CHARLEY, MY BOY

By GUS KAHN
& TED FIORITO

Moderato

Piano

VOICE

Char-ley is an ord-in-ar-y fel-low to most ev-’ry one but
Char-ley’s Dad and Moth-er and his sis-ter and his broth-er call him

Flo-pest  his  Flo-pest

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She's convinced that Charley is a very extraordinary
While his girl's relations say if he would stay away we'd have some
beau rest some beau rest
And every evening in the dim light
Her father's cleaning up his rifle
She has a way of putting him right
But she says dearie that's a trifile
CHORUS

Char-ley my Boy Oh Char-ley my Boy You thrill me you
Char-ley my Boy Oh Char-ley my Boy You thrill me you

chill me with shi-vers of joy____ You've got that kind-a sort-a
chill me with shi-vers of joy____ You've got that kind-a sort-a

bit of a-way____ That makes me takes me tell me what shall I say____
bit of a-way____ That makes me takes me tell me what shall I say____

And when we dance____ I read in your glance____ Whole pa-ges and
And when we dance____ I read in your glance____ Sweet no-tions and
ages of love and romance

oceans of love and romance

They tell me Ro-mee-oh was

My Moth-er told me that I

some lover too

shouldn't be kissed

But boy he should have taken les-sons from you

But then your coax-ing ways are hard to re-sist

You seem to start

My lips re-fuse

where oth-ers get through

but your eyes in-sist

Oh

Oh

Char-ley my Boy.
Char-ley my Boy.