Written by CLIFFORD GREY

Composed by NAT. D. AYER





CHORUS: Another little drink, etc.

There was a little girl who went into Revue, Couldn't act a bit but a lady through and through, 'Cause to ev'rybody round she would show good form, And another little drink wouldn't do us any harm. *CHORUS:* Another little drink, etc.

There was a pretty lass and I'm grieved to say, She climbed upon a'bus on a windy day, When a busy little breeze blew an awful storm, And another little drink wouldn't do us any harm. *CHORUS:* Another little drink, *etc.* Now in Parliament when they get into a stew, And they're all mixed and they don't know what to do, Mr. Asquith says in a manner sweet and calm, "Well, another little drink wouldn't do us any harm."

CHORUS: Another little drink, etc.

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I went to a Ball dressed as the map of France, Said a girl "Show me how the French advance," When she reached the Firing Line I shouted in alarm, And another little drink wouldn't do us any harm. *CHORUS:* Another little drink, *etc.*