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Why walk to Berlin

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when one can ride in a Tank



By

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CHICAGO

Why Walk to Berlin When One Can Ride in a Tank

Mrs. N. E. COAN

For trot tempo *Vamp* *mf* *p* *As U*

I was walk-ing down the street, A mon-ster strange I chanced to see;
I stepped up to see the thing, A Yan-kee gun-ner stood with
slow-ly ram-bled down the street, And seemed quite bored the folks to
meet. Says I to my-self: "It aint a hoss!" Says
in. Says he to me: "Will you take a ride?" Says
meet. Says I to my-self: "Now aint this grand?" A -
I to my-self: "It aint a cow; If it aint a hoss and
I to him: "I'll step in-side!" Oh, the screws and bolts, oh
gainst this craft noth-ing can stand!" Down went a wall, Smash!

aint a oow, What is the queer thing an - y - how?
 bumps and din! 'Twas hot as Deutschland there with - in.
 went a Ford; It's a - fraid of nothingall a - board!

CHORUS

Tank, tank, jol-ly old tank, Tom-my's friend and the friend of the Yank.

mp

Tank, tank, grim old tank, When you mowed the en - e - my, file and rank, To

walk to Ber-lin, would be a sin, When one can ride a tank with - in.

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