

IV.11If you knew Susie like I know Susie, Oh! Oh! What a girl! There's none so classy as this fair lassie; oh, oh holy Moses what a chassisi! We went riding, she didn't balk; back from Yonkers I'm the one that had to walk! If you knew Susie like I know Susie, oh, oh what a girl!

12. Yessir, that's my baby; nosir, don't mean maybe, yessir, that's my baby now! Yes ma'm, we've decided; no ma'm, we won't hide it; yes ma'm you're invited now! By the way, by the way, when we reach the preacher I'll say: Yessir, that's my baby; no sir, don't mean maybe; yessir, that's my baby now!

13. Five foot-two, eyes of blue, but oh what those five feet could do; has anybody seen my gal? Turned-up nose, turned-down nose, never had no other beaus; has anybody seen my gal? Now if you run into a five foot-two, covered with furs, diamond rings and all those things, betcha life it isn't her. Put could she love, could she coo, could she, could she, could she coo! Has anybody seen my gal?

14. Gonna take a sentimental journey; gonna set my heart at ease; gonna make a sentimental journey, to renew old memories. Got my bag, I got my reservation; spent each dime I could afford. Like a child in wild anticipation, long to hear that "all aboard." Seven, that's the time we leave, at seven. I'll be waitin' up for heaven, countin' every mile of railroad track th t brings me back. Never thought my heart could be so "yearny"; why did I decide to roam? Gotta take this sentimental journey...sentimental journey home.

15. Carolina moon keep shining, shining on the one who waits for me. Carolina moon I'm pining, pining for the place I long to be. How I'm hoping tonight you'll go, go to the right window; scatter your light, say I'm all right, please do...Tell her that I'm blue and lonely, dreamy Carolina moon.

16. By the light of the silvery moon, I want to spoon, to my honey I'll croon love's tune. Honeymoon, keep a-shinin' in June; your silv'ry beams will bring love's dreams, we'll be cuddlin' soon, by the light of the moon.

17. Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the mornin'! No one could be sweeter than my sweetie when I meet her in the mornin'. When the morning glories twine around the door, whispering pretty stories I long to hear once more. Strollin' with my girlie where the dew is nearly early in the mornin'; butterflies all flutter up and kiss each little buttercup at dawning. If I had Alladin's lamp for only a day, I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say: nothin' could be finer than to be in Carolina in the mornin'.