

Irving Berlin

"It All Belongs To Me"

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Take a look at the flower in my buttonhole
Take a look-see 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

[2]
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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