

G. Fox

THE WORLD-WIDE SENSATION

ELEVEN MORE MONTHS

AND

TEN MORE DAYS

THE SONG WITH A THOUSAND LAUGHS

SUCCESSFULLY
FEATURED BY

JACK HYLTON AND HIS BAND



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ELEVEN MORE MONTHS AND TEN MORE DAYS.

EXTRA VERSES.

Now we play football once a week
And you should see the score,
Ev'ry player steals a goal,
He's stolen things before.
There's lots of folk would like to come
To see us when we play,
But they built a wall around the place
To keep the crowds away.

A bird in another cell asked me,
"How long are you in here for?"
I told him that I'd be here 'leven
Months and ten days more.
"I'm here until to-morrow," said he,
I said, "You son of a gun,
You're a lucky guy." He said, "Am I?
To-morrow Im gonna be hung."

Well, here I am in clink again
Just like I was before,
I've got the same old stretch to do,
'Leven months and ten days more.
I got another year in jail
And here's the reason why,
I didn't like the wife's new hat
So I blackened up her eye.

A man got up before the Judge
He acted kinda sore.
The Judge said, "Now it seems to me
I've seen your face before."
The prisoner said, "You bet, you did,
You've seen it every day,
I make the best Scotch Whisky
That they sell around this way."

They put a nice young fellow
In the electric chair one day,
They asked him if he had anything
That he would like to say.
"I've always been a gentleman,"
Said he, "And I entreat
If there's a lady present
I'd like to give her my seat."

A visitor passing by my cell
Just the other day,
I called him from my window and
I said, "Now stranger, say,
Can you tell me what time it is?"
He looked me in the face
And said, "What do you care what time it is?
You ain't goin' any place."

Another guy with a ten year stretch
Got three years off his bit.
For being a model pris'ner, so
I shook him by the mitt.
They're giving a celebration for
That lucky son of a gun,
Because his father's awful proud
To have such a wonderful son.

A kind old lady called on me,
She was just too good to live,
She asked me all about myself,
My pedigree to give.
She said, "Poor man, what brought you here?"
My tears began to drop,
I said, "The Black Maria and
A great big Irish cop?"

A wise guy stood before the Judge,
He thought it was a cinch
To talk his way right out of it,
When he got in a pinch.
He walked right up and said, "Howdy, Judge
How's the old boy to-day?"
The Judge said, "Fine, pay forty bob."
And they dragged that guy away.

On that same day another bird
Who shot ten men or so,
Was asked if he had anything
To say before hed go.
He took his seat in the 'lectric chair
And said, "Listen, gentlemen,
This will teach me a darn good lesson
And I'll never do it again."

ELEVEN MORE MONTHS AND TEN MORE DAYS

ARTHUR FIELDS &
FRED HALL.

Tune Ukulele to A. D. F#B.

Allegro con spirito

KEY G

Ha in the lock-up twen-ty days, Just
I caught one Sat-day night, as
The other day the ward-en said, "Wed-

twen-ty days a-go. I met the Judge, the kind old Juuge who was
tight as I could be. I saw a hat on top the rack where
like to bring you cheer. And give you lots of diff-erent sports while

feel-ing fine and so. He gave me just a year in jail, a
my hat ought to be. "What is that?" I asked my wife "It's a
you are stop-ping here. Now just what ath-e-let-ics do You

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 soc - ia - ble sort of guik. All on ac - count of a
 fry ing pan, said she. But a fry - ing pan with a
 think that you would like? I said, "If it's all with the



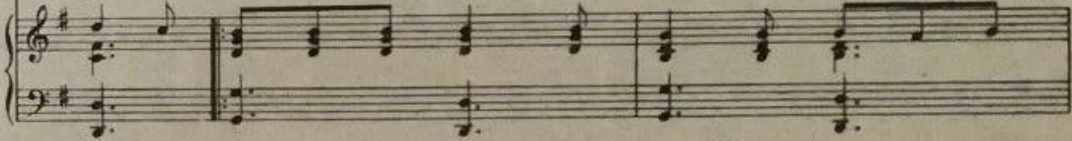



 gal - lon of beer, that I thought I could drink,
 hat lon band on I nev - er be - fore did see,
 same to you, I'd like to go on a hike."



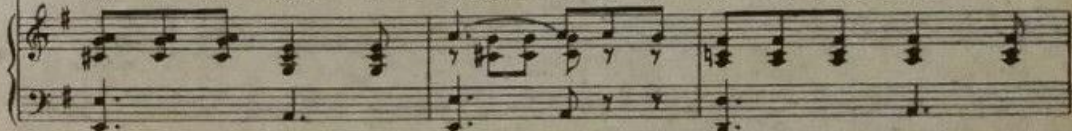
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


 In e - lev - en more months and ten more days, I'll be



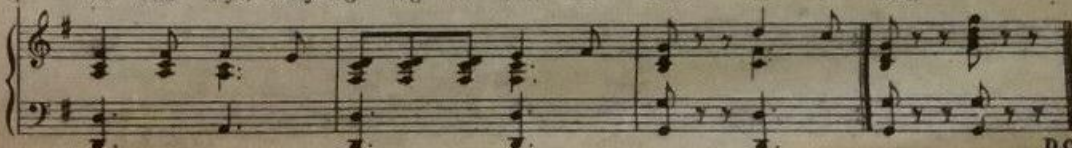


 out of the cal - a - boose. In e - lev - en more months and



 ten more days. They're go - ing to turn me loose In e - loose



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