

That's What Makes A Wild Cat Wild.

Words by GEO. A. NORTON

Music by THERON C. BENNETT

Moderato

Ten-nes-see - ought to be, - Dear to the lov-ers of
Gee it's fine - Love o' mine, - Lis-ten and hear how that

harmony, - Mem-phis town, where they found Those "or-ig - i - nal" blues. Mem-phis
mu-sic whines, Makes me sigh, want to die Fo' my lov - a - ble child. Hon-ey

Blues. _____ Wo-men mild, - all go wild, - Cra-zy to "Jazz" in the
Child. _____ Boys and girls, - girls and boys, - All go-in' daf-fy" 'bout

latest style, Bob cats cry, roostin' high you can hear 'em a mile _____ Gone wild. _____
"Jazzy" noise, Geel it's blue but it's true, that it's runnin' folks wild _____ Plum wild. _____

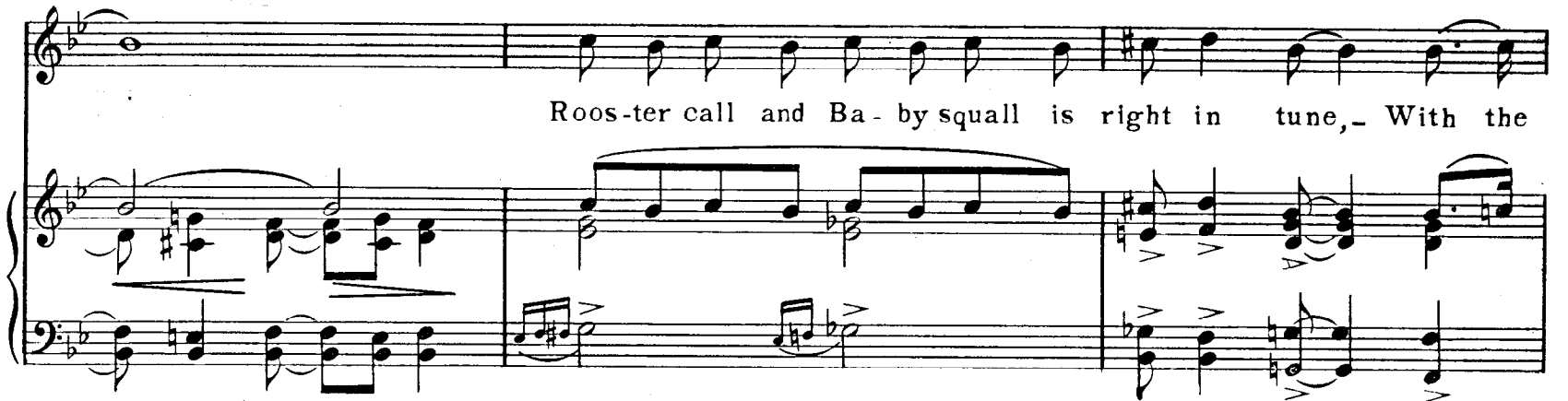
rall.

CHORUS

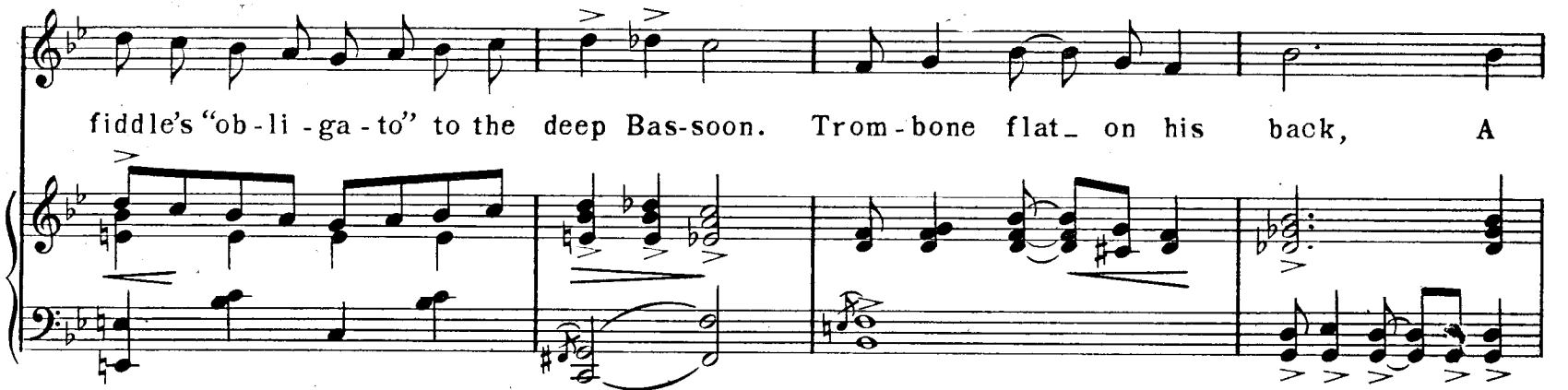
Hear that Sax - o - phone hum, Oh! - Lis - ten to the traps and drums!



Roos - ter call and Ba - by squall is right in tune, - With the



fiddle's "ob - li - ga - to" to the deep Bas - soon. Trom - bone flat - on his back, A



moan - ing like a naughty child - - - It's the Raz - za Paz - za - za of a



real "Jazz" band, - That's what makes the wild cat wild. - - - wild. - - -

