Meet Me In St. Louis

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When Louis came home to the flat
He hung up his coat and his hat
He gazed all around, but no wifey he found
So he said, "Where can Flossie be at?"A note on the table he spied
He read it just once, then he cried
It ran, "Louis dear, it's too slow for me here
So I think I will go for a ride"Meet me in St. Louis, Louis
Meet me at the fair
Don't tell me the lights are shining
Any place but thereWe will dance the Hootchy-kootchy
I will be your tootsie wootsie
If you will meet in St. Louis, Louis
Meet me at the fairMeet me in St. Louis, Louis
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