

Berlin Irving

"He's A Devil In His Own Home Town"

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["Words by Grant Clarke and Irving Berlin, Music by Irving Berlin".]

[1st verse:]

I've got an uncle by the name of Jerry
He's got a farm, a great big farm
Two thousand acres of the very, very
Best land in the whole United States
He's got a reputation in the village
Known as a dude, a gosh darn dude
He would never do in New York City
But in his home town

[chorus:]

He's a devil, he's a devil
He's a devil in his own home town
On the level, on the level
He's as funny as a clown
He spends a five cent piece, thinks nothing of it
His pants all creased, red vest above it
And when it comes to women, oh! oh! oh! oh!
He's a devil, he's a devil
Telling stories in a groc'ry store
On the level, on the level
Has 'em rolling on the floor
Down at the fair with all the other heckers
He received first prize for playing checkers
And he cheated
Can you beat it?
He's a devil in his own home town

[2nd verse:]

He's got an overcoat that's fine and furry
Gold-headed cane that came from Spain
They've even got him saying "I should worry"
Just like all the sporty city folks
You ought to see the way he spends his money
He bought a box of hole-proof socks
They would never do for New York City
But in his home town

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