I've Got A Sweet Tooth Bothering Me.

By IRVING BERLIN.

Moderato.

Voice.

"Take me to the dentist
John-ny hol-tered out "there's

right away?" Shout-ed lit-tle John-ny Jones one day; "I've got a
no one home In the sec-ond sto-ry of my 'dome', ex-cept a

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tooth, that's hurting me _ And I simply can't de-

thous—and ladies fair. And it's like a honey

lay? In about an hour be was there,

comb, Evry night when I sit down to eat,

standing right beside the dentist's chair; And when they sat him in—

First I have my oysters, soup and meat, And then my favorite des-

side, To the dentist Johnny cried.

sert, Is the rustle of a skirt.
ache like the dickens, I don't use sugar at all in my coffee or my tea; But when I meet Rosie Flo or May, my wisdom tooth says "Keep away!" But my sweet tooth starts bothering me.

1. me.

2. me.

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