Ain't We Got Fun

Lyric by GUS KAHN & RAYMOND B. EGAN

Music by RICHARD A. WHITING

Moderato

Bill col-lec-tors gath-er 'Round and rath-er
Just to make their trou-ble Near-ly dou-ble

Haunt the cot-tage next door,
Men the gro-cer and butch-er sent,
Some-thing hap-pen'd last night,
To their chim-ney a gray bird came,

Men who call for the rent,
But with-in a hap-py
Mis-ter Stork is his name,
And I'll bet two pins A

chapp-y And his bride of on-ly a year
Seem to be so cheer-ful,
pair of twins just hap-pen'd in with the bird
Still they're ver-y

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is an infringement of copyright and subjects the infringer to severe penalties under the Copyright Act.
Here's an ear full Of the chatter you hear:
gay and merry Just at dawning I heard:

CHORUS

Ev'ry morning, Ev'ry evening, Ain't we got fun,

Not much money, Oh! but honey, Ain't we got fun. The rent's un-

paid, dear, We haven't a car; But any way, dear,
Well stay as we are. Even if we owe the grocer, Don’t we have fun, Tax collector’s getting closer, Still we have fun.

There’s nothing surer, The rich get rich and the poor get poorer;

In the meantime, In between time, Ain’t we got fun.