

## Irving Berlin

### "It All Belongs To Me 1927"

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Take a look at the flower in my buttonhole  
Take a look, say, and ask me why it's there  
Can't you see that I'm all dressed up to take a stroll?  
Can't you tell that there's something in the air?  
I've got a date  
Can't hardly wait  
I'd like to bet  
She won't be late

Here she comes  
Come on and meet  
A hundred pounds of what is mighty sweet  
And it all belongs to me

Flashing eyes  
And how they roll  
A disposition like a sugar bowl  
And it all belongs to me

That pretty baby face  
That bunch of style and grace  
Should be in Tiff'ny's window  
In a platinum jewel case

Hey there, you  
You'll get in dutch  
I'll let you look but then you mustn't touch  
For it all belongs to me

(2nd chorus)  
Here she comes  
Come on and meet  
A hundred pounds of what is mighty sweet  
And it all belongs to me

Rosy cheeks  
Red hot lips  
A million dollars worth of flying hips  
And it all belongs to me

Those lips that I desire

Are like electric wire  
She kissed a tree last summer  
She started a forest fire

I'm in love  
With what she's got  
And what she's got, she's got an awful lot  
And it all belongs to me

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