If They Ever Put A Tax On Love.

Words by
SAM EHRLICH.

Music by
NAT OSBORNE.

Intro.

Piano,

Mis-ter Wil-liam Brown had-n't been to town. And his sweet-heart won-dered
Mis-ter Wil-liam Brown has to stay in town. 'Cause he mar-rried her one

why night For she longed to see a play Or to dance round at a

She called him on the tel-e-phone. And said "I hate to

mar-rried man So af-ter things had run their course She sued him for a

be a lone" So Mis-ter Brown came in to town And gave her this re-ply.

quick di-vorcee Now Mis-ter Brown stays out of town And writes her when he can.
Chorus.

There's a tax on sugar And there's a little tax on honey Why they ever tax your money It seems so funny when they tax your honey and your money too There's a tax on letters soon there'll be a tax on stars above Broadway farmers all old maids who will be out of place Cause there'll be no chickens there to chase Goodbye forever If they ever put a tax on love There's a love.

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