

HE'LL ALWAYS BE ONE OF THOSE GUYS

LYRIC by
JACK YELLEN
AND
BILLY NOSALG

MUSIC by
MILFORD CAPMAN



AGER, YELLEN & BORNSTEIN INC.
MUSIC PUBLISHERS

1595 BROADWAY

AYB

NEW YORK



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Valse moderato

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The bass line starts with a quarter note G2, followed by quarter notes F2, E2, and D2. The piece is marked with a forte (f) dynamic.

VOICE

Say, I know a wise crack-in' guy ——— Im won-der-in' how he gets
There's no-thing be-neath this guy's hood ——— He'd like to be smart if he

The vocal line is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is simple and follows the lyrics. The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major, and is marked with a piano (p) dynamic. It features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

by ——— But he's kept a live since Eigh-teen Nine-ty-five And
could ——— But there's not a chance; You can see at a glance This

The vocal line continues the melody from the first verse. The piano accompaniment continues with the same steady bass line and chords.

no-bod-y seems to know why ——— He's one of those four flush-in'
ba-by is out for no good ——— There's no-thing a-bout him that's

The vocal line concludes the melody. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a final note in the left hand.

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"roids" — That no one can pict-ure with "roids" — Just one of those
real; — He's just a bum card in the deal — Wher - e - ver you're

ginks who is nix, but he thinks That he's the gir - aff's ad - e - roids —
bound, you will find him a - round Like O-Sul - li - van he's on your heel —

CHORUS

And he'll al-ways be one of those guys — There ain't no use put-tin' him
And he'll al-ways be one of those guys — He loves to wear lav-en-der

p-f

wise — 'Cause good com-mon sense is a thing he ain't got If his brains was
ties — He keeps all his dough in a bag on his chest When he chang-es a

ink they would not make a dot; He's just one of those cake-eat-in' guys — And
 quart-er he must get un-dressed; You can see he's some kind of a nut — He

he draws mos-quit-oes and flies — When he's with the lad-ies he sure is a
 looks like the son of King Tut — He car-ries a vi-o-let in his lap-

bear He rides them in street cars to give them fresh air And match-es them coins to see
 el He eats down at Child's then to show that he's swell He picks his teeth out-side the

who pays the fare And he'll al-ways be one of those guys. — And he'll guys. —
 As-tor Ho-tel And he'll al-ways be one of those And he'll

He'll Always Be One Of Those Guys

Words by
JACK YELLEN and
BILLY NOSALG

Music by
MILFORD CAPMAN

I.

Say, I know a wise crackin' guy;
I'm wonderin' how he gets by,
But he's kept alive
Since Eighteen Ninety-Five,
Tho' nobody seems to know why!
He's one of those four-flushin' "boids"
That no one can picture with "woids";
He's one of those ginks
Who is nix; but he thinks
That he's the giraffe's adenoids!

CHORUS

And he'll always be one of those guys;
There ain't no use puttin' him wise.
'Cause good common sense is a thing he ain't got;
If his brains was ink, they would not make a dot.
Oh, he's one of those cake-eatin' guys,
And he draws mosquitoes and flies.
When he's with the ladies, he sure is a bear;
He rides 'em in street cars to give 'em fresh air,
And matches 'em coins to see who pays the fare!
And he'll always be one of those guys.

CHORUS

And he'll always be one of those guys;
He loves to wear lavender ties.
He keeps all his dough in a bag on his chest;
When he changes a quarter, he must get undressed.
You can see he's some kind of a nut,
And he looks like the son of King Tut.
He carries a violet in his lapel;
He eats down at Childs, then to show that he's swell,
He picks his teeth outside the Astor Hotel.
And he'll always be one of those guys.

CHORUS

O, he'll always be one of those guys;
A boob who will never get wise.
He dances collegiate; and when they escape,
The girls who dance with him are bent out of shape.
He talks of his cars and his yacht,
And then gets his meals from a slot;
The poor chump is just one of Nature's mistakes;
He brags about all the big money he makes,
Then borrows a dime to buy coffee and cakes.
And he'll always be one of those guys!

CHORUS

O, he'll always be one of those guys;
He vamps ev'ry dame that he spies.
He thinks he has charms that no girl can resist;
His mother who raised him was some optimist.
Hes just a bum card in the deck;
What's known as a pain in the neck.
He took out one girl - this wonderful lad!
And he spent three dollars - now that wasn't bad.
He would of spent more, but that's all that she had!
And he'll always be one of those guys!