DON'T WRITE ME LETTERS
(But come right back to me)

WORDS BY
JOE YOUNG
MUSIC BY
BERT GRANT

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Don't Write Me Letters

(But Come Right Back To Me)

Lyric by
JOE YOUNG.

Moderato.

Music by
BERT GRANT.

I got a letter from my sweetie to-day;
Save all the pennies that you're spending on mail,
Instead of letters send your-

same old way. "Hon-ey how de do? I've been true to you,
self by rail; Why neg-lect me dear, I ex-pect you here;
way." I get a let-ter ev'-ry day in the week;
fail. I'm sick of read-ing, it's the same ev'-ry day;

hear sweetie speak. Ev'-ry note I get with my tears I wet,
far, far a-way. For a month or two you've been feel-ing blue;

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"Don't write me letters, But come right back to me, What good are letters,

I want your company, In every letter I find A million kisses underlined; But they're not the kind of kisses, Sweet and loving kisses, I have in mind. The every letter

Is full of love for me; I feel much better, If your smile I could see.

So now, instead of loving me with paper, pen and ink, I wish you'd tell me to my face just

what you think. Don't write me letters. But come right back to me. Don't write me me?
Way Down In Iowa
I'm Going To Hide Away.

Lyric by
SAM M. LEWIS & JOE YOUNG.

Chorus.

I'm gonna hide away,
on a little farm in Iowa;
I'm gonna ride away,
on the road that leads to yesterday.

Why, I can almost picture dear old mother,
Sprinkling sugar on my bread and butter,
Way down in that town in Iowa.

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