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THE GUM CHEWERS' SONG

I'M GONNA DANCE WIT DE GUY WOT BRUNG ME

A Knock-Out
Novelty Song!

*With Ukulele
Accompaniment*



Lyric by
WALTER O'KEEFE

Music by
HARRY ARCHER

*You can't go wrong
with any 'FEIST' song

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"I'm Gonna Dance Wit De Guy Wot Brung Me" 3

Lyric by
WALTER OKEEFE

(The Gum Chewer's Song)
(Ukulele arr. see note below) *

Music by
HARRY ARCHER

Moderato

One
My

night I went to the Pal - ais de Dance To trip the light fan - tas - tic, I
face got red at the things that she said, I thought I must be dream - ing, It

spied a girl who was standing a - lone, Chew - ing a hunk of e - las - tic. She
knocked me cold when she start - ed to scold, One of her eyes was gleam - ing. I

seemed to look al - right, I thought I'd be po lite.
bowed down to the floor, Po - lit - er than be - fore.

5981-3

*Ukulele arr. by MAY SINGHI BREEN "The Ukulele Lady"
Tune Ukulele or

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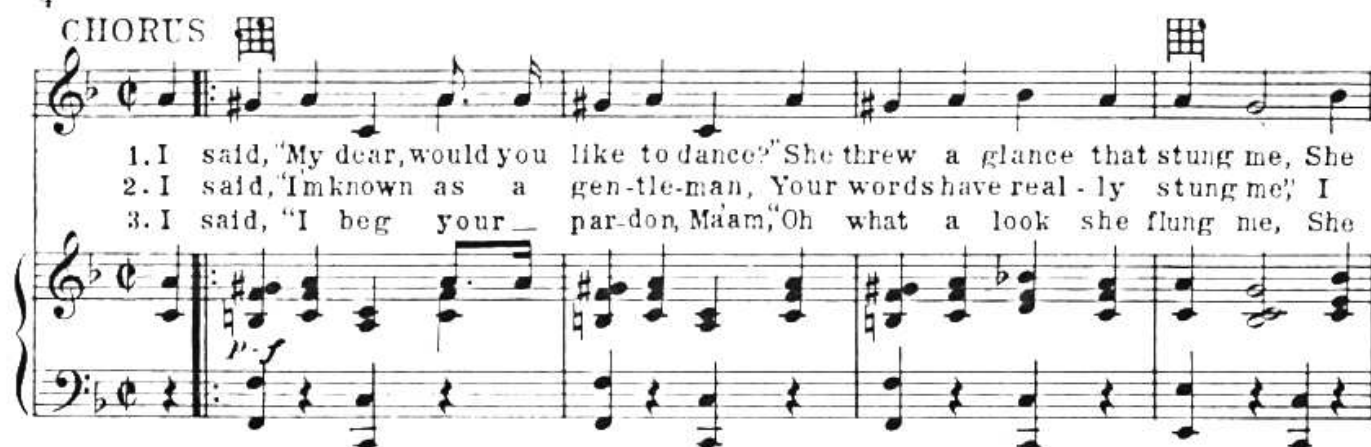
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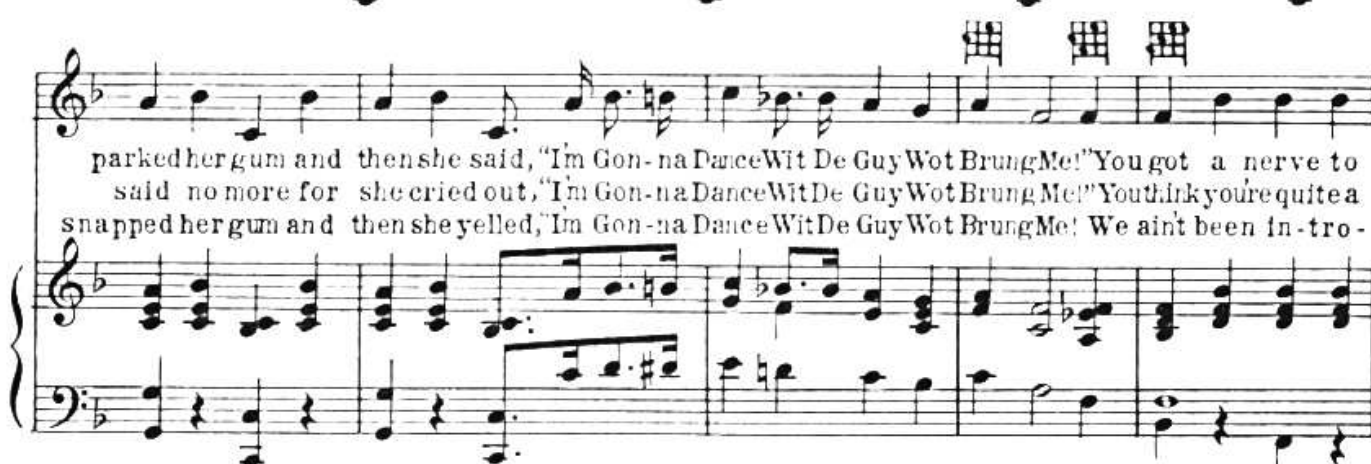
Banjulele
Banjo

G C E A

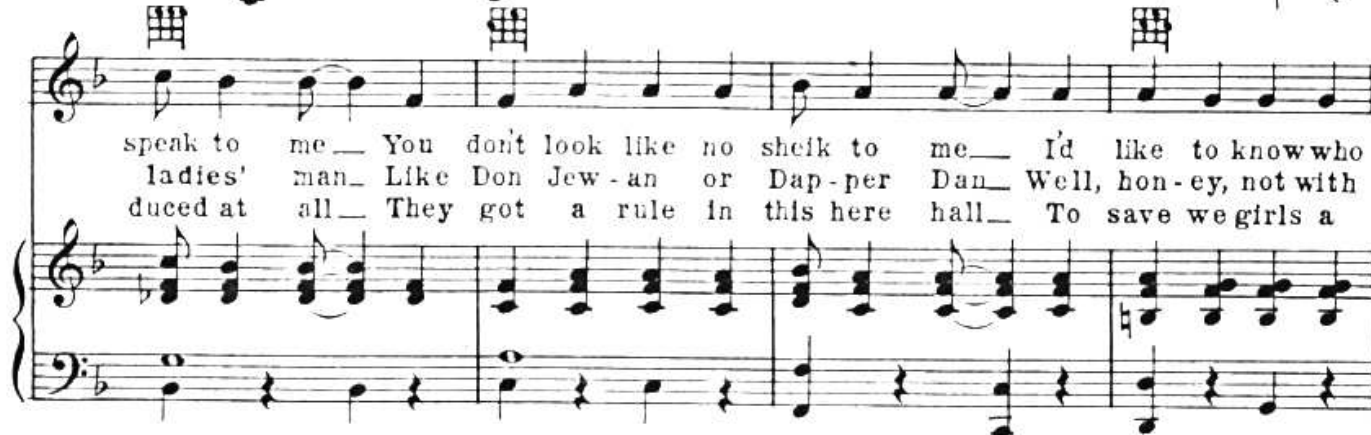
CHORUS



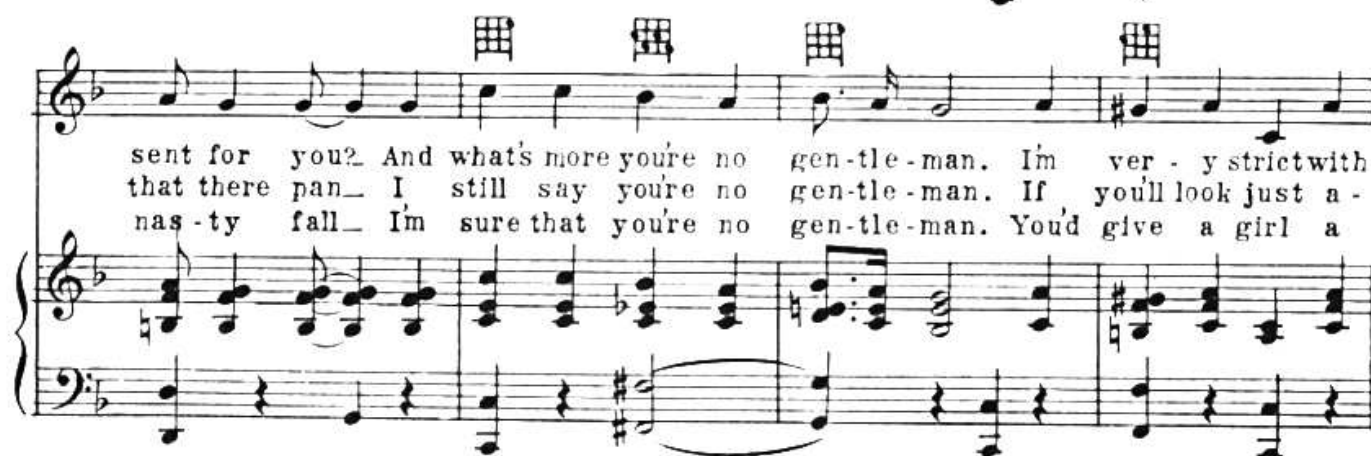
1. I said, "My dear, would you like to dance?" She threw a glance that stung me, She
 2. I said, "I'm known as a gen-tle-man, Your words have real-ly stung me!" I
 3. I said, "I beg your par-don, Ma'am, Oh what a look she flung me, She



parked her gum and then she said, "I'm Gon-na Dance Wit De Guy Wot Brung Me!" You got a nerve to
 said no more for she cried out, "I'm Gon-na Dance Wit De Guy Wot Brung Me!" You think you're quite a
 snapped her gum and then she yelled, "I'm Gon-na Dance Wit De Guy Wot Brung Me! We ain't been in-tro-



speak to me— You don't look like no sheik to me— I'd like to know who
 ladies' man— Like Don Jew-an or Dap-per Dan— Well, hon-ey, not with
 duced at all— They got a rule in this here hall— To save we girls a



sent for you? And what's more you're no gen-tle-man. I'm ver-y strict with
 that there pan— I still say you're no gen-tle-man. If you'll look just a-
 nas-ty fall— I'm sure that you're no gen-tle-man. You'd give a girl a

et - i - quette, Some things I won't al - low, boy, Know all my P's and Q's, I bet you're
cross the hall There's one girl who's the ber - ries, The one who's got that o - range hat with
lem - on - ade and think it ver - y pleas - ing, You'd walk her home and think that you could

just a drug - store cow - boy, So take your hand right off my arm. To me you're just a
all them pur - ple cher - ries, Now she's a cinch and lis - ten, son, That dame'll dance with
get it back by squeez - ing, Wipe off that sim - ple, sil - ly smile, Here comes my boy friend

false a - larm Go take the air, say, can't you see? I'm Gon - na Dance Wit De Guy Wot
an - y - one_ You're not for me, boy, can't you see? I'm Gon - na Dance Wit De Guy Wot
down the aisle, Go take the air, say, can't you see? I'm Gon - na Dance Wit De Guy Wot

Brung Me. I Brung Me.
Brung Me. I

D.S.