The Girl In The Khaki Dress

Words by
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Music by
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Gaily

1. I am a girl who's
2. 'Bus that I al-ways
3. Pa's got a house at

ra-ther lar-ky, Always dressing my-self in kha-ki, Just the same as men who claim to
go to town on, Is-n't right if it ain't a brown'un, Ev'rything is kha-ki that I
Regent's Park, he had to have it re-paint-ed kha-ki! Whim of mine, and dear Pa-pa con-

fight for their home and Queen; Now they're winning a nation's prais-es,
either eat or drink; In the restaurant, to the wai-ter,
sent ed well, of course! Smiled as sweet-ly as he was a-ble

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You all know what the latest craze is khaki this, and khaki that! Well, I'm on in that I say, "Bring me a khaki ta-ter!" If he calls me "cocky," I give him a khaki I've just been going through the stable Won't let him keep any-thing except a khaki scene! Kha-ki boots and stockings on either leg, And wink! I am khaki ev-e-ry-thing, it's true, Why, horse! Kha-ki sheets and blankets and, I de-clare, In ev-ry morn, at breakfast time, I have a khaki egg! Kha-ki cuffs and when I bank my mon-ey, I've a khaki bank book too; I dress in the ev-ry bedroom in the house we've khaki crock-ry ware! What say? too much collars, yes, and khaki "dicky dirts," And I've got khaki bloomers on, fash-ion, as I stroll around the town. My hair was once a bril-liant black kha-ki? That's just where the fun be-gins. What a-bout my sis-ter, eh?
un-derneath my skirts:
now it's a kha-ki brown:
I'm the girl
Just had kha-ki
twins:

Fellows follow-ing me, so lar-ky, 'Bus-men hol-loa-ing,

"Wot cher, kha-ki!" Oh! girls: their love they can't ex-press:

What oh! That's Flo' the girl in the kha-ki
dress:

D G
D7
G C B
E+ E7 Am C D G D.C. G