(A Tango Ditty,)

Nobody Tango's Like You Do.

Lyric by
Will D. Cobb.

Music by
Leo Edwards.

Moderato.

Nifty Nancy Clancy had a
Bounding Billy Bouncer was a
dancing beau,
banker's clerk,
Where the band was always playing music, bright

A prancing beau, every chance they'd go,
A crank for work, he would never shirk,
Wound his legs around a stool from nine 'til four.
Where the dancers all were swaying left and right,
Counting other people's money made him sore,

He said I'll be busy at the office tonight,
There is something on the books that
When he would unwind himself when his work was o'er,
He would need a crutch to stand up-

won't come right, I guess I'll have to give some other boy a chance, To
on the floor, And when he'd take his dancing Nancy out to sup, He'd

take you to that Tango dance,
But Nancy Clancy said I fancy
sigh I'll never limber up,
But he'd forget that he was stiff and

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not. No matter who may dance that Tango trot.

lame. When at the seventh mile she would exclaim.

Rerfain.

No-body Tango's like you do, you do, No-body does it like you do, you do,

There's no-body else I know can show your grace,

There's no-body else I know can go your pace, So take me down to
Tango town, I just can't keep my wild enthusiasm down. Oh

ev'rybody does it now, Those who don't are learning how, But

nobody does it like you-dle oodle oodle do,

Nobody does it like you. you.