That Aeroplane Rag

As Sung by

Mlle. Jeanette

The Woman Aviator

IN

“An Aeroplane Flirtation

WORDS BY
FRED C. ROEGGE

MUSIC BY
BERTE C. RANDALL

JEROME H. REMICK & CO. NEW YORK - DETROIT
Words by
FRED C. ROEGGE

Music by
BERTE C. RANDALL

INTRO.

Now I've been made love to ev'ry way there be,
Make yourself real comfortable before we start,

On the desert sands and on the bounding sea,
Crank out all the gratitude that's in your heart.

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I've been kissed in Summer and in Pittsburg too,
Snuggle right up close where I can squeeze your hand,

Motor boats and Taxicabs are nothing new,
Never thot that lovin' could be half so grand.

My beau's got an Aeroplane, oh Joy and bliss,
Honey slow your motor down don't go so fast.

You should see us do that Aviation kiss, 'Fraid this ecstasy it aint a going to last.

That A. Rag 4
'Ma-gin if you can the ve-ry lov-in'-ist man, A lone with you up in the sky.
Guess Im getting air-sick or its lovesick Im sure, Your lov-in' love's the on-ly cure.

Go and pack your grip, Then we'll take a trip, get your ae-ro-plane Rags.
I am not to blame Love's my mid-dle name, Oh You! Ae-ro-plane Rag!

CHORUS

Oh You! ooo take me a-round the moon. Oh You! ooo

This is the place to spoon. Tilt your planes and shoot right thro' the air,
Riding, Sliding, Gliding, Crying

"I Don't Care!"

Good-bye! We're off for that heavily spot I never felt so glad.

Kiss me and squeeze my hand, Promise we'll never land. Honey take me higher, higher,

higher, don't you go no higher! Stop! Oh You Aero-plane Rag.