Put On Your Slippers And Fill Up Your Pipe
(You're Not Going Bye-Bye To-Night)

Words by
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Moderato

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The Jones-es had been married just a week and sev-en days—
At
The Jones-es climbed the so-cial lad-der sev-en rungs or more—
She

home they sat a-lone. When Jone-sy got a phone,
He bought a soup and fish,
He had it on him sev-ral times, but

night home now-a-days, That's Brown, he's aw-ful sick
I must go see him quick,
What
not out-side his door, One night he said I guess I'll leave you dear, and dress,
I'm

puz-zles me is what I should put on" She said; "that's no puz-zle here's the an-swer,
I'm the speak-er don't put on those airs?

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Put on your slippers and fill up your pipe
Put on your slippers and fill up your pipe
You're not going "bye-bye" to
night
night
No earthly use making that old excuse
Let me tell you

Kid-do You're married to a widow
Phone down to Browning, I know it's a shame
fixture Get out your old "Duke's Mixture"
Keep up your pipe dreams, but don't be misled

Tell him that I said your excuse is too lame, And give my regards to the boys in the
When your pipe goes out smoke your Mec-cas instead. Then put on your night-cap, and crawl into

game. You're not going "bye-bye" to night.
bed, You're not going "bye-bye" to night.