

Berlin Irving

"She Was A Dear Little Girl"

Visit "[She Was A Dear Little Girl](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[1st verse:]

Betsy Brown, a manicurist fair
Dropped in town, to get the city air
Met the son of some millionaire
Who had lots of time to spare
Same old case of, "I remember you"
Same old smile, and same old howdy-do
Same old look of innocence true
In her great big eyes so blue

[chorus:]

She was a dear little girl
Dearest of dear little girls
Dear little eyes, dear little size
Dear little golden curls
She murmured, "Dear, never fear
I'll always hold you dear"
When she said so true
"I'm fond of wine," he knew
She was a dear, dear girl

[2nd verse:]

Soon he took Miss Betsy out to dine
And they had the dearest little time
For he bought the dearest of wine
Till the pair were feeling fine
Tho' it wasn't altogether right
To remark about her appetite
Seven waiters worked hard that night
Serving what she called a bite

[2nd chorus:]

She was a dear little girl
Dearest of dear little girls
Dear little eyes, dear little size
Dear little golden curls
She murmured, "Dear, never fear
I'll always hold you dear"
To a check his pen
Was introduced, but then She was a dear, dear girl

Visit [Berlin Irving](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.