

ARTIST COPY
MY IDAHO

Lyric by
CHARLES and HARRY TOBIAS

Music by
GEORGE J. BENNETT

Moderato Vamp

Voice

Ev-ery where you roam, Is some-one's Home Sweet Home, Take folks from
Al-a-bam, They claim their state is grand, Go right down the line, Each
place is might-y fine, I don't doubt the praise they shout, Now I'll tell you mine:

Chorus

My I-da-ho, I've de-cid-ed to be guid-ed where I be-long, In I-da-
ho, Where you wake up in the morn-ing hum-ming a song, I'm gon-na board a train,
to fields of gold-en grain, And start my life a-gain nev-er to roam,
I hear the thrill of the sweet whip-poor-will, Call-ing me
back to that house on the hill, Some-one I know, I'll be press-in' and ca-ress-in'
Right in my arms, She's the sweet-est bunch of charms, In I-da-ho. ho. Fine

PATTER

Sweet Lou-is-i-an-na won a lot of fame, Just be cause the peo-ple there can raise the cain,
Dear old Cal-i-for-nia ev-ery-bo-dy booms, Ev-en tho' we know the place is full of prunes,
Down in old Miss-ou-ri, they all know a lot, And you've got to show 'em, ev-ery-thing you've got.
But there's just one place where good things grow, Look me o-ver folks I come from I-da-ho.