No One's To Blame But You.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Duet.

Music by
SILVIO HEIN.

In moderato time.

Piano.

HE. I can't see that I'm to blame, dear;
SHE. Of course you have to blame me,

If I fell in love with you.
Isn't that just like a man.

There's a party I could name dear,
I was there but all the same.

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Who was mixed up in it too,
I know who it was began,
Let me ask who began when she met me,
Just to set me in a whirl
Tho' names I do not care to mention,
Guess you could tell without half trying,
But it was a certain girl.
For it was a certain boy.

May I ask why you tried so to please me,
Just so tease me or annoy you.

No one's to blame etc.
Chorus.

Should not have the lips that say "you want me!"
Should not have that sort of way about you,

Nor those smiles that dare.
That all girls think grand.

You

should not have the eyes that ever haunt me
made me think I could not live without you

It is most unfair,
You had that all planned,

You

5168 - 4 No One's To Blame etc.
should not al- ways tan-ta-lize and taunt me,
told me fibs but still I could- n't doubt you,

As you know you do,
Doubt- ing made me blue,

fact it's your fault if I fell in love at sight,
I nev- er meant I should fall in love at sight,

1  blame but you.
2  blame but you.

5168-4 No One's To Blame etc.