

The Latest in New York.

YOU'RE CRAZY WITH THE HEAT

A REAL RAG-TIME SHOUT

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
**A. BALDWIN
SLOANE**

Composer of
*WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH THE MOON
TOD-NIGHT?*

*SLY MUSETTE
ETC*



From



50
4/-

You're Crazy with the Heat.

Words and Music by
A. BALDWIN SLOANE.

Moderato.

Piano.

f

p

1. Went down to call on mah girl one night, Moon and stars was a shi-nin' bright;
2. Went to de race-track yes-ter-day, Thought my money on a hoss I'd play;
3. Took mah gal to a fan-cy-ball, Hun-dred coons was in de hall;

mp

All dressed up in my Sun-day clo's, Hick - 'ry stick and a
Doped it— out so I could-n't lose, Buy my ba - by a
I goes— off to get babe some cream, When I done re-turn, well I

crim - son rose. — Thought I'd play a joke on mah blue - black love,
 pair of shoes. — Man — come a - long an' say "What you know?"
 thought I'd scream. Dere she was a - talk - in' to a big black man,

Kind - er scare her in - to call me tur - tle - dove; Made a thou - sand dol - lars in
 Den my lit - tle dope — card — him I show; Guess he done be - long to de
 Covered up wid diamonds on the 'stal - ment plan; "Dis is mah waltz, I be -

stocks to day, — Ba - by done a look at me and den she say: —
 'fie - ial staff, — Han' me back mah lit - tle card — wid a laff: —
 lieve" sez me, — Big - a black - a man - a done a said, sez he: —

Chorus.

You're cra- - zy wid__ de heat, __

Put a picce of ice up - on yo' head an' feet; You're

sho - ly bug so off dey'll lug, You

to some quiet__ an' safe__ re treat.__ You're

era - zy wid de heat,

While you got de chance you bet - ter sneak down de street; I'm

sor - ry fo' you, But I fear it's true, You're

era - zy wid de heat. You're heat.

f *f*

Sva bassa D. S.