It's The Jay Town Most Every Time

Lyric by
JOHN E. HAZZARD
and PERCIVAL KNIGHT

Music by
A. BALDWIN SLOANE

Moderato

Listen, all you city folk, Who call a man a rube, Be-
drummer from the city, comes To get the Jay town cash. He

cause his town's considered small. The rube must be a boob. We-
treats the buyer like a bum, With city bluff and dash. He

sit back home, in great big towns. And think we're up to date, Were
fills his order book and then suggests a poker game. He

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clev-er, fly and all that stuff, But, friends, I'll tell you straight;
raise cops from one to ten, Who wins' it just the same?

CHORUS
It's the jay town, it's the jay town, Where the
wisest guys are liv-ing now-a-days, It's the tank town,

"Such a rank town" So the eit-ey Chap con-tin-u-ally
sings, But the right guy, 'Out all night guy,"

Who has seen most ev'ry thing in ev'ry clime. Knows the Where the

place that never misses. From its con game to its kis-ses. Is the jay-town-
water's fresh for swimming. But its fresh-er still at trimming.

most ev'ry time. It's the time.