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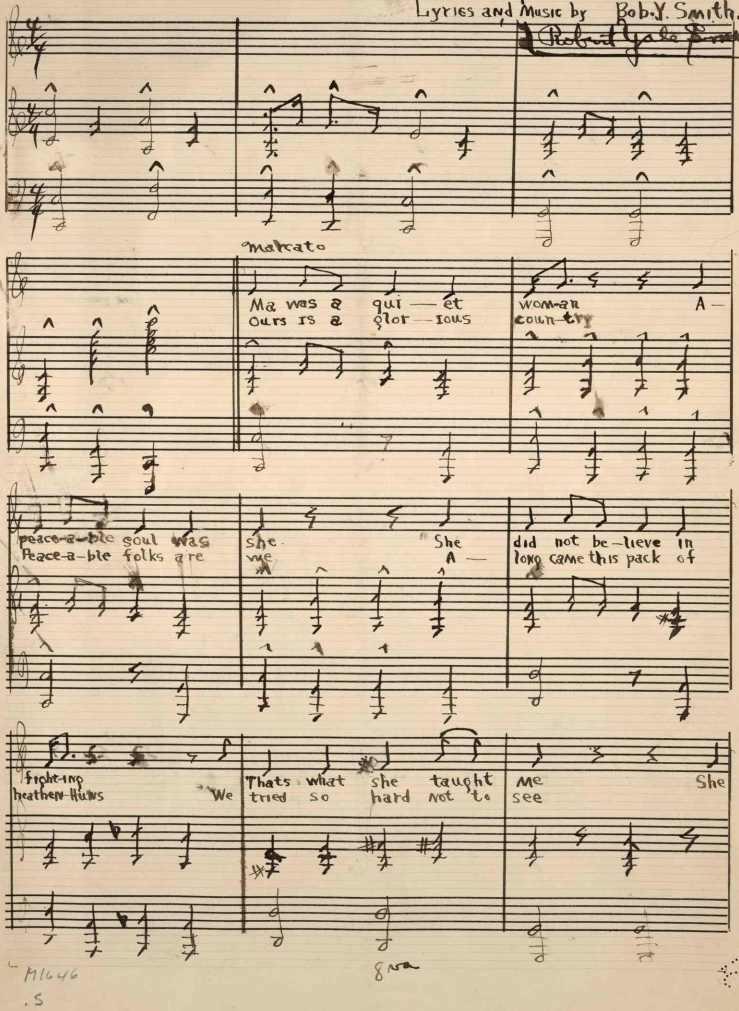
Fight 'till the Cows Come Home

Not too fast but in strict rythme

Lyrics and Music by Bob.Y. Smith.
Robert Yale Smith



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.S

said Nev-er mix in trouble But if trou-ble trou-bles
Closed our eyes a little too long But now that we've come

you get bu-sy at once De-vel-op a good punch
to We'le hus-tle the more Cause were good and sore We'll

Marked time

Show what you can do Then Fight Fight
Show those Germans just what we can do We'll Fight Fight

Fight with all your might Fight 'till the cows come home
Fight with all our might Fight 'till the cows come home We

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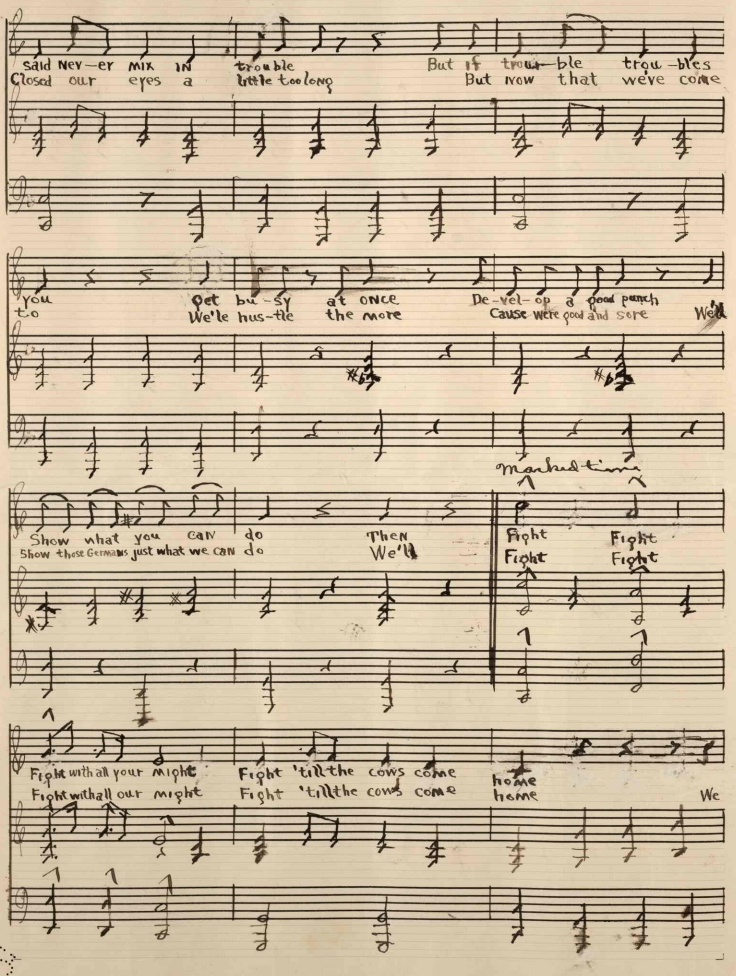

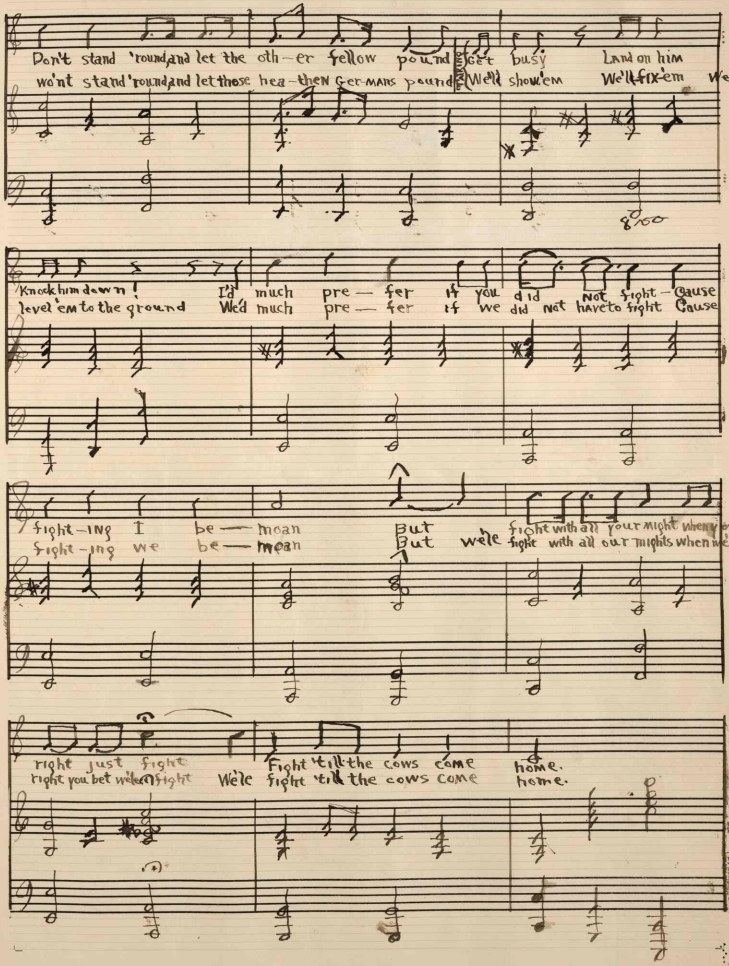
Don't stand 'round and let the oth—er fellow pound
Get busy
Land on him
won't stand 'round and let those hea—then Ger-mans pound
Well show 'em
We'll fix 'em
We'll
Knock him down!
level 'em to the ground
I'd much pre—fer if you did not have to fight 'Cause
We'd much pre—fer if we did not have to fight 'Cause
fight—ing I be—moan
fight—ing we be—moan
But we'le fight with all your might when your fight with all our mights when we're
But
right just fight
right you bet when fight
Fight till the cows come home.
We'le fight till the cows come home.

From Robert Gale Smith

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