

SM4925

2 Poor Little Ritz Girl

YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR DREAMS

(Doctor, Bab, and Pemboke)

Lyric by
LORENZ M. HART

SONG

Music by
RICHARD C. RODGERS

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

Doc: Look in - to my eyes a - gain Pem: Take her pain a -
 Doc: An - swer all I ask of you Bab: Ask and I shall

-way speak Doc: Read my eyes you see your pain is
 Doc: I will ask your age and you will

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2060 - 4

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bet - ter me *Bab:* Yes there is - nt an - y pain
 tell me *Pem:* That's a thing you need - nt do

Doc: Do just what I say One deep breath now
 She's eight - een this week She told me so

rest a - while you may You're a lit - tle
 that's not what I seek *Doc:* Come now say how

sleep - y now A tir - ed spell will creep
 old you are *Bab:* I am just twen - ty two

Nod your head and close your eyes And you are a - sleep
 Doc: When a maid - en is a - sleep All she says is true

CHORUS

You tell me what you're dream - ing I'll tell you whom you

love In dreams your heart is schem - ing For

him you're dream - ing of Your mod - es - ty can't

hide it You lose con - trol it seems _____ When you're a -

-sleep there's no con - ceal - ing A feel - ing Ap -

-peal - ing _____ And lit - tle love thoughts come a - steal - ing _____ Be-cause You

Cant Fool Your Dreams You Dreams _____ D.C.