

# That's Love, You Know - song lyrics

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THAT'S LOVE, YOU KNOW

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

When a maiden first says to her friend "you may call,"  
That's love, you know, that's love;  
he squeezes her fingers so tight in the hall,  
That's love, you know, that's love;  
She shows him the parlor, he feels rather strange.  
And she acts so timid as chair doth arrange.  
They sit far apart, but in time it will change,  
That's love, you know, that's love.

Chorus.

Oh, love, love! oh, love, it's something delightfully queer,  
That comes o'er you stealing with such a nice feeling.  
And fills you with such a strange fear. Oh, how queer is this  
Love, love, oh, love! it's something that s awfully nice,  
You think you're in clover, just wait till it's over,  
You'll find it is dear at its price.

When you see a young couple so sweet on the street,  
That's love, you know, Unit's love;  
And pay no attention to any they meet.  
That's love, you know, that's love.  
But then you must know they have quarrels a few,  
She gets awful mad, says I won't speak to you.  
They kiss und make up like the rest of you do,  
That's love, you know, that's love.-Chorus.

If a man he does marry the girl he admires,  
That's love, you know, that's love;  
If he rises up early And makes all the fires,  
That's love, you know, that's love.  
When breakfast is over, the table still spread,  
She looks for her kiss ere to work he has sped,  
But when he has gone she gets back Into bed,  
That's love, you know, that's love.-Chorus.

If a man he can live with his mother-in-law.  
That's love, you know, that's love;  
If he gets up with baby and walks the cold floor,  
That's love, you know, that's love.  
If he goes to his labor with heart feeling light.  
And returns with his boodle on Saturday night.  
He gets a sweet smile if its counted all right,  
That's love, you know, that's love.-Chorus.

When you see an old man to the theatre go,  
That's love, you know, that's love;  
To witness the ballet he takes the first row.  
That's love, you know, that's love.  
He brings a bouquet, says the usher who fort  
The old gent he whispers And says nothing more,  
But sends a coupe around to the stage-door,  
That's love, you know, that's love.-Chorus.