

DOWN WHERE the VEST BEGINS

Lyric by
**JACK HOINS and
MARION GILDERSLEEVE**

Music by
**MARY M. TAYLOR
and J. E. MILLER**



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'Most ev-ry-bo-dy has some-thing they hate to talk a - bout. — One struggles on with
You di-et for a week un - til your tum-my starts to roar; — You do your dail-y

The first vocal line is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

bandy legs, an-oth-er, with the gout; An A-dam's ap - ple's not so good A bald head is a
doz-en stunts un-til you're stiff and sore; You bend your knees and touch your toes and roll a-round the

The second vocal line is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

bore, — But the aw-ful stage of mid-dle age is one we all de - plore.
floor, — But day by day, at ev-'ry weigh you're gain-ing more and more.

The third vocal line is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

CHORUS

Down where the vest be-gins, That's where you feel your sins When you take on—
 Down where the vest be-gins, That's where you feel your sins When you have lost—

p f

— some weight, — Your waist line gets big - ger, you soon have a fig -
 — your lap, — When you're fat and for - ty, and try to be sport-

— ger that you can't ap - pree - i - ate, — When your
 — y, your weight is a hand - i - cap, — When you

tail - or has found, — That you're five yards a - round, — and the gain puts a strain —
 step on the scale, — That was not made for whales, — and the works fall a - part —

on your pins ————— You'd give all your kale, — just to look like a rail, —
as it spins ————— A hill's all you see, — where a val-ley should be, —

Down where the vest — be - gins.
Down where the vest — be - gins.

1.
2.
gins.
gins.

sfz

EXTRA CHORUSES

1. Down where the vest begins,
That's where you feel your sins,
You try to be a sport.
There's no use in yelling
The belt line keeps swelling
So golf is your last resort,
With a bag full of clubs,
With the rest of the dubs,
You go chasing a pill to get thin.
But after each round
You just gain one more pound,
Down where the vest begins.
2. Down where the vest begins,
That's where you feel your sins,
You don't know what to do.
You end by deciding
To try horseback riding,
To work off a pound or two.
In the saddle you jounce,
Just like rubber you bounce,
But you stick to the nag with a grin.
The horse is a wreck,
But you don't lose a speck,
Down where the vest begins,
3. Down where the vest begins,
That's where you feel your sins,
While in a trolley car.
They push you and jab you,
With elbows they stab you,
Till you don't know where you are.
You try hard to smile,
As you block up the aisle,
And get kick after kick in the shins.
You find your watch gone,
From the chain it hung on,
Down where the vest begins.
4. Down where the vest begins,
That's where you feel your sins;
You try a turkish bath.
You steam and perspire,
You think you're on fire,
Your life is no rosy path.
Oh, they throw you around
And they poke and they pound
Say you're great for the shape that you're in;
You work up a sweat,
But that's all that you get,
Down where the vest begins.
5. Down where the vest begins,
That's where you feel your sins,
You join a bowling club.
You think that by heaving,
Your weight will be leaving
You feel like an awful dub.
When you step to the line,
Tho' your aim is just fine,
Down the alley you slide to the pins.
You score a strike there,
But you've plenty to spare,
Down where the vest begins.
6. Down where the vest begins,
That's where you feel your sins,
You must lose weight, that's all,
You use methods drastic
Go trip the fantastic,
And waddle around the hall;
You get faint in the head,
And your partner's half dead,
But she struggles along and just grins;
You dance well, it's true,
But there's too much of you,
Down where the vest begins.