

Ain't We Got Fun?

Verse One:

Bill col-lec-tors gath-er 'round and rath-er
Haunt the cot-tage next door,
Men the gro-cer and butch-er sent,
Men who call for the rent,
But with in a hap-py chap-py
And his bride of on-ly a year
Seem to be so cheer-ful, Here's an ear-full
Of the chat-ter you hear:

Chorus:

Ev-'ry morn-in', ev-'ry eve-nin' ain't we got fun?
Not much mon-ey, oh! but hon-ey, ain't we got fun?
The rent's un-paid dear, we haven't a car,
But any way dear, we'll stay as we are.
Even if we owe the gro-cer don't we have fun?
Tax col-lec-tor's get-ting clo-ser, still we have fun!
There's no-thing sur-er the rich get rich
And the poor get poor-er,
In the mean-time, In be-tween time ain't we got fun?

Verse Two:

Just to make their trou-ble near-ly dou-ble
Some-thing hap-pen'd last night,
To their chim-ney a gray bird came,
Mis-ter Stork is his name,
And I'll bet two pins a pair of twins just hap-pen'd
In with the bird still they're ver-y gay and mer-ry
Just at dawn-ing I heard: