Any Time’s Kissing Time

Words and Music by
FREDERIC NORTON

Peo-ple have slan-dered our love so-rene,
Tim-id as an-ga-zelle am I,

Laughed at your pen-chant for me,
Here would I be, yet a-far,

Copyright MCMXVI by Keith, Prowse & Co Ltd.
Joe W. Stern & Co, 102-104 W. 38th St, N.Y. Sole Selling Agent for U.S. & Canada
Said you were too old to love, a mean
Now there is only the moon to spy.

Libel on thy belle and thee. Still, we're alone,
No one can guess where we are. You are my deep

You are my own, Bene of contention to be!
Little black sheep, Ali, my Ali, Baba!

REFRAIN
Youth is the time for loving. So poets always
say, The contrary we're proving.

Look at us two today! Love has no charm, no

meaning, Till man has reached his prime,

Surely 'tis so, You ought to know, Any time's kissing-time.