MOVE YOUR FEET

ROLAND F. LAMB
and
BILLY SMYTHE

Allegro Moderato

VOICE

I'll tell the world I won a prize,
I took my sweet-ie to a ball,

So qui-et and so sweet, but on her feet.
Dressed in the fin-est clothes from head to toes.

I nev-er knew what lovin'- was,
We did the ver-y lat-est craze,

Copyright MCMXVII by The Billy Smythe Music Co., Inc. Louisville, Ky.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
The Publisher reserves the right to the use of this Copyrighted work upon the parts of instruments to reproduce it mechanically.
does— I hire music every day, So I can hear my sweetie say:
gaze,— They wouldn't let us leave the floor,— Un-till we did that dance once more.

CHORUS

Let's go once more, Take me to the middle of the floor,

I hear my feet a-saying to my brain: "Come on and dance with me that loving strain." Bend

left, then right, Wiggle honey, while I hold you tight; Shuffle easy to the

music sweet, Till something in the melody says move your feet. Let's move your feet.