

## Irving Berlin

# "I Love To Quarrel With You 10 Feb 1914"

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1st verse:]

Honey, cuddle near!  
Come on over here  
Pick a fuss with me  
Pick a fuss with me!  
There's a reason, my dear  
Try and make me cross  
Act just like a boss!  
Pick a fuss with me  
Pick a fuss with me  
My honey, because

[chorus:]

I love to quarrel with you  
Making up is so nice  
I love to make you cry  
To kiss the tears away from your eye  
I'm wild about you!  
Can't live without you!  
That's just the reason why I tease you  
I love to hear myself saying  
"I didn't mean it  
I didn't mean it!"  
When I've had a quarrel with you

[2nd verse:]

Honey, ain't it nice  
To be cold as ice?  
To be cold and then  
To get warm again  
Gee, it's nicer than nice!  
Say that I'm to blame  
I will say the same  
Let's get mad and then  
Let's make up again  
It's all in the game

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