

orig 1924

THE LITTLE FORD RAMBLED RIGHT ALONG



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PUBLISHED BY

**C. R. FOSTER
 PUBLISHING CO.**

403 MAJESTIC THEATRE BLDG
 LOS ANGELES CAL.

MUSIC BY
BYRON GAY

The Little Ford Rambled Right Along.

Words by
C. R. FOSTER & BYRON GAY.
Moderato.

Music by
BYRON GAY.

VOICE.

1. Now Hen - ry Jones and a pretty little queen Took a
2. Now they ran over glass and they ran o-ver nails, And they
3. You can smash the top and— smash up the seat, You can

VAMP.

ride one day in his big lim - ous - ine, The car kicked up and the
ran o - ver pigs and— puppy dogs'— tails, They spotted a cop and—
twist it out of shape 'till— both ends— meet;— Smash the body and—

engine wouldn't crank, There wasn't an-y gas in the gas - o - line tank. Just a - bout that time a -
shot out of sight, They rambled all day and they rambled all night. They smashed up fences and
rip out a gear;— Smash up the front and smash up the rear;— Smash up the fender and

long came Nord, And he ram-bled right a-long in his lit-tle old Ford; And he
tele-graph poles, They bump-ed in-to ditches and deep chuck holes, They
rip off the tires: Smash up the lamps and cut out the wires;

stole that Queen as his en-gine sang a song, And his lit-tle old Ford just
bumped in-to a preacher and the preach-er took a ride, And the Ford rambled on with
Throw in the clutch and then for-get the juice, And the lit-tle old Ford will

CHORUS.

ram-bled right a-long. And his lit-tle old Ford it ram-bled right a-long, And the
John-ny and his bride. And the lit-tle old Ford it ram-bled right a-long, And the
go to beat the deuce, And the lit-tle old Ford it ram-bled right a-long, And the

lit-tle old Ford it ram-bled right a-long, The gas burned out in the
lit-tle old Ford it ram-bled right a-long. He swung around the corner and he
lit-tle old Ford it ram-bled right a-long, Now cut that out— you

big ma - chine, But the darned lit - tle Ford don't need gas - o - line. The
 bumped in - to a mule; And the darned old jack - ass kicked like a fool; He
 naugh - ty tease, 'Tis a left hand drive and a right hand squeeze,

big lim - ou - sine had to back down hill, But the blamed lit - tle Ford is
 kicked and he kicked and he kicked the wheels, But he had to quit kicking to
 Patch it up with a piece of string, Spear - mint gum or

go - ing up still, When she blows out a tire just wrap it up with wire, And the
 save his heels, When it runs out of dope just fill it up with soap, And the
 an - y old thing, When the power gets sick just hit it with a brick, And the

lit - tle Ford will ram - ble right a - long. The long,

TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO

California.

Words and Music
By Byron Gay.

March Time.

Piano.

Good - bye Mack, So long Jack, Hear that
Where's my grip, Where's my grip, Goin' to

train puf - fin' down that track, Trains on time
go now and take a trip, Far a - way

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