On The Level You’re A Little Devil
(But I’ll Soon Make An Angel Of You)

Words by JOE YOUNG

Music by JEAN SCHWARTZ

Moderato

VOICE

(He) This most a-larm-ing, charm-ing life you’re lead-ing,
(She) Now that you’re thro’ I’ll tell you why I’m lead-ing,

Is much too gay;
Some day you’ll find out that you’re

This life of doubt;
I sim-p-ly had to do a

o-ver-speed-ing,
Just keep a-way;
You nev-er close your

lit-tle speed-ing,
To find you out;
I gazed in-to your

(Copyright MCMXVIII by Waterman, Berlin & Snyder Co.
Copyright Canada, MCMXVIII by Waterman, Berlin & Snyder Co.
International Copyright Secured)
eyes past,
Until the moon bids the sun good-bye.
You must admit you were traveling fast.

CHORUS (Tenderly)
a tempo
On the level, you're a little devil, But I'll
On the level, you're a great big devil, How can

soon make an angel of you,
Though it's trying, there is
You make an angel of me?
Your ambition, fits your

no denying, it will seem like Heaven to you;
Disposition, you're Mephisto right to a T.

On The Level etc. 4
In a grey shack, in a country way back, where the red, red roses
You love places, where there's pretty faces, and the lights are shining
grow;

bright;

We will live on love and laughter,
Every night it's Jack's or Recorder's,

There'll be no headaches on the morning after. No more glasses clicking,
With all the other little wife neglectors. I'm just growing weary,

Just an old clock ticking, While fleeting hours go by,
Waiting for you, dearie. Every evening alone,
No more mixing punch-es, good-bye mid-night lunch-es, You'll be mod-est and
If you must have punch-es, and your mid-night lunch-es, Why not have them at

shy; In stead of din-mond rings, I'll buy you gold-en wings, That's home? Please buy that bung-a-low, Where red, red ros-es grow, That's

just what I will do-oo, On the lev-el you're a all you'll have to do-oo, On the lev-el, you're a

lit-tle dev-il, But I'll soon make an an-gel of you. great big dev-il, But I'll soon make an an-gel of you.