BANDY LEGS.

Words and Music by
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Tempo di Valse.

I'ts some-thing aw-ful they've just got to stop, I am goin' to tell mam-ma
I know a boy who has legs aw-ful thin, Likemac'-ron-i ma cooks for

too, Be-cause all the kids that live down on our block, They
pa, I nev-er heard no one say nuth-in' to him, And

tease me and make me boo-hoo It's some-thing aw-ful to
then there's an-o-th-er next door He's knock-kneed, pig-eon toed,
have legs like mine, Just like a barrel hoop, And have all the trips when he walks, His knees wear-out his pants, Does nuth in but

kids when they see me come out, All yell when I come down the stoop, hang 'round the front of our house, And says to me ev'ry chance,

CHORUS.

Bandy legs, Bandy legs, Ev'ry one's calling me

Bandy legs, I'd rather be pigeon toed, knock kneed or
lame, The way they are teasing me why it's a shame, For it's

Bandy legs, Bandy legs, I'm goin' to get hunk just the

same, For some day I'll wear big long dresses to there, And

then they can't call me names.

Bandy Legs. 3
Bandy Legs.

EXTRA VERSE.

Lots of you people are laughing at me,
    You think its a pile of fun,
You've sat there and guyed me while singing this song,
    Ever since I first begun.
But I have a plan that I think will be great,
    When I give you a sign,
I dare any woman that's sitting out there,
    To prove she has different than mine.

CHORUS.

Bandy Legs, Bandy Legs,
    Long dresses hide lots of Bandy Legs,
A lot of you women would have to stick home,
    If you would ever dress up like Salome;
With your Bandy Legs, Bandy Legs,
    And sheath gowns we never should wear,
You may be a peach anywhere but the beach,
    For no one can hide them there.