

# My Little Polly's A Peach - song lyrics

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My Little Polly's a "Peach."

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Words and Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

My heart's pierced by love's dart, for I have a sweetheart,  
And one to be proud of, I'm sure;  
There's no girl that's sweeter, I wish you could meet her,  
For all kinds of blues she's a cure.  
I love her so dearly, I'm crazy, or nearly;  
Her smiles they are worth fortunes each. I  
And when we go straying, I hear the boys saying  
That my little Polly's a "peach."

Chorus.

She's the girl I dream about, I think the world of Polly;  
She's the girl I never doubt, she's not a case of "jolly."  
If you saw her, in your heart, a tender spot she'd reach;  
Sweet as the rest of them, good as the best of them, Polly's a "peach."

There's something about her, I can't do without her,  
Of no one but Polly I talk;  
I call on her Sunday, and sometimes on Monday,  
And then we go out for a walk.  
I know that her Ma will agree, if her Pa will,  
And I think that he'll be enticed,  
To let little Polly just jump on a trolley with me,  
To go down and get spliced." - Chorus.