OH! I WANT TO BE GOOD
But My Eyes Won't Let Me

SONG

Lyric by
ANNA HELD
& ALFRED BRYAN

Music by
HARRY TIERNEY

Moderato

PIANO

Moderato

VOICE

(She) I wonder what's the reason that my eyes...

(He) There's just a little tiger in your eyes.

Draw the boys right up to me? They wink at me and say, in a

Claws me when I look at you. The poetry of France is with-

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very naughty way, "Little Girlie you for me!" They in your melting glance, And it thrills me through and through. Your

say my glance invites them, excites them, delights them, It glances, Love, can thrill me, can chill me, can kill me. I

makes me blush the way they sigh. And when they get poetic, I want to be your slave, my dear, (Soprano) He loves me, oh, so madly, I

get so sympathetic, I let them kiss me on the sly, cannot treat him badly, I have not got the heart, I fear, I

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CHORUS

Oh! I want to be good but my eyes won't let me, Those mischievous eyes of mine. The boys all say I love them with my eyes. They way I roll them seems to tantalize. If I give them a glance all the boys get spoon-y, they're
after me all the time; Where ever I go the
women all say. My glances coax their sweethearts away; Oh! I
want to be good but my eyes won't let me, Those
mischiefous eyes of mine. Oh! I mine. D.C.