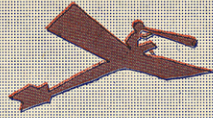


# IT'S AN AWFUL THING TO NOT KNOW WHERE YOU ARE

WORDS BY HAPGOOD BURT AND ROY ATWELL

# JOSEPH SANTLEY



IN THE MUSICAL FANTASY

# ALL OVER TOWN



### VOCAL

I Can't Forget Your Eyes	60
Cuddle All Over Town	60
I'm Here Again	60
I Love My Movie Picture Man	60
I'll Do What The Rest Do	60
Don't Tempt Me	60
No One's To Blame But You	60
Starlight	60
It's An Awful Thing To Not Know Where You Are	60

### INSTRUMENTAL

Selection	1.00
Waltzes	60

BOOK BY



JOSEPH SANTLEY

LYRICS BY



H. B. SMITH

MUSIC BY



SILVIO HEIN

T. B. HARMS  
AND  
FRANCLIS DAY & HUNTER  
NEW YORK

SM 2893

## 2 It's An Awful Thing To Not Know Where You Are.

Words by  
HAPGOOD BURT and  
ROY ATWELL.

Music by  
SILVIO HEIN.

Piano.

I should like an ex - pla - na - tion of my  
You may think this la - men - ta - tion, a pe -

pre - sent sit - u - a - tion, With - out a - ny al - ter - ca - tion, on the  
cu - liar Sal - u - ta - tion, And will pay for my cre - ma - tion, right a -

side, ——— It is my de - ter - mi - na - tion to make  
way, ——— But this room and it's ro - ta - tion, so im -

some in - ves - ti - ga - tion; As to how I came to life and when I  
pedes my nav - i - ga - tion; You'll ex - cuse me, if I climb back in the

died, ——— For no doubt in - tox - i - ca - tion, brought a -  
hay, ——— Oh have no in - fa - tu - a - tion, for my

bout this com - pli - ca - tion and placed me where I don't know just where I  
pre - sent cap - ti - va - tion and in fact I do not like the place at

am, — But I have no hes - i - ta - tion, In de - clar - ing my vo - ca - tion in the  
all, — It would cause me much e - la - tion, Should they give me de - por - ta - tion and I'd

## Chorus.

fu - ture will be just a so - ber man. For it's an  
 glad - ly pro - mise nev - er more to fall. For it's an

aw - ful thing to know not where you are, To try in  
 aw - ful thing to know not where you are, To lay and

vain To grace your name; It's a  
 think of rab - bits pink. It's a

dread - ful thing to wake up with a jar, And find you  
 fear - ful thing to have a shoot - ing star, With whis - kers

brain \_\_\_\_\_ has missed a train, \_\_\_\_\_ It's \_\_\_\_\_ an  
blue \_\_\_\_\_ start chas - ing you, \_\_\_\_\_ It's \_\_\_\_\_ an

aw - ful thing to wake, and think you're dead \_\_\_\_\_ in some strange  
grue some - thing to see a slice of toast \_\_\_\_\_ climb your bed -

bed \_\_\_\_\_ from home a - far, \_\_\_\_\_ But the worst that can be - fall, if you  
post \_\_\_\_\_ with a ci - gar, \_\_\_\_\_ But the worst that can be - fall, if you

must wake up at all is to think you're dead; And then find out you are.  
must wake up at all is to think you're dead; And then find out you are.

THE BALLAD OF LOVE AND GLADNESS

# THE SUNSHINE OF YOUR SMILE

Words by  
Leonard Cooke.

Music by  
Lilian Ray.

Refrain.

*mf*

Give me your smile, The love - light in your eyes, -



Life could not hold A fair - er Par - a - dise!



Give me the right To love you all the while, My world for - ev - er, The



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