

# Bing Crosby, Let's All Meet At My House

What is wrong with everybody lately  
What the deuce has happened to the gang  
No-one chews the rag, no-one pulls a gag  
Say do I have to whip the whole shebang  
Times are not as bad as what you read  
and your's truly knows just what you need  
Let's all meet at my house  
Just make yourselves at home  
I'll drag out my banjo  
If someone will play the comb  
And we'll sing all the old songs  
incase someone feels blue  
Let's all meet at my house  
Let my house be your house too

I'll take you to his house, if you'll be my sweetheart  
On no solo this is good neighbour work  
But darling I'm ready whenever you care to start  
That's right take the big red bus  
If they play post office, remember I'm with you  
Here here now Woodward, break it up  
So let's go to his house, it seems like the thing to do  
Come on