

CHICAGO

THAT TODD'LING TOWN



COMPLIMENTARY

FEATURED BY
BLOSSOM SEELEY



By-FRED FISHER

MADE U.S.A.

SM 5207

"CHICAGO" That Toddling Town

By FRED FISHER

Moderato

Ukulele

Piano

f

Vamp

mf

I got a A-ny old

gal, I got a pal, I got a chance, I got a dance, wait-ing for me,
Maid, Who's not a-fraid, Pow-ders her nose, puts on nice clothes, she'll get a beau.

p

ad lib

I'm goin' to make, right to the lake, There with the boys, in Ill-on-ois, I want to
A-ny old Guy, ov-er in Chi, He's got a chance, If he can dance, He'll cop a

ad lib

be,
Flo,

You may not care, For to be there, But I de-
A-ny Ho-tel, That's a bit swell, Must have a

TH
NUM
ca
be
for
Phono
or
Pla
Pia

clare, You're not a-ware, Just where to go, When you're in
band, Right here on hand, or else their cheap, If you'll in-

ad lib

town, Just call a-round, right there I'm found. Real-ly you ought to know:
vest, You'll find a guest, they'll nev-er rest, They're danc-ing while they sleep:

Chorus
Chi-ca-go, - Chi-ca-go, That tod-dl'-ing town, Tod-dl'-ing Town, Chi-

mf

ca-go, - Chi-ca-go, - Ill show you a-round, - I love it,

Betch your bot-tom dol-lar you lose the blues— in Chi - ca - go, — Chi - ca - go, The

town that Bil - ly Sun-day could not — shut down, On

State Street, — That Great Street, — I just want to say, — Just want to say, — They

do things — they dont do on Broad - way, Say, *cresc.*

They have the time, The time — of their life, I saw a man he danced — with his wife, in Chi -

To *PATTER* Fine

ca - go, - Chi - ca - go, my home town. -

PATTER

In "Coll-ege Inn" you get the real beer in a glass, In that coll-ege from Pro-fess-or's,

you learn to jazz, - More Col - ored peo - ple up in State Street you can see,

Than you'll see in Louis-i - an - na, or Ten-nes-see, - They've got the "Stock Yards" So I

heard the peo - ple say, I just got wind of it to - day, to - day, On

D.S. al Fine

IS
BER
in
had
your
graph
our
er -
no

THE SEASONS SONG SUCCESSES

No One Loves You Any Better Than Your M-A-Double-M-Y

Lyric by
BOB NELSON

Melody by
HARRY LINK

CHORUS

No one loves you a - ny bet - ter than your M - A - Dou - ble - M -

p-f

- Y, And when you start to cry She'll dry each tear - ful

make you cheer - ful No mat - ter where you roam, Your thoughts al - ways

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POLITZER