

I'm A Society Bud



By
BERT KALMAR
and
HARRY RUBY

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Moderato

Piano

Voice

If you

Till ready

look at me it's plain to see, that I am in so - ci - e - ty, I'm a soc - ial but - ter - fly, hi -

ho! hi - ho! You can bet I'm flying high. Ev - 'ry time I want my horse to trot I

snap the whip and yell "get hot," He does an - y - thing I say, Hi - ho! hi - ho! I go

rid-ing ev-'ry day: I ming-le late-ly quite a lot with peo-ple of af-

fairs, Some of the best friends that I've got are malt-ed mil-lion - aires.—

Chorus

I'm a first class high-tone typ-i-cal up-town so-ci-e-ty bud.
I'm a first class high-tone typ-i-cal up-town so-ci-e-ty bud.

p-f

At the Ritz I know the best of them, Gold-berg, Stein-berg, and the rest of them.
At the Dog Show they were nice to me, All the Judg-es gave the prize to me.

Gould and Whit-ney run a-round wit me, we're thick-er than mud, My folks landed
At Palm Beach I got a housewheech I keep op - en'till May, Ev-'ry win-ter

with the Mil-grims, there's blue in my blood. I had my nose fixed up it
I ride down in my Pack-ard Tou - pe. Some folks drink tea from saucers,

helps a lot, of course, I fool the neigh-bors but I could - n't fool the
but they have no class, Thank God I know e - nough to drink tea from a

horse. - I use Co-ty's French per - fume, I smell like a Ros-en - blume, I'm a
glass. - I'll be coming out next Fall, At the deb-u - tan-te's ball, I'm a

first class, hightone typ-i-cal up-town so-ci-e-e-ty bud! - I'm a bud! -
first class, hightone typ-i-cal up-town so-ci-e-e-ty bud! I'm a bud! -