Come On Papa

By EDGAR LESLIE
and HARRY RUBY

Allegretto

Sweet Marie in gay Paris,
Had a motor car; It filled her
Yankee boys make lots of noise,
When they're in Paris; They like to

Till ready

heart with joy;
To drive a Yankee boy;
promenade,
Up on the Boulevard;

On the sly, she'd wink her eye,
They all know Marie and so,

If one came her way,
She'd stop her motor car,
And then she'd say:

Any-time she's near,
They knock each other down,
Each time they hear:

Chorus

"Come on papa,
Hop in the motor car,
Sit by mamma,
And hold ze
hand; You start to raise for me, What say call zee deuce; I'll be so
sweet to you, Like zee Charlotte Russe; Come on papa, Beneath the shining star,

Bounce your ba-bee, Upon zee knee; I'll give you zee kiss like zee mam'selles do_

Each time you ask for one I'll give you two; Come ci comme ca, Come see come sar, And when you're

In zee car, You love mamma, Oo-la-la! Oo-la-la! Come on Papa, Come on papa?