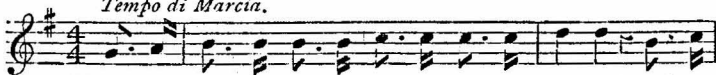


THE KILL-JOYS.

Written, Composed and Sung by

NELSON JACKSON.

Tempo di Marcia.



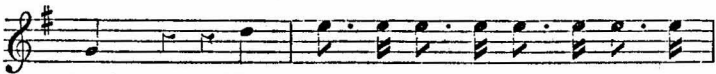
There's a grue-some gang of med dle-some old blighters, They're a



pack of pro - sy prudes up-on the prowl, They're a no-sey set of



sneak a-bout at night-ers, And at ev - 'rything that's gay they raise a



howl. They find a dead - ly sin in ev - 'ry



pas-time, De - clare per-di - tion lurks in ev - 'ry game,

Damnation's in a dance that's done in jazz time

And a two-step leads to everlasting flame.

Now, I wonder, what sort of a world we should see

If the kill-joys got things as they'd like them to be.

.....
And that is the sort of a world we should see

If the kill-joys got things as they'd like them to be, etc.