

# Bing Crosby, Empty Saddles

Evelina, wont ya ever take a shine to that moon?  
Evelina, aint ya bothered by the bobolinks tune?  
Tell me, tell me how long  
Ya gonna keep delayinthe day.  
Dont ya reckon its wrong  
Triffin with April this way?  
Evelina, wont ya pay a little mind to me soon?  
Wake up! wake up!  
The earth is fair, the fruit is fine  
But whats the use o smellin winter water melon  
Clingin to another fellas vine?  
Evelina, wont ya roll off that vine an be mine?