YOU-ALL GOT TO BE BORN AND BRED IN KENTUCKY

Lyric by GUS KAHN

Music by GRACE LE' BOY

Moderato

Every day or two I hear a new Kentucky ditty
I just wish that I could use the language of a poet.

Written by some one who spent his life in Kansas City.
Folks write about it, but what can they know
All the world could know it.
If I could paint, every picture so grand

When they're never been south of Buffalo,
Would be taken from life in Dixieland.
And if I only knew just how to

Old Kentucky days. But they don't know a thing about those sweet Kentucky ways.
I'd try to make them sound just like that soothing southern breeze.

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I was born there I ought to know That this is so true
Old Kentucky I'd sing to you Those words so true

CHORUS
You-all got to be born and bred in Kentucky to know what Kentucky means.

You've got to feel the thrills of those Blue Grass Hills. Breathe the air.

the sunshine kisses there. And then you'll sigh for, cry for, die for Kentucky. You'll

give your good right eye for Kentucky. But you've got to be born and bred in Kentucky to know what Kentucky means.

You-all means. D.S.