

SM3246

OH! I WANT TO BE GOOD

But My Eyes Won't Let Me
SONG

Lyric by
ANNA HELD
& ALFRED BRYAN

Music by
HARRY TIERNEY

Moderato

PIANO

f

Detailed description: This block contains the piano introduction. It features two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The music begins with a series of chords in the right hand, followed by a more active melodic line. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and some eighth-note patterns. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present at the beginning.

VOICE

(She) I won - der what's the rea - son that my eyes -
(He) There's just a lit - tle tig - er in your eyes

Vamp

mf *p*

Detailed description: This block contains the first line of the song. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a rest, then enters with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a 'Vamp' section, which is a rhythmic pattern that repeats. Dynamic markings of *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano) are used.

Draw the boys right up to me? They wink at me and say, in a
Claws me when I look at you The po - et - ry of France is with-

Detailed description: This block contains the second line of the song. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the vamp and provides harmonic support for the vocal line.

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ver - y naught - y way, "Lit - tle Girl - ie you for me!" They
in your melt - ing glance, And it thrills me through and through — Your

say my glance in - vites them, ex - cites them, de - lights them, It
glanc - es, Love, can thrill me, can chill me, can kill me I

makes me blush the way they sigh; And when they get po - e - tic, I
want to be your slave my dear (She) He loves me, oh, so mad - ly, I

get so sym - pa - the - tic, I let them kiss me on the sly. —
can - not treat him bad - ly, I have - n't got the heart, I fear. —

CHORUS

Oh! I want to be good but my eyes won't let me, Those

p-f

mis-chie-vous eyes of mine. The boys all say I

love them with my eyes, They way I roll them seems to tan-ta-lize. If I

give them a glance all the boys get spoon - y, they're

aft - er me all the time; ——— Where - ev - er I go the

wo - men all say — My glanc - es coax their sweet-hearts a - way; Oh! I

want to be good — but my eyes won't let — me, Those

mis - chie - vous eyes of mine. Oh! I mine. ——— *D.C.*