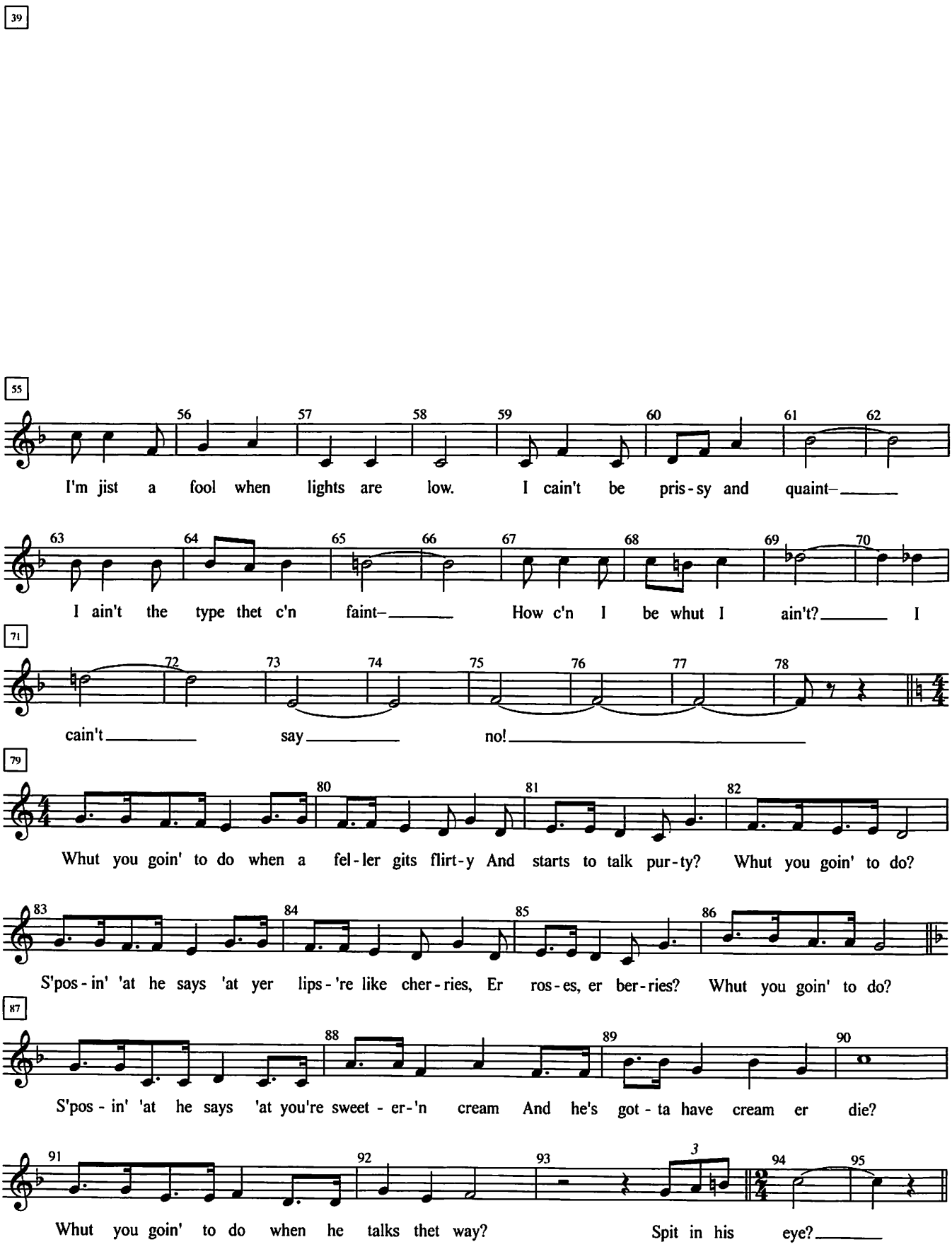
39
55
I'm jist a fool when lights are low. I cain't be pris-sy and quaint–
I ain't the type thet c'n faint– How c'n I be whut I ain't? I
71
cain't say no!
79
Whut you goin' to do when a fel-ler gits flirt-y And starts to talk pur-ty? Whut you goin' to do?
S'pos-in' 'at he says 'at yer lips-'re like cher-ries, Er ros-es, er ber-ries? Whut you goin' to do?
87
S'pos-in' 'at he says 'at you're sweet-er-'n cream And he's got-ta have cream er die?
Whut you goin' to do when he talks thet way? Spit in his eye?