BIMINY

By GENE BUCK and
DAVE STAMPER

I have seen a lot of dancing,

Classic, Greek and high-brow prancing;

Highland flings and hot fandangos.

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Irish reels and dreamy tangos,

Turkey trots and Russian ballets

Real Apache in Paris Alleys.

There is one who is my special pet — The
one I nev-er will for-get,
Oh, that

Refrain.

Cute lit-tle beat on the beach at Bim-in-y Danced in-to my

heart. I'll nev-er for-get that peach, by Jim-in-y!

Won me from the start, When she danc-ed, she en-tranced, with her
She could hypnotize a movement all her own.

Each gyration a sensation, She danced all alone

Like a breeze in the trees she would sway to and fro and then

Roll her big brown eyes, Then she'd step with some pep Then de-
-lay and go slow a-gain, How she could tan-ta-lize That is

why that I sigh, That's where I want to go a-gain; And I start to-

day,  With the peach that danced on the beach at Bim-in-y

Bay.  Oh, that Bay.