In The South Of France

Words and Music by
EARL CARROLL

Tempo di Fox-trot

I am returning on a steamer that's churning Eastward

Ho! And although a five day boat, it'll be too slow to

and me in Europe where somebody sure appeals to

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me a cross the sea

In the

Refrain

In a big boat I'm traveling, In a small box I'd

South of France I shall find ro-

have a ring, Just the proper

-mance. Someone fair is waiting there, for
size to fit her hand. I'm afraid she'll be me
And those loving

gone before I can rap tap upon her door And
arms Hold a love that warms

try my best to make her understand
All the dreams of days that used to be.
I want to be there, I want to see her stand.

I'll go where I know the staccato,

all dressed up in lace And when I reach here,

blue eyed violets grow Oh, how I

I know the preacher is the proper place.

long for the chance For my
I want to be there I want to see her
I'll go where I know the
all dressed up in lace
And when I reach here,
blue eyed violets grow
Oh, how I
I know the preacher is the proper place.
long for the chance
For my
Over here she's a foreigner
But I can help a

lips will think that my
kisses

der, in her, Down in the South of

drink all the sunshine in the South of

allargando

France.

France.

France.

In the France.