

Berlin Irving**"I Love To Quarrel With You"**

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[1st verse:]

Honey, cuddle near!
Come on over here
Pick a fuss with me
Pick a fuss with me!
There's a reason, my dear
Try and make me cross
Act just like a boss!
Pick a fuss with me
Pick a fuss with me
My honey, because

[chorus:]

I love to quarrel with you
Making up is so nice
I love to make you cry
To kiss the tears away from your eye
I'm wild about you!
Can't live without you!
That's just the reason why I tease you
I love to hear myself saying
"I didn't mean it
I didn't mean it!"
When I've had a quarrel with you

[2nd verse:]

Honey, ain't it nice
To be cold as ice?
To be cold and then
To get warm again
Gee, it's nicer than nice!
Say that I'm to blame
I will say the same
Let's get mad and then
Let's make up again
It's all in the game

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