To Be Together Is The Thing

Lyric & Music by
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Moderato

When a man feels that he's

head over heels in love with a girl, It's a terrible state of af-

fairs!

He doesn't care a darn if he lives in a barn, So

long as the girl of his choice his happiness shares.

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Time and place mean nothing to you and me.

REFRAIN

To be together is the main thing,

The only sensible and sane thing,

No matter where or how,

To be the same as now,

Like little birds on the wing.

So in the summer or the winter,

And in the fall and in the spring.

We may be basking in a bungalow beside a baby river.

We may be bathing down at Coney or at some secluded clam beach.
Lounging in a limousine or flirting in a flivver,
Up the Adirondacks or among the crowd at Palm beach,

In New York or in the wilds, Mister Ritz or Mister Childs;
Maybe poor, or else a lord, Mister Stutz or Mister Ford;

To be together is the thing. (Myum, myum, myum,

myum, myum, myum, myum, myum, myum, myum, myum,

To be together is the thing.)