Whoa, Tillie, Take Your Time

By CREAMER & LAYTON

Moderato

VOICE

Tillie Brown was a dancing fool— Spent her time in a dancing school;
Tillie Brown tried to do the Mootch— That's one dance like the Hootchie Cootch;

When the band would play— Til - lie was al - ways in the way.
First you do like this— Shake the old shoulder, then the wrist.

First one out on a ball-room floor; Nev - er got e - nough just - cored for more.
Till was will-ing to show her charm; Did - n't wear a thing up - on her arm.

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When she'd start to sway, All the boys and girls would say:
When she danced that way, You could hear the fellows say:

CHORUS

Whoa, Tillie, take your time! Whoa, Tillie, take your time!

Ain't no use to hurry 'cause you want to prance; You've got all night to

do that dance. So Whoa, silly Tillie Brown! Whoa, Tillie,
lay 'em down, You don't know when you shake— What you shake
We like the way you move— When you move

What you'll break— So Whoa, Tillie,
You improve—

To Patter

Tillie, Take your time!

Tillie make your get away, get away, get away, now.
PATTER

Start that pigeon wing;
Shake your little finger and every thing.

P staccato

Now glide to the right—
Save a little bit for tomorrow night.

Slow drag east and west;
Now your little tootsies need a rest. Go

'way back
And sit down 'cause you've got your habits on. Now

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