I Love You
That's One Thing I Know

L. WOLFE GILBERT and ANATOL FRIEDLAND

Moderato

He’s a diamond in the rough, Made of good old fashioned stuff, You can stake your bottom dollar on his
He is free from fancy frills, Doesn’t go the pace that kills, And his heart is just as big as it can

word, In his language very plain, And his manner just the same, With the
be, Though he doesn’t seem to know, Much of Edgar Allen Poe, Every

best of common sense you ever heard, He had his little sweet heart and
word he utters shows sincerity, If you should ask his girlie how

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when they were alone, He told her love's sweet story In this manner all his own.
he had won her heart, Then she'd repeat the story That had won her from the start.

Chorus
I don't know much about a lovers' garden, I don't know words the poets use in books, If

I don't talk just right, I beg your pardon, I've got to hand it to you for your looks: I

I don't know much about that Kid called Cupid, Who shoots at hearts with arrows from his bow, I

wasn't much on school, But still I am no fool, I love you, that's one thing I know.