

# The Upper, Broadway Girls - song lyrics

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THE UPPER, BROADWAY GIRLS

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Each nation has its pretty girls, whose praises have been sung,  
But let me sing the praises of the ones we are among,  
With dreamy eyes of azure blue and roguish eyes of brown,  
That captivates the chappies in the upper part of town;  
Just walk up Broadway a summer's afternoon,  
And see the buds of beauty, like a garden full of bloom,  
There seems a charm about them, of which we can't deny,  
The sweetest of pets that e'er you met, with a naughty winking eye.

Chorus.

And they are the upper Broadway girls, with their jaunty air and curls,  
You couldn't help but like 'em with their dashing style, so striking;  
Always up to date, you see, 'way ahead of the gayety,  
The gayest of all, and got the call, the upper Broadway girls.

No doubt you've been to London, and, perhaps to gay Patee,  
No doubt you met their beauties, but no fairer could you see,  
When strolling upper Broadway in your leisure time, just so,  
And meet the sweetest darlings that you'd ever want to know.  
Now you may all built about your summer girls,  
And talk about your Marguerites, your Jennies and your Pearls,  
The gayest of the gayest, the ones we love the best,  
Mid plenty of dash, with style and cash, while they always look their  
best.-Cho.