

CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?

THE LITTLE SHOW

AS PRESENTED BY
WM. A. BRADY JR. & DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN
IN ASSOCIATION WITH
TOM WEATHERLY



LYRICS MOSTLY BY

HOWARD
DIETZ

MUSIC MOSTLY BY

ARTHUR
SCHWARTZ

I've Made A Habit Of You
A Little Hut In Hoboken
Or What Have You?
Moanin' Low
Can't We Be Friends?
Caught In The Rain
I Guess I'll Have to Change
My Plan
Selection

HARMS
INCORPORATED
NEW YORK

Can't We Be Friends?

Words by
PAUL JAMES

Music by
KAY SWIFT

Andantino

Piano

mp

un poco rit

Ukulele
G C E A

Slowly

I took each word he said as gos-pel truth, The way a sil-ly lit-tle

a tempo.

P ben cantando

child would.

I can't ex-cuse it on the grounds of youth,--

I was no babe in the wild wood.

He did-n't mean it,--

Copyright MCMXXIX by HARMS Inc., N. Y.

Copyrighted in South America by Harry Kosarin, Rio de Janeiro

Propiedad Asegurada Para Republica Argentina Por J. Feliu e Hijos, Buenos Aires

International Copyright Secured

Made in U. S. A.

All Rights Reserved

I should have seen it,— Now — it's too late!

Refrain (Slowly and with much expression)

p-mf a tempo.

I thought I'd found the man of my dreams. Now it seems
I thought I knew the wheat from the chaff,— What a laugh!

*a tempo.
p-mf*

This is how the sto-ry— ends: He's goin' to turn me down and say,
This is how the sto-ry— ends: I let him turn me down and say,

"Can't we be friends?"
"Can't we be friends?"

I thought for once it
I act - ed like a

could-nt go wrong,— Not for long! I can see the way this—
 kid out of school,— What a fool! Now I see the way this—

ends: He's goin' to turn me down— and say, "Can't we be friends?"—
 ends: I let him turn me down— and say, "Can't we be friends?"—

Never a — gain! — Through with
 Why — should I care, — Though he

love, — Through with men! They play their game — with-out shame,
 gave — me the air? Why should I cry, — heave a sigh,

and who's to blame?
and won - der why?

dim.

p I thought I'd found a man I could trust, — What a bust!
I should have seen the sig - nal to stop, — What a flop!

This is how the stor - y — ends: He's goin' to turn me down and say,
This is how the stor - y — ends: I let him turn me down and say,

"Can't we be friends?"
"Can't we be friends?"

1 2 3