He’s A Devil In His Own Home Town.

Words by
GRANT CLARKE & IRVING BERLIN.

Moderato.

Music by
IRVING BERLIN.

I've got an uncle by the name of Jerry
He's got a farm a great big farm.

Fine and furry Gold headed cane that came from Spain.

Two thousand acres of the very, very best land in the
They've even got him saying "I should worry" just like all the
whole United States, He's got a reputation in the village
sporty city folks, You ought to see the way he spends his money

Known as a dude a gosh darn dude He would never do in
He bought a box of hole-proof socks, They would never do for

New York City but in his home town.
New York City but in his home town.

Chorus.
He's a devil, He's a devil, He's a devil in his own home

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town, on the level, on the level He's as funny as a clown, He spends a five cent piece thinks nothing of it, His pants all creased,
red vest above it and when it comes to women oh! oh!
oh! oh! He's a devil He's a devil telling stories in a grocery
store, on the level on the level Has 'em rolling on the floor
Down at the fair with all the other hecklers he received first prize for playing checkers, He's a devil He's a devil He's a devil in his own home town He's a town