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"All The Sammies Think a Lot of The Girls."

Words and Music by
Wendell W. Hall.

Shouting Song - Marching Song.

See the Sam-mies march-ing down the street,
See the Sam-mies march-ing through Par-ree,

They're the boys that simp-ly can't be beat, See them step,
Eve-ry-bod-y's hap-py as can be, See that line

Full of pep, They are go-ing "over there",
Ain't it fine, They are start-ing to Ber-lin, (They'll get there)

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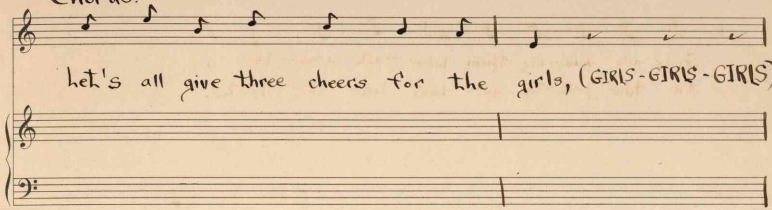
Girls are wav-ing them their last good-byes,
All the pret-ty girls that line the street,

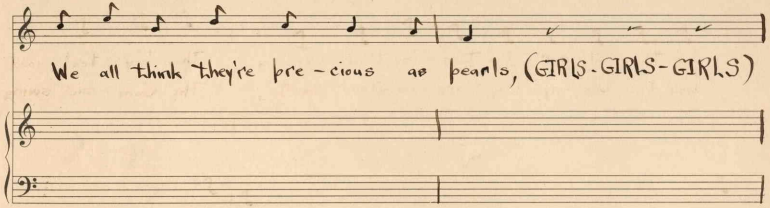
See the ad-mir-a-tion in their eyes, The boys feel good
Think the Sam-my Boys are aw-fully sweet, The Sam-mies swing

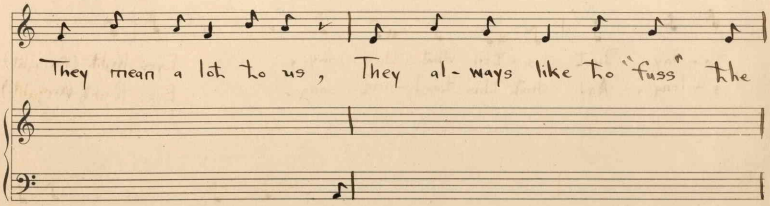
to-day, Just lis-ten what they say, Eyes Right. (Alright)
a-long, And shout this "touch-ing song, Eyes Right. (Alright)

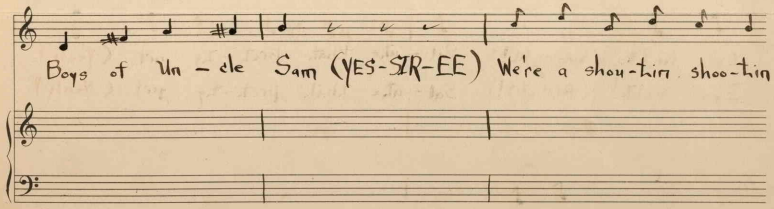
Eyes Right! (Alright!) Sal-ute that pret-ty girl (Yeah)
Eyes Right! (Alright!) Sal-ute that pret-ty girl (Yeah)

Chorus.


Let's all give three cheers for the girls, (GIRLS-GIRLS-GIRLS)


We all think they're pre-cious as pearls, (GIRLS-GIRLS-GIRLS)


They mean a lot to us, They al-ways like to "fuss" the


Boys of Un-cle Sam (YES-SIR-EE) We're a shou-tin shoo-tin

She - bang, (DOG - GONE RIGHT) But we're not a heart - less

gang, (NO - NO!) We simp - ly i - dol - ize, A pret - ty

pair of eyes, All the Sam - mies think a lot of the GIRLS!

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