

I Love Louisa

Arthur Schwartz

How I love a glass of beer

(More beer)

Beer goes very good with beer

(More beer)

When I'm drinking beer I'm thinking, ach life is beer

But there's someone I love even more than beer

I love Louisa, Louisa loves me

When we rode on the merry-go-round

I kissed Louisa and then Louisa, Louisa kissed me

We were so happy, so happy and free

Ach, ach, Madchen, beautiful Louisa

Ach, when I choose them, I never want to lose them

Someday Louisa, Louisa will be

More than just a Fraulein to me

A Frenchman loves a glass of vine

(More beer)

The English think the whiskey's fine

(More beer)

And when I comb off, all the foam off I drink a toast

To the Germans and the Madchen, I loved most

Ich liebe Louisa, Louisa liebt mich

Als wir fuhren auf dem Wege

Ich kusste Louisa und dann Louisa, Louisa kusste mich

Wir waren sehr glucklich, so glucklich und frei

Ach, ach, Madchen, beautiful Louisa

Ach when I choose them, I never want to lose them

Someday Louisa, Louisa will be

More as just a Fraulein to me

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written by DIETZ, HOWARD/SCHWARTZ, ARTHUR

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