

<sup>2</sup> Words by  
HOWARD JOHNSON  
and MILTON AGER

# Good-bye, Wild Women, Good-bye!

Music by  
GEO. W. MEYER

Moderato

Oh, what a ter - ri - ble blow, —  
Now it's wine, wom - an and song —

Congress said li - quor must go, — It's not the drink - ing  
But soon you'll find — it's all wrong, — When they cut wine — out

that's got me think - ing, That's not what wor - ries me so. —  
you'll quick - ly find — out, Wom - en will fol - low a - long. —

I don't mind los - ing my pals, — But tunk of the beau - ti - ful gals. —  
Oh, what a ter - ri - ble shame, — The wild women all — will grow tame. —

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London - Herman Darewski Music Pub. Co.  
Also published for Male or Mixed Voices 15¢, Band or Orchestra 25¢

CHORUS

After the coun-try goes dry, \_\_\_\_\_ Good - bye, wild womengood bye! \_\_\_\_\_

How on earth do you expect to win 'em? Ua-less you get a lit-tle bit of good liqour in 'em, The

girlies will start to act shy, \_\_\_\_\_ Right after the first of Ju - ly; \_\_\_\_\_

Then ev-ry night you'll see man-y a sin - ner, Tak-ing his own lit - tle wif - ie to din - ner, The  
They may be chic, but just cut out their li - qour, Then it's a cinch they can nev - er get "shick - er,"

WEIR KIRK

minutethe coun-try goes dry, \_\_\_\_\_ Good-bye, wild womengood bye! \_\_\_\_\_ bye! \_\_\_\_\_