I'VE GOT MY HABITS ON

WORDS BY CHRIS. SMITH & BOB SCHAFER
MUSIC BY JIMMIE DURANTE

FEATURED BY PATRICOLA
I've Got My Habits On

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BOB SCHAFFER

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JIMMIE DURANTE

Moderato

Vamp

Some folks got a habit for sleepin', Some folks got a habit to
Folks, I'm just a glutton for struttin' No time have I had quite e-

snore, But I got a habit for just one thing That's struttin' on a ballroom
enough. I 'spose I am something like 'Strut Miss Liz. zie,' cra-
y'bout the jazzy

floor. My own "Sweetie" saw me Fox Trot 'tin' at a swell af-
staff. Rag-time mus. i's got 'em, i's ap-
petizinq to the
I've Got My Hubs On

Fair, got mad, bad and every thing, But I just said I don't care.

Brain, if jazz tunes are not allowed, To my feet they must explain.

I've got my habits on. Lord knows, it's on me good and strong. Can't help it.

I've got my habits on. Ain't got a bun-ion or a corn. My feet are

When that trombone means I forget a-bout home. With harmless, as a rule, I'm a struttin' in' ole fool.

something on my arms, Lookin' pretty, cleans up in a ball, And I spreads my
just a bunch of charms, C:ute and w:it-ty. Can't you
stuff at ev'-ry hall Say I've got 'em on the

see I'm gettin' hot! Lead-er man, Don't you strp. Now,
square, I am there; I'm a warg, I'm a bear. My

sure as you are born Dog gone I've got my hab-its on. I en.
shees are out of parn Dog gone I've got my hab-its on. I en.

PATTER

Once I had a hab-it for "Walk-ing the Dog," Did the "Jack Rab-bit" and
Sis-ter's got a hab-it, so has my bro-ther, We've got a hab-it for
"Sit- tin' on the Log? Sure got the hab- it to "Ball the Jack,"
some- thing or oth- er Dads got a hab- it, my Mam- my too.

Ev- en did a dance they called the "Ham- mer and Tack!"
They've got a hab- it to beat me black and so blue,

Gim- me Lit- tle Shim- mie, yes I've stepped them all, I used to do them down at the
Un- cle Hoz- i- ki- ah Gl e- di- ah Binke Has a la- zy hab- it al- ways

Strut- ters Ball, I've shined my shoes and slicked my clothesLook out, for I'm on my dance ing toes I've
dodging work. A hand passed where I worked to- day. My boss got sore when he heard me say,

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TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

OUR BIG HIT

ATTA BABY

Words by
WILLIAM TRACEY

Music by
RALF EY. MOORE

Chorus

When she passes by the fellows all cry—At-ta Ba-by!—At-ta
When that gal steps out the fellows all shout—At-ta Ba-by!—At-ta

Ba-by—She has all those looks they picture in books—At-ta Ba-by!

Ev-ery one we pass just whispers—Won't class—At-ta

Ba-by face and eyes that just twink-le

When she phones and tells me to meet—her

like the stars—she has the mist—i-set style—The

I can say I won't—she has a way that ain't rough—but