

Irving Berlin

"My Sweet Italian Man 31 Oct 1912"

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1st verse:]

Pretty Annetta, she feel on the bum
She call da doctor and when he's-a come
Right away da doctor look and say
"I think Annetta's gonna die"
Pretty Annetta, she make-a da plea
"Bring-a my sweet-a-heart, Tony, to me"
She keep mum but when her Tony come
Pretty Annetta she cry

[chorus:]

My sweet Italian man
I'm a sick, I'm a sick, love-a me much-a quick
Come here and squeeze-a my hand
Say you love me, wop-a
Like you love your barber shop-a
Don't you wait
If I die, it's gonna be too late
So you just betta come and pet-a your Annetta while
you can
My Italian man

[2nd verse:]

Tony, he make-a da spoon wid Annette
It make her feel-a much better, you bet
Twenty time he kiss her nice-a fine
Then Miss Annetta, she was well
Tony, he sell-a da pick and da shov'
He got no time to work, he's gotta love
Ev'ry week Annetta she get sick
And to her Tony she yell

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