"He's Just Like You"

Words by
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Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER

Moderato

I know a married couple who have got a baby boy—
A bouncing baby

This baby boy is older now, and getting very bold—
Though mother starts to

VOICE

If anything should happen to him it would drive them wild,
His mother says when

He grows up, I wonder what he'll be,
And father says, "It's plain to see, he don't take after me,"

You ought to see the way they fuss and fret about that
At night when Dad comes home from work his wife starts to

He won't do what he's told—
And says, "I can't manage him no matter how I try,"

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He's just like you, Has curly hair and big blue eyes, He's just like you, I

love him ev'ry time he cries, He makes a lot of noise—and don't care for toys—But ain't it funny

how he loves to play with all the boys He's just like you He's got your personality and

imitates most ev'ry thing you do And when he grows up I'll be proud of my son

I bet that he'll cost me a whole lot of money He's just like you He's mine

just like you, and I'm glad he's a baby of mine He's mine

"He's Just Like You"®