I Sent My Wife To The Thousand Isles



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I Sent My Wife etc



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TELLER, SONS & DORNER, NEW-YORK.

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Extra Verses and Choruses

I'm going to take the rugs up I won't need them anymore
And buy some new dance records, then get down and wax the floor,
I'll fill the ice chest full of things, then phone the boys and say,
Come up and bring the girls, my home is now a cabaret.

CHORUS

I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles today, she's on her way
She'll spend a week on every Isle and say, that's why I'm gay
And if the tenants start to raise a shout,
I'll buy the house and put the Tenants out,
'Cause I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles today, Hooray!

She told me I must not forget to feed the dog and cat ___ I think they'll have to take their meals down at the automat, And then I'll take the parrot and jab cotten in each ear, __ I'd hate to have him tell the wife, the things that he will hear.

CHORUS

I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles today, she's on her way,
She'll spend a week on every Isle and say, that's why I'm gay,
I'll give a chicken dinner twice a week,
I won't let Ziegfeld even have a peek,
'Cause I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles today, Hooray!

I'll tell the elevator boy to tell the girl next door,

To tell her friend, to tell her friend down on the second floor,

To tell her friend, to tell her friend, the blonde across the street,

To tell her friend, to tell her friend, to speak next time we meet.

CHORUS

I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles today, she's on her way She'll spend a week on every Isle and say, that's why I'm gay There's not a girl for whom my heart don't yearn, So just be patient girls and wait your turn, 'Cause I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles today, Hooray!

EXTRA CATCH LINES FOR EXTRA CHORUSES

I've been a dead one and an also ran But now I'm going to be a ladies man.

Now at the Winter Garden I'll be found

The stage door there will be my camping ground.

There'll be no one to holler in my ear There goes the "Buzzer" take the milk off dear.

Now I can snore until the ceilings crack

No one will yell, wake up you're on your back.

And when I pass the girl that 'tends the phone I'll hum that little ditty "All Alone."

And if by chance you meet some lonesome squab Just say that little Willie's on the job.