

Irving Berlin

"Policemen's Ball The"

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Tickets for one and all
For the Policemen's Ball

Fifty cents for a gent and his bundle
Will admit you to the Policemen's Ball
Fifty cents and you're all set to trundle
Arm in arm and dance all around the hall

Dancin' 'round, gettin' hot 'neath the collar
If it starts to wilt from the lack of starch
There'll be six you can buy for a dollar
And you'll have a spare for the big Grand March

All evening they'll be tripping the light fantastic
Watch their suspenders stretching the old elastic

Each dress'd up in a suit made of cotton
Patent leather shoes that are much too small
But who cares? That'll soon be forgotten
Dancing at the Policemen's Ball

[coda:]
Come on let's go to the Policemen's Ball

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