Walkin' My Baby Back Home

Roy Turk and Fred E. Ahlert (1930)

Gee but it's great after bein' out late walkin' my baby back home——

Arm in arm over meadow and farm walkin' my baby back home——

We go a-long harmo-nizin' a song or I'm re-citing a poem——

Owls go by and they give me the eye, walkin' my baby back home——

We stop for a while, she gives me a smile, she snuggles her head to my chest

We start in to pet and that's when I get——her powder all over my vest

Then af—ter I kinda straighten my tie, she has to borrow my comb——

One kiss then we con-tinue a—gain, walkin' my baby back home——

She's 'fraid of the dark so I have to park out—side of her door till it's light

She says if I try to kiss her she'll cry——I dry her tears all through the night

Hand in hand to a barbe-que stand, right from her doorway we roam——

Eats and then it's a pleasure a—gain, walkin' my baby, talkin' my baby,

Lovin' my baby, I don't mean maybe,

(-Slowin---------------------------------------------)

Walkin' my ba—by———back home——

San Jose Ukulele Club