

IT'S A RAMBLING FLIVVER



WORDS
AND
MUSIC
BY

BYRON GAY

COMPOSER OF

"The Little Ford Rambled Right Along"
Etc.

50

Charles N. Daniels
MUSIC PUBLISHER
SAN FRANCISCO

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Composer of "Little Ford Rambled Right Along" etc.

Moderato

Now list-en to me pa-tient-ly I'm go-ing to de-liv-er, A sto-ry 'bout a cra-zy, good-for-
I took my girl a rid-ing in my dink-y lit-tle "fliv-ver," I told her that I loved her, then we
Now once I had a mother-in-law and knew not what to give her, The dev-il in me seemed to say "just

mf (Use this measure for Vamp)

noth-ing lit-tle "fliv-ver," I bought it for a dol-lar and an old to-bac-co sack, And
skid-ded in the riv-er; As soon as we came up for air, we heard a fun-ny swish, And
let her have the "fliv-ver" She jumped right in and grabbed the wheel and thought it simp-ly grand, And

now I wish to good-ness that I had my dol-lar back. Dog-goned thing is
then we saw the pesk-y "fliv-ver" swim-min' like a fish. Half a doz-en
then she took her fare-well trip in-to the prom-ised land. With one growl that

nois-y as the deuce, They made it out of rat-tles, ev-ry one of them is loose; But
crabs be-gan to bite, They just kept on a nib-bling 'till that "fliv-ver" was a sight; Then
"fliv-ver" went to work, And like a lit-tle he-ro, not a du-ty did it shirk; And

e - ven so it al ways seems to go And when it starts to mov - in' I will have you know
with one flop that "fliv-ver" hit the shore A go - in' twen-ty miles an hour and may-be more
like a shot it start-ed on the run A spit - in' and a pop-pin' like a gatt-ling gun

CHORUS

It is a ram-bling "fliv-ver," a ram-bling "fliv-ver," Step on her tail and - then stay with her, She will
It is a ram-bling "fliv-ver," a ram-bling "fliv-ver," Step on her tail and - then stay with her, She will
It was a ram-bling "fliv-ver," a ram-bling "fliv-ver," Ram-bling fast and the old girl with'er, On the

go, go, when the tank is dry Do you think it won-der-ful? I think it is a lie. It is a
go, go, like a ton of brick Ev-ry time she takes a hill she acts a lit-tle sick. She is a
go, go, go-ing might-y fast Moan-ing and a groaning, still a kick-ing to the last. It was a

ram-bling "fliv-ver," a ram-bling "fliv-ver," At rac-ing she was fine; When I
ram-bling "fliv-ver," a ram-bling "fliv-ver," She goes down hill just fine; Ev-er
ram-bling "fliv-ver," a ram-bling "fliv-ver," A ram-bling "crack-er - jack;" For it

timed her for a block, both the hands flew off the clock, Oh that ram-bling "fliv-ver" of mine. -
since I got the bus, all I do is fuss and cuss At that ram-bling "fliv-ver" of mine. -
took her far a - way, dumped her where she had to stay, Then the gosh-durned "fliv-ver" came back.

Finch

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