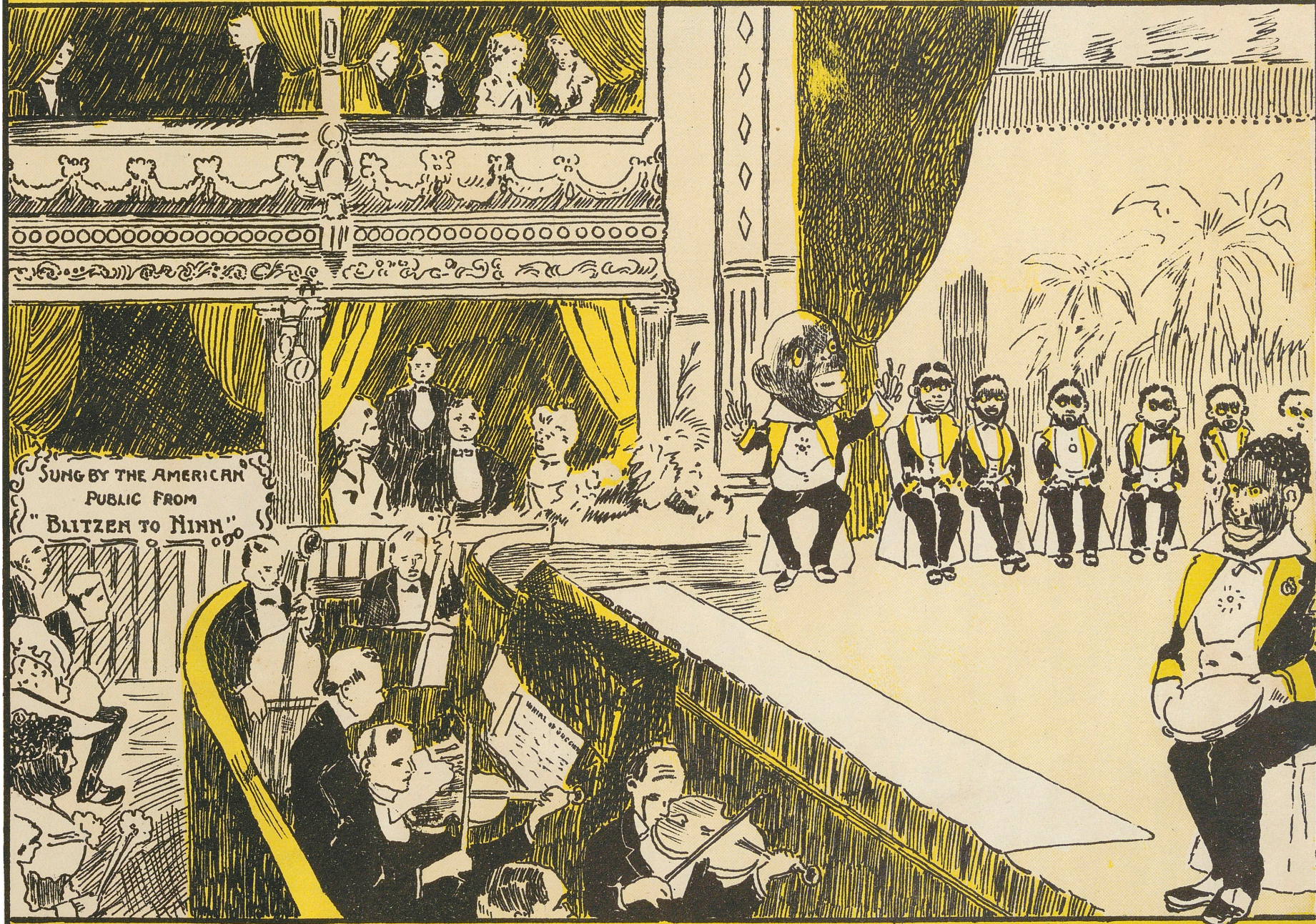


YOU NEEDN'T MAKE DEM GOO-GOO EYES.



WORDS

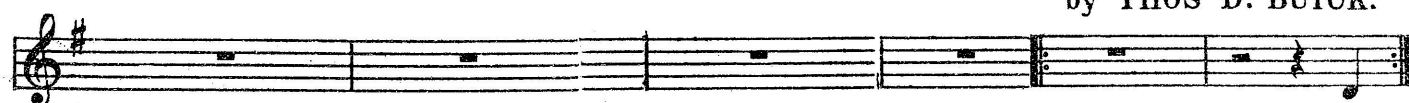
THOS. D. BUICK

MUSIC

STAR EDITION
HARRY H. SPARKS MUSIC PUBLISHER
TORONTO CANADA.

You Need'n't Make Dem Goo-Goo Eyes.

by THOS D. BUICK.



1. An
2. Af-

ac tor man sat on the end In a col - ored min - strel show, A
ter the show dis - col - ored gal Went for this ac - tor man, And

coal black babe sat in the front, Right in the sec - ond row. For
told him how she did love him, For that he would - n't stand. "You

this coon's cus - tom sure was swell With - in the foot - light's glow, And
go a - bout your bus' - ness gal Don't both - er me no more, I've

this gal thought that she would catch, This dar - key for her beau She
got a heap of trou - ble now, It makes me might - y sore You've

made dem eyes, Dem goo - goo eyes And thought she had him "dead", But
no ex - cuse It aint no use To try and win me out, I've

he got sore and loud - ly swore And to this gal he said. "Well
got a gal her name is Sal Then to her he did shout. "Well

CHORUS.

You need - nt make dem goo - goo eyes I lost my job not long a - go And

now I've cut that off my list So you dont stand a bit of show I've

got a lit - tle yel - low gal Who's just a - bout your size, And

all I ask of you Is not to make dem goo - goo eyes."