

## Noble Sissle

### "All of No Man's Land is Ours"

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Hello, Central,  
Hello, hurry,  
Give me four-oh-three;  
Hello, Mary,  
Hello, Jerry,  
Yes, yes, this is me!  
Just landed at the pier  
And found the telephone,  
We've been parted for a year,  
Thank God, at last I'm home!  
Haven't time to talk a lot,  
Though I'm feeling mighty gay;  
Listen, sweet forget-me-not,  
I've only time to say:

All of No Man's Land is ours, dear,  
Now I have come back home to you,  
My honey true,  
Wedding bells in Junie-June  
All will tell by the tunie-tune,  
The victory's won, the war is over,  
The whole wide world is wreathed in clover!

Then, hand-in-hand we'll stroll through life, dear.  
Just think how happy we will be,  
I mean, we three,  
We'll pick a bungalow among the fragrant boughs,  
And spend our honeymoon with the blooming flowers,  
All of No Man's Land is ours.

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