Don't Blame Me For What Happens In The Moonlight
(BLAIME THE MOON)

Words by
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Music by
BERT GRANT

Moderato

Till ready
Dear - ie, hear me,
Soft breeze through trees,

Why do you turn your head away?
Sweet scented flowers perfume the air,

angry, Listen to what I have to say;
June night, Just seemed to take me unaware;

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I didn't mean to pain you, I'd rather die than shame you, 
I couldn't help but squeeze you, I couldn't help but tease you,

I didn't mean to make you cry; 
I thought that it would please you too;

I don't deserve all this abuse, Wait till you hear my excuse. 
I'm innocent and you'll know just why, When you hear my alibi.

CHORUS

Don't blame me for what happens in the moonlight, Dear mine.
Don't blame me, for the kisses that I stole were so divine.

Moon from the sky slyly winked his other eye, As if to croon,

Start something soon, So, don't blame me for what happens in the moonlight, Blame the moon.

Don't blame me. 3

E.A. Stege Co. Lith., & Eng. New York