

You're a Good Old Car

(But You Can't Climb Hills)



SIXTY
CENTS

SUCCESSFULLY INTRODUCED
BY MISS RAE SAMUELS

WORDS BY
EDWARD P. MORAN &
ANDREW B. STERLING
MUSIC BY
HARRY VON TILZER



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2 You're A Good Old Car But You Can't Climb Hills

Words by
ANDREW B. STERLING and
EDWARD P. MORAN

Music by
HARRY VON TILZER

Moderato

Piano

Voice

Vamp

mf *p*

Look here Jef - fer - son Lee
Lis - ten Jef - fer - son Lee

You mean noth - ing to me Your love slipped - from an
Why I'm set - ting you free Once your lov - in' was

A - I Brand - Clear down to an X - Y - Z.
all O. K. - But now it's a big N. G.

When you came — here to board, Talk of Lov - in' Oh Lord — you
When I think — of the past, Good-ness but — you were fast — you

start-ed like — a Rolls Royce with me — But you end - ed like a Ford.
start-ed off — like a "Man O' War" — But you done broke down at last.

Chorus

Your Ba-by's gone — Far, far a - way —
Your Ba-by's gone — Far, far a - way —

p-f

— So trav-el on — You've had your day —
— So trav-el on — You've had your day —

— There was a time when I liked your Kiss - in'
 — One time your kiss just burned like a fire —

But now your mot - or is miss - in' you aint
 But now you've got a flat tire — All your

hit - tin' on — all four no more, You're out of
 love has skid - ded too skid - oo, So just de -

gas — Can't ev - en start You could - n't
 tour, — You've lost your thrills There's just one

pass a sprink - lin' cart we part
cure for all your ills

What I need is some speed got to have my
You were grand, now you're canned Go and get a

lov - in' thrills - You're a good old car but you can't climb
mon - key gland - You're a good old car but you can't climb

hills. You're ba - by's hills.
hills. You're ba - by's hills.

Harry Von Tilzer's Two Terrific Ballad Hits

That Old Irish Mother Of Mine

Lyric by WILLIAM JEROME

Music by HARRY VON TILZER

CHORUS

In her eyes there's the dew of Kil-lar-ney. On her cheek there's the rose of Kil-dare.

On her lips just a wee bit of Blar-ney. And the snow of Ath-lone in her hair.

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Somebody's Mother

Words by
ANDREW R. STERLING

Music by
HARRY VON TILZER

Refrain

Some-bod y's Moth-er is wait-ing. For

some-one each day. Some-bod-y's

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