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# GIRLS



WORDS AND MUSIC BY  
**MYRON JOHNSON**

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Intro

Voice

A wounded Yan-kee sol-dier, Lies in his ir-on bed,— He med-i-tates pro-  
And when the war is o-ver, And all the boys come home,— Think how girls will en-  
found-ly, The ques-tion in his head,— He thinks of all the girls that he  
deav-or, To have them for their own!— But they will be quite dis-tant to  
used to know at home,— And an-a-liz-es each one, And thus his tho'ts roam.  
girls that they have known,— For they will think of "Nur-sie" And then their tho'ts will roam.

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CHORUS

There are girls — who drive me to dis - trac - tion, — There are girls — who charm me to dea -

pair, — There are girls — who by their sim - ple ac - tions, — Drive me fran - tic

quite beyond re - pair; — There are girls — who have sweet dis - po - si - tions, — There are

girls — who are as cross as bears — But the girls — who win my ad - mir - a - tion —

— Are Red Cross Nurses who tend our cares. — There are cares. —

Girls 2

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