

ARTIST COPY
FICKLE FLO
 From Kokomo

By ROY TURK and
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Moderato

Till ready

Voice

There's a girl named Flo, out in Ko-ko-mo, Just as
 Soon she sailed a-way, from the U. S. A., Sell-ing

fick-le as can be; An-y boy that she may see She will vamp him one-two-
 goods a-cross the sea; And no mat-ter where she'd be Ev-ry boy fell for her

three. Trav-els ev-'ry-where, Sell-ing just men's wear, Oh! the or-ders that she
 plea. Now she's back to stay, And she stands all day, In the vil-lage groc-'ry

brings, With her vamp-ing eyes, You can rec-og-nize, This girl-ie when she sings:—
 store, And if you come in, It will make you grin, When she be-gins to roar:—

Chor.

"I got my fill of "Sleep-y Phil," down in Phil-a-del-phi-ay, Un-
 "I loved a "rum-my" out in Rome, just a Rom-an Rum e-o, Un-

til I got a thrill— From "Loo-ic" down in Lou-is-ville. Then
 til I got a thrill— From a lit-tle bar-ber in Se-ville. I

I met "Jack" from Jack-son-ville who spent his "Jack" so free— That "Al" from Al-a-bam-
 knew a dub in Dub-lin, but he left me in a rage— And then some "ham" from Ham-

a, Did - n't have a chance with me. I start-ed in to tam-per with a
 burg, Begged o' me to try the stage. I met a pest in Bu-da-pest— But I

Tam-pa mil-lion-aire— Till "Vic" from Vicks-burg came a-long— but I hand-ed him the air.—
 sent him on his way— A sis-sy from old Sic-i-ly— all my per-fume bills would pay.—

Now my lone-someheart is brok-en, 'Bout a ho-bo from Ho-bok-en, I'm
 Now I've got a real strong suit-or, He's an on-ion from Ber-mu-da, I'm

1 2

fz D.S.

Fick-le Flo from Ko-ko-mo." I -mo."
 Fick-le Flo from Ko-ko-mo." I -mo."