for her like a Chink.
laun-dry fell, When he tried to tell of his love.
CHORUS
Slowly

My almond eyes (you little heavenly Miss)

My sunlit skies (you little daughter of bliss)

You bunch of violets so rare—
You breath of soft summer air—

You sweet Geranium fair—
I love you more than tea, dear

My Y.J. Girl 4
Those rosebud lips I'll start a laundry for you
Those honey sips I'd eat chop suey, dear too
I'd act like

Chingaling Fou I'll make a lady of you If you'll be my