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I'M IN FRANCE and YOU'RE IN TENNESSEE

(But You Just Keep On Haunting Me)



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Words by
HAROLD BERRY

Music by
LEO FRIEDMAN

NORTH AMERICAN
MUSIC COMPANY
GRAND OPEFA HOUSE BLDG
CHICAGO

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Marziale

Con Espress

Not fast

Sure, I know you're wait - ing, dear - ie, For you pledged your heart to me, You're Co -
When the bu - gle notes were call - ing And the sol - diers fell in line, Las - sie

lum - bia's fair - est flow - er, And I'll hail that hap - py hour - That will
dear, your eyes were glist - 'ning, So I just kept on a list'ning - 'Till you

take me back to dear old Ten - ne - see; Tho' I'm in - the front line trenches, with the
soft - ly prom - ised some day to be mine; We'll un - furl our flag in Ber - lin right be -

foe - on ev' - ry side, Your dear prom - ise will a charm be, And the
fore the Kai - sers' eyes; Then, al - tho' I may be wea - ry, It won't

shrapnel will not harm me, For I'm coming back and claim you for my bride.
take me long, my dear - le, To go back and build a home 'neath Southern skies.

CHORUS
I'm in France and you're in Ten - ne - see, But you just keep on a - haunt - ing me; For the
love-light in your eyes, Comes to me from out the skies, And the breezes bring your kisses naughtily,
Ev' - ry sunbeam is a smile And there's one for ev'ry mile, - That's between you, Dixie girl, and
me; Since you're haunting me I know, We're the same old sweet-hearts, Tho' I'm in
France and you're in Ten - nes - see. see.

