

# SHE BELONGS TO ME

*Novelty Fox-Trot Song*

WORDS & MUSIC BY  
HOWARD JOHNSON  
ANDY RAZAF and  
PAUL DENNIKER



TRIANGLE  
MUSIC  
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## (NOVELTY FOX-TROT SONG)

*Ukulele Arr. by*  
**MAY SINGHI BREEN**  
 "THE UKULELE LADY"

Tune Ukulele  
 A D F# B

By **HOWARD JOHNSON**  
**ANDY RAZAF** and  
**PAUL DENNIKER**

*Moderato*

Piano *f*

*Vamp*

*p*

Say folks you ought to see,— Who has been sent to me;— That cer-tain  
 I got a luck-y break,— When I played put and take;— I took that

some-one I've been crav - in'— crav - in';— Let me des - cribe her now,—  
 ba - by for my on - ly,— on - ly;— I gam-bled once or twice,—

I hope that I know how;— And once you see her you'll start ra - vin':  
 Thenshook a "Par - a - dise,"— Now nev er more will I be lone - ly:

## Chorus

When she walks down the street,— she looks so neat and sweet,—  
 She's just like an-gel cake,— be-cause she's hard to make,—  
*She's got the cut-est nose,— I love her dimp-led toes,—*

*p-f*

I hol-ler, "SHE BELONGS TO ME;" When fel-lows  
 That ba-by, "SHE BELONGS TO ME;" She loves in  
*And lis-ten "SHE BELONGS TO ME;" Her eyes are*

wink their eye,— then you can hear me cry,— "Lay off" 'cause  
 such a way,— my con science goes a - stray,— That ba - by  
*just like stars,— They shine as bright as Mars,— I'm proud for*

"SHE BELONGS TO ME;" Still it makes me proud,—how they  
 "SHE BELONGS TO ME;" She's a Flam-ing Youth,—and to  
*"SHE BELONGS TO ME;" Ev - 'ry night at eight,— She will*

push and crowd, When that sweetie of mine they see, Ev-'ry traffic cop, makes the  
 tell the truth, I've been car-ry-in' round a hose, 'Cause the boys we meet, when we're  
*al-ways wait, Till I fin-ish my meal and then, She will cry for me, Gee its*

traf-fic stop,—'Cause the fel-lows won't let her be; Oh how they  
 on the street,—Start to hol-ler out "Burn my clothes;" I've bought some  
*plain to see,— I must tuck her in bed a - gain; She's worth her*

stare and look,— But put this in your book,— That ba-by,  
 Fire-men's Boots,— And swell as-bes-tos suits,— That ba-by,  
*weight in gold,— She's on-ly four years old,— My ba-by,*

"SHE BELONGS TO ME." ME."  
 "SHE BELONGS TO ME." ME."  
 "SHE BELONGS TO ME." ME."