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## Amateur Transplants "A Little Italy Rag"

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She said "I want to go back to Italy And have myself a little baby" I need a little bit of memory The father of the child

Cause I'd love to a bit of passion But I'm still a little bit old fashion And I would not want my little babe Growin' up wild

Well I've known her for years before Good buddies and nothin' more She's the kinda girl that grew up slow But she grew up right

I didn't know what to say But I knew I had to get her to stay I had to make that little girl See the light

I said why, after knowin' you so long Should my feelin' be so strong About you goin' away

You don't hafta go to Italy You can stay here in the USA with me Come on, baby, what do ya say?

Now you don't wanna be A stone cutter's wife You don't wanna eat spaghetti All the rest of your life

And if you do there's always Chef Boy R Dee I'm ain't puttin' Italy down But I'd sure be happy if ya stuck around Maybe think about havin' that baby with me

I said why, after knowin' you so long Should my feelin's be so strong About your goin' away

Hey, you don't hafta go to Italy You can stay here in the USA with me Come on, baby, what do ya say? Come on, baby, what do ya say? Come on, baby, what do ya say?

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