

Words by
ALFRED DUBIN

You Know What I Mean

Music by
FRED RATH

Brightly (*Not too fast*)

f *ff*

Vamp *mf* *p*

I've been dream-ing, I've been dream-ing, I've been schem-ing, too, I
When we're mar-ried, when we're mar-ried, We'll go down to Cook's, Look

hope my dreams come true, It all de-pends on you; I'm sus-pect-ing, I'm sus-pect-ing,
through their tour-ist books, And pick some sha-dy nooks; Then we'll vis-it those ex-quis-ite,

That your eyes have seen, There's some-thing wrong with me, And you know what I mean!
Trop-ic Is-land scenes, The kind you read a-bout, In all the mag-a-zines!

REFRAIN

1-2. Oh I'm just cra-zy 'bout your kiss-es, hon-ey, You know what I mean, For when your

lips meet mine, I feel so fun-ny, You know what I mean. You're just a dream of love-li-

ness, — You sure-ly know just how to dress, You play and sing, — and ev-'ry-thing, So

dif-frent from the rest: — I'd like to hear the preach-er say that we are, —

You know what I mean, — And in a year or so we both may have a lit-tle Ford ma -

chine, — We'll find a lit-tle cot-tage where the ros-es bloom, With a

par-lor and a kitch-en and a din-ing room, And a room up - stairs, Where we'll

say our pray'rs, Oh, you know what I mean. Oh, I'm just mean.

PLAY THIS
SONG
ON YOUR
TALKING
PIANO
AND
PLAYER
PIANO.