How Can Any Girlie Be A Good Little Girl, When She Loves A Naughty Little Boy?

Words by HOWARD JOHNSON & ALFRED JENTES

Music by HARRY JENTES

We all know that girlies can't be angels,
Take the girl that lives out in the country,

Till Ready

For angels live up in the sky;
The one they call the village belle,

And it's understood, They want to be good,
But the boys won't let 'em, When she hits the city, Good night, Kitty!

You can't blame the girls at all, It seems that they were made to fall:
When she finds her bank-roll gone, She'll blame it on some Broadway John:
CHORUS

How can any girl be a good little girl, When she loves a naughty little boy?

If she isn't wise, He'll look into her eyes, Have some sighs and tell her
She will surely find, That love is not so blind, Any time she tries to

lots of lies; He may say some day, to church we'll go,
read his mind; He's a lamb, with all her folks a bout,

Then take her to a Burlesque show, So how can any girl be a
But he's a bear, when they go out, When she loves a naughty little boy?