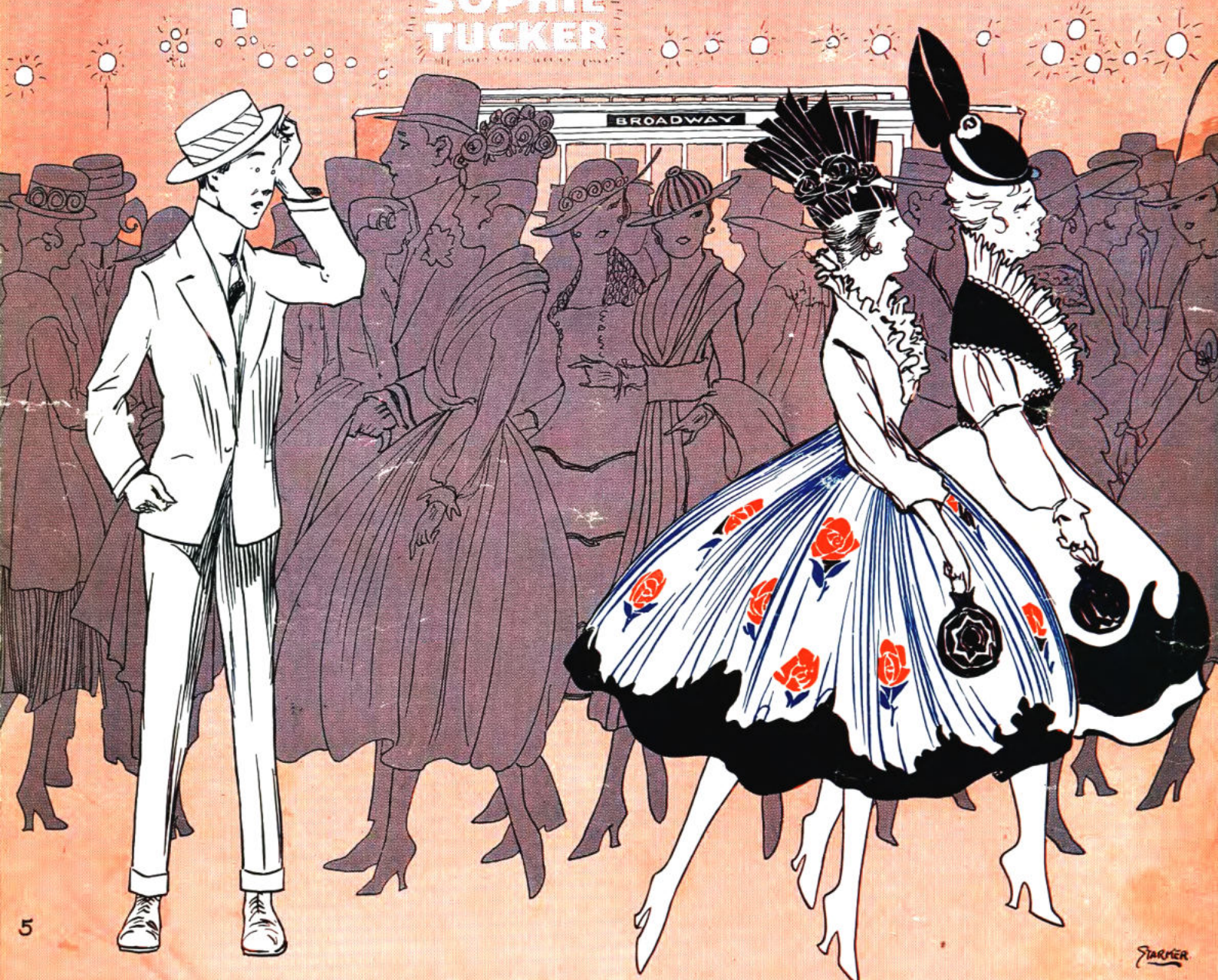


YOU CAN'T TELL THE MOTHERS FROM THE DAUGHTERS

WORDS BY
JACK YELLEN
MUSIC BY
JACK GLOGAU

THE
PALACE
EMMA
CARUS
SOPHIE
TUCKER



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You Can't Tell The Mothers From The Daughters

Lyric by
JACK YELLEN

Music by
JACK GLOGAU

PIANO

Voice

Vamp

Things are get-ting high-er high-er ev-'ry day And folks are much a-
Once up-on a time a skirt would oft-en show, A-bout how old the

larned, it's true, But I've still to meet the man who would com-plain, 'Cause
wear-er was; Lit-tle girls wore skirts that end-ed at the knees, Just

skirts are get-ting high-er too, Now I have no ob-ject-ions to the mod-ern style of
like my lit-tle sis-ter does; And grown-up lad-ies used to wear their dress-es rath-er

dress, I like to see all that there is to see, But there's one thing a-bout them that I
long, But now-a-days, of-course, the men all know, Po-lite skirts nev-er show the wear-er's

will con-fess Is ve-ry, ve-ry ser-i-ous with me:
age at all, Though there are lots of oth-er things they show:

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano part consists of chords and rhythmic patterns, while the vocal line carries the lyrics. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piece ends with a final piano chord.

Chorus

You can't tell the Mothers from the Daughters; You can't tell the young ones from the
 You can't tell the Mothers from the Daughters; You can't tell the young ones from the

old, Don't blame the girls for the naughty things that they do, Be-cause their mothers
 old, A pret-ty dress, a lit-tle pow-der and paint— Can make a nice old a
 It's get-ting hard-er ev-'ry day on us men,— We go out af-ter a

like to do the same things too, They act a lot young-er when they're for- - ty, Than
 la-dy look like what she ain't;— When Moth-er and Daugh-ter go out walk- - ing, No
 chick-en and we get a hen,— When Moth-ers and Daugh-ters go par-ad- - ing, They

they used to do at six-teen, I asked a girl to go out in my motor car,
 bod-y can tell them a part, The grown up girls are get-ting young-er ev-'ry day,
 all look a like from the rear; They're com-ing back from Hon-o-lu-lu, so I hear,

She said she would if I could get a friend for Ma, You can't tell the Mothers from the
 You ought to see my grandina strolling down Broadway,— You can't tell the Mothers from the
 They're wear-in' them a whole lot high-er o-ver here,—

Daugh-ters so what's a fel-low goin' to do. do.
 Daugh-ters, So what's a fel-low goin' to do. You do.