

The Belle Of The Boulevard - song lyrics

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The Belle of the Boulevard.

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Words and Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

The talk of New York, all around the town,
Is the pretty little maiden of the Boulevard;
Now, she is a girl of great renown,
The swells with tin have tried to win her heart so hard;
All the boys declare she is a bird,
In society she is a card;
Their love they cannot hide it. and they really have decided
Shes the belle of the Boulevard.

Chorus.

Up to date, the fashion plate, congratulate sweet little Kate,
This pretty maiden, with the twentieth century ways;
She can phase all the pop'lar Bow'ry pearls,
And beautiful girls with curly curls;
She's a hit in society, won notoriety, belle of the Boulevard.

To Guttenberg she goes and blows her cash,
Does the pretty little maiden of the Boulevard;
And she always has a roll to flash,
A big sensation, reputation, never marred,
Cash to cremate, and she hums it fast:
While she's got the stuff she'll ne'er retard;
She spends it and she lends it, into circulation sends it,
She's the belle of the boulevard- Chorus.

Abroad she captured London town with ease,
Did the pretty little maiden of the Boulevard;
When the chappies fell upon their knees,
This little peach would call them each a dead slow card.
Paris also for her was a cinch.
They declared to part with her was hard:
She says that Europe's all a bluff, and that New York is good enough
For the belle of the Boulevard. - Chorus.