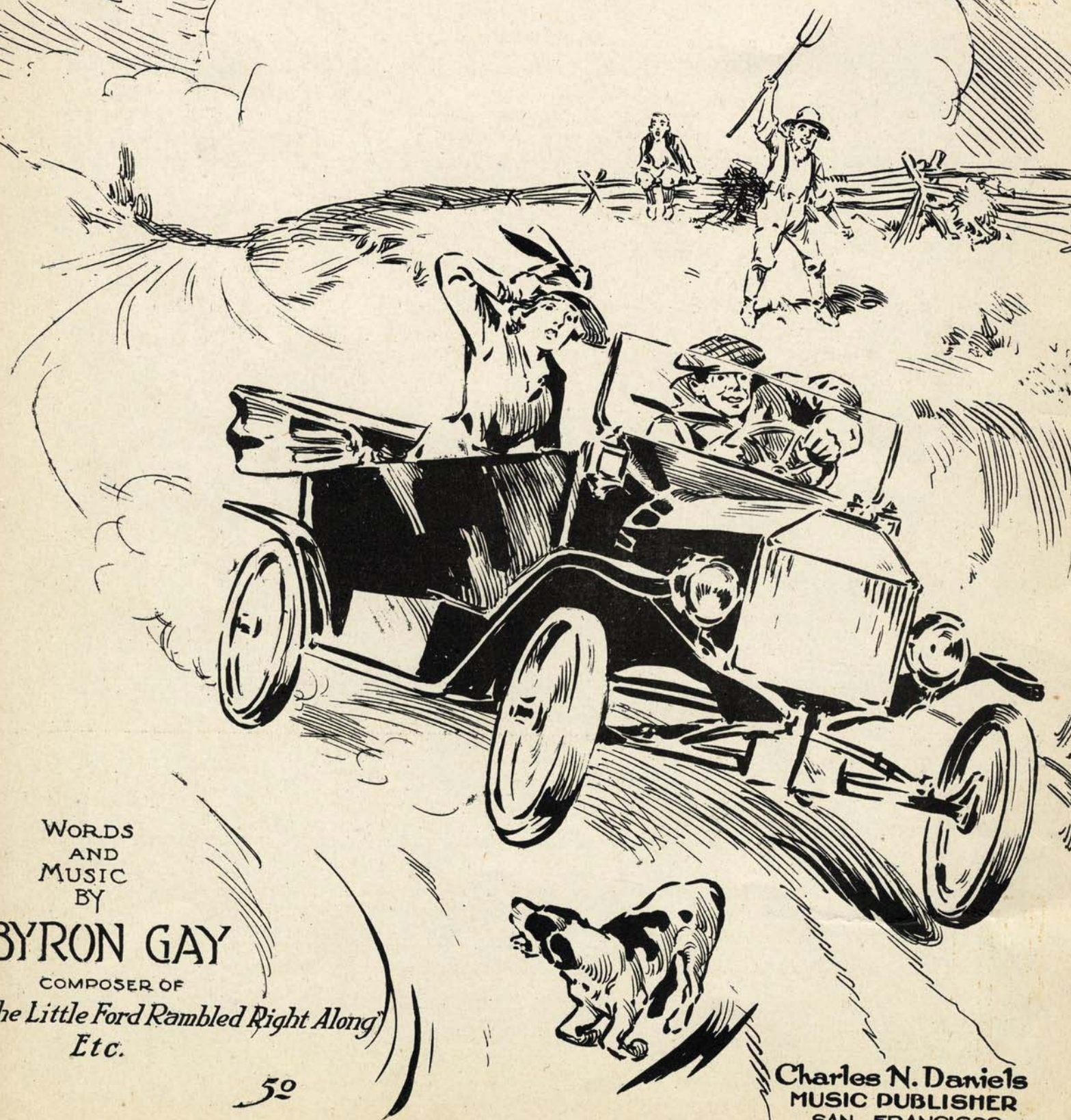


# IT'S A RAMBLING FLIVVER



WORDS  
AND  
MUSIC  
BY

**BYRON GAY**

COMPOSER OF

*'The Little Ford Rambled Right Along'*  
Etc.

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**Charles N. Daniels**  
MUSIC PUBLISHER  
SAN FRANCISCO

# It's A Rambling Flivver

Words and Music by  
BYRON GAY

Composer of "Little Ford Rambled Right Along" etc.

Moderato

The musical score is written in G major and 2/4 time. It features a piano accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano line with triplets and a 'Vamp' instruction. The lyrics are as follows:

Now list-en to me pa-tient-ly I'm go-ing to de-liv-er, A sto-ry 'bout a cra-zy, good-for-  
I took my girl a rid-ing in my dink-y lit-tle "fliv-ver," I told her that I loved her, then we  
Now once I had a mother-in-law and knew not what to give her, The dev-il in me seemed to say "just  
noth-ing lit-tle "fliv-ver;" I bought it for a dol-lar and an old to-bac-co sack, And  
skid-ded in the riv-er; As soon as we came up for air, we heard a fun-ny swish, And  
let her have the "fliv-ver" She jumped right in and grabbed the wheel and thought it simp-ly grand, And  
now I wish to good-ness that I had my dol-lar back. Dog-goned thing is  
then we saw the pesk-y "fliv-ver" swim-min' like a fish. Half a doz-en  
then she took her fare-well trip in-to the prom-ised land. With one growl that  
nois-y as the deuce, They made it out of rat-tles, ev-'ry one of them is loose; But  
crabs be-gan to bite, They just kept on a nib-bling 'till that "fliv-ver" was a sight; Then  
"fliv-ver" went to work, And like a lit-tle he-ro, not a du-ty did it shirk; And

e - ven so it al ways seems to go And when it starts to mov - in' I will have you know  
 with one flop that "fliv-ver" hit the shore A go - in' twen-ty miles an hour and may-be more  
 like a shot it start-ed on the run A spit - in' and a pop-pin' like a gatt-ling gun

**CHORUS**

It is a ram-bling "fliv-ver," a ram-bling "fliv-ver," Step on her tail and then stay with her, She will  
 It is a ram-bling "fliv-ver," a ram-bling "fliv-ver," Step on her tail and then stay with her, She will  
 It was a ram-bling "fliv-ver," a ram-bling "fliv-ver," Ram-bling fast and the old girl with'er, On the

go, go, when the tank is dry Do you think it won-der-ful? I think it is a lie. It is a  
 go, go, like a ton of brick Ev-'ry time she takes a hill she acts a lit-tle sick. She is a  
 go, go, go-ing might-y fast Moan-ing and a groaning, still a kick-ing to the last. It was a

ram-bling "fliv-ver," a ram-bling "fliv-ver," At rac-ing she was fine; When I  
 ram-bling "fliv-ver," a ram-bling "fliv-ver," She goes down hill just fine; Ev-er  
 ram-bling "fliv-ver," a ram-bling "fliv-ver," A ram-bling "crack-er-jack;" For it

timed her for a block, both the hands flew off the clock, Oh that ram-bling "fliv-ver" of mine. —  
 since I got the bus, all I do is fuss and cuss. At that ram-bling "fliv-ver" of mine. —  
 took her far a-way, dumped her where she had to stay, Then the gosh-durned "fliv-ver" came back. —