Land Where The Good Songs Go.

Lyric by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

On the other side of the moon
Dear old songs forgotten too soon

Ever so far, Beyond the last little star,
They had their day, And then we threw them away,

There's a land, I know, where the good songs
And without a sigh we would pass them

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go. Where it's al-ways af-ter-noon;
by, For some oth-er, new-er tune.

And snug in a haven of peace and rest, Lie the
So off to a hap-pi-er home they flew, Where they're

dear old songs that we love the best.
al-ways loved and they're al-ways new.
It's a land of

flow-ers And Ap-ril show-ers With sun-shine in

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between, With roses blowing and rivers

flowing 'Mid rushes growing green;

Where no one hurries And no one worries And life runs
calm and slow: And I wish some

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day I could find my way— To the land where the good-

songs go. It's a land of flow-ers— And Ap-ril

show-ers— With sun-shine in be-tween;

— With ros-es blow-ing— And riv-ers flow-ing— 'Mid rush-es
Growing green And no one hurries
And no one worries And life runs calm and slow;
And I wish some day I could find my way
To the land where the good songs go.

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