Ain’t She Sweet.
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Moderato

1. There she is! There she is! There’s what keeps me up at night: Oh, gee whiz!
2. Tell me where, tell me where, have you seen one just like that? I declare.

There’s why I can’t eat a bite. Those flaming eyes! Oh, boy, how sweet!

Eb  Bb7  Eb  Bb7
Cm  G7  Cm  G7  Cm  Bb7
That flamm-ing youth!
Those lips must be!

Oh, mis-ter! Gaze on it!
Oh, sis-ter! Dog-gone it!

CHORUS

Tell me the truth,
Now answer me!

Ain't she sweet? see her.

Coming down the street! Now I ask you very confidentially.

Ain't she sweet? Ain't she nice? Look her over once or twice. Now I ask you very confidentially.
Ain't she nice? Just cast an eye in her direction.

Oh, me! Oh, my! Ain't that peculiar.

I repeat, don't you think that's kind of neat? And I ask you very confidentially.

Ain't she sweet?