

If They Ever Put A Tax On Love.

Words by
SAM EHRLICH.

Music by
NAT OSBORNE.

Intro.

Piano. *ff*

Vamp.

Mis-ter Wil-liam Brown had-n't been to town. And his sweet-heart wondered
 Mis-ter Wil-liam Brown has to stay in town. 'Cause he mar-ried her one

why For she longed to see a play Or to dance 'round at a
 night He said the saf-est plan Is to be a hap-py

cab-a-ret She called him on the tel-e-phon-e And said "I hate to
 mar-ried man So af-ter things had run their course She sued him for a

be a-lone" So Mis-ter Brown came in to town, And gave her this re-ply.
 quick di-vor-ee Now Mis-ter Brown stays out of town, And writes her when he can.

Chorus.

There's a tax on sug-ar And there's a lit-tle tax on hon-ey — Why they ev-en tax your

mon-ey — It seems so fun-ny when they tax your hon-ey and your mon-ey too There's a

tax on let-ters soon there'll be a tax on stars a-bove — Broad-way farm-ers
All old maids who

will be out of place, 'Cause there'll be no chick-ens there to chase. Good-bye for-
nev-er had a chance, Would grab on to an-y-thing in pants.

ev-er If they ev-er put a tax on love. — There's a love. —