A Peach Of A Life.

Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Stub. I feel a yearning, when - e'er I'm re -
Beastie. I too can't smother, when back home with

turning To my lone - ly bache - el - or gloom.
mother, A sort of a kind of un - rest:

--- The joint I in - hab - it is so dull and
You're quite phil - an - thr - opic to bring up a

T. B. H. Co. 5-5

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drab, it is like getting back to a tomb.

This thought comes often to me,

I'm tired of being alone,

It would be pleasant 'twould be,

If some nice girl were near, My gray existence to cheer.

I've wanted to get off my chest.

How much more I want a man of my own,

Life then couldn't be slow,

And I'd be happy I know.

T.B.H.Co. 6-5
Burthen.

Stud. It must be great to be married, In spite of what
Bessie. It must be great to be married, And hustie through

some folks have said: To loiter thro' life with a
life with a mate. Wh'ld get up at five, for a

dear little wife Wh'ld bring you your breakfast in bed.
ride or a drive And start play-ing tennis at eight

She'd put on your slippers and bring you a book; Then she'd
He'd wake you in summer when daylight was dim; Then you'd

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go to the kitchen to speed up the cook, While you took a swing Indian clubs and go off for a swim; By nine you'd be

nap on a cozy settee: What a peach of a life that would driving your ball from the tee: What a peach of a life that would

be, Beastie, be! Stop! By nine did you say, you would

drive from the tee? No! I don't think that life would suit me!