

Hey, Look Me Over  
(From "Wildcat")

**Hey, look me o-ver, lend me an ear; -  
Fresh out of clo-ver, mort-gaged up to here. -  
But don't pass the plate folks, Don't pass the cup; -  
I fig-ure when-ev-er you're down and out,  
The on-ly way is up.  
And I'll be up like a rose-bud, High on the vine; -  
Don't thumb your nose, bud, Take a tip from mine.  
I'm a lit-tle bit short of the el-bow room,  
But let me get me some, And look out, world,  
Here I come. -**

**- No-bod-y in the world  
Was ev-er with-out a pray'r;  
- How can you win the world,  
If no-bod-y knows you're there.  
- Kid, when you need the crowd,  
The tick-ets are hard to sell;  
- Still you can lead the crowd,  
If you can get up and yell:**

**Hey, look me over, . . .**