

SM 3250

2

# On The Arm Of The Old Arm Chair.

Words by  
BOBBY HEATH.

Music by  
ARTHUR LANGE.

Piano

*Vamp.*

My girl lives in the  
That old chair keeps a

coun - try,  
se - cret,

She's just an old fash - ioned girl, But she's not  
Tells not a thing that he hears, He's old and

slow,  
wise,

That's why I go down there to her  
For years he's heard them spoon in the

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cot - tage where we sit and spoon in the par - lor, Where  
same old room. The first time I went a - call - ing, I

we had a friend you know well, He had four legs and he  
sat in that chair all a - lone, Then right a - way I could

had two arms, If you can't guess I will tell,  
hear him say: If you can't spoon please go home,

Grand - ma loved it Grand - pa loved it. Geel but aint it swell.  
Get some gir - lie, start in ear - ly, 'Cause you're all a - lone.

## Chorus.

On the arm of the old arm chair, Ev - 'ry

night you could find us there, Hav - ing lots of lov - in';

hav - ing lots of fun; Be - fore she kissed me she would al - ways

put her chew - ing gum un - der the arm of the old arm chair, What a

good time we had there. How we used to cud - dle,

hud - dle, hud - dle, hud - dle. She said she'd al - ways miss me, then she'd

roll her eyes and kiss me, On the arm, On the arm? On the

arm of the old arm - chair. On the chair.