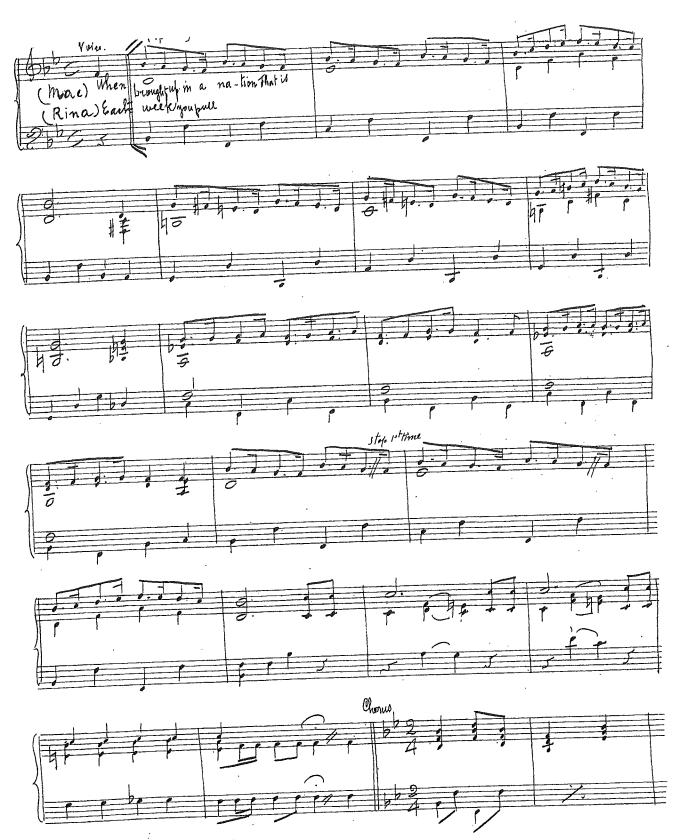
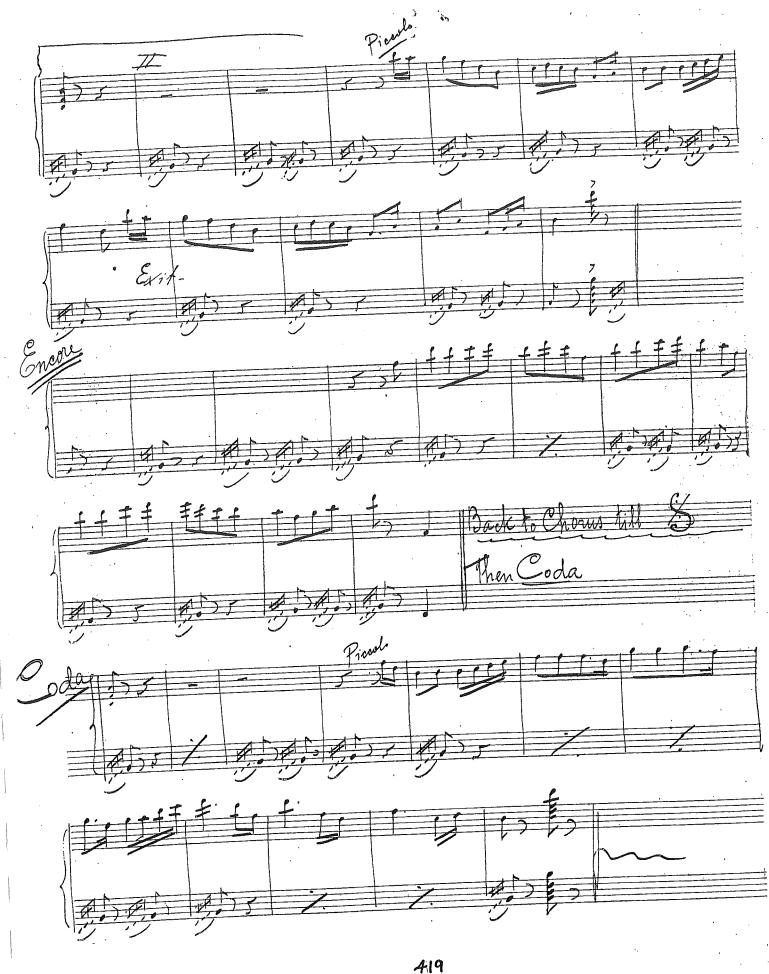
Hooray for the U.S.A. (from Sweet Little Devil)

Music and Lyrics by George Gershwin and B. G. DeSylva



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HOORAY FOR THE U. S. A . !!

When brought up in a nation That is quite the big sensation

Is it wrong to think the place is not sublime?

My dear, you said a jaw-full, 'Cause the coppers there is awful-

Awful good at finding ev'rything but crime!

The people selling liquor takes in eviryone, I guess; Sam:

With every quart they give you Mr. Campbell's home address:

The statesmen are a lot of mugs And every street is full of thugs Who'd very gladly croak you for a dime! Just the same, let's be fair-How we'd love to be back there!

REFRAIN

Hooray for the U. S. A.! All: It isn't so good- but it isn't so bad! At least we are forced to say It's the only native land we ever had! Against the rigid Censorship we have no chance They even make a statue wear a pair of pants! But outside of that- O. K.! So Hooray for the U. S. A .:

SECOND VERSE

Each week you pull down twenty-Joan:

And you'd think that that was plenty-

But it costs you more than that to check your hat!

Mae: Though people wed with good intent Divorces av'rage ten per cent .-

And that, as Brigham Young would say, is that! If wifie shoots her hubby and a trial she has to stand The judge'll weep and turn her loose and offer her his hand!

You have to bow to waitors All: And to ticket speculators And you have to kill your kids to rent a flat! Just the same, let's be fair! How we'd love to be back there!

> SECOND REFRAIN (Same- except for catch-line, which is as follows:)

Our shortage of bananas not a soul forgets; And now we have to walk a mile for cigarettes!

We always let our local slums and orphans go And send the fat Armenians our hard-earned dough!

The concert halls are empty nearly ev'ry night But how the people flock to see the big boys fight!