

# THE OLDER THEY GET, THE HARDER THEY FALL

by  
KENDIS BROCKMAN AND VINCENT



KENDIS-BROCKMAN MUSIC CO. INC  
145 WEST 45<sup>TH</sup> ST. NEW YORK N.Y.



# The Older They Get, The Harder They Fall

By KENDIS, BROCKMAN  
and VINCENT

Allegro moderatò

Piano

*Till Ready*

Ev - 'ry fel - low's bound to fall for  
Doc - tors say when men reach fif - ty

some lit - tle girl, — Some fall out and then fall in a - gain,  
their day is done, — But some - how with them I can't a - gree,

One lit - tle hug — makethem act like a bug, — And a kiss sim - ply drivesthem in - sane. —  
My Dad - dy dear, — did - nt meetMoth - er dear, — Un - til he had reached fif - ty - three. —

Chorus

The old - er they get, — why the hard - er they fall, — For the girls, girls, girls, —  
The old - er they get, — why the hard - er they fall, — For the girls, girls, girls, —  
The old - er they get, — why the hard - er they fall, — For the girls, girls, girls, —

— Al-tho' they look pas-sé, you'll find them in class "A," — Try-ing hard to act real nift-y,  
 — You think their day is done, why they have just be-gun, — When the neigh-bor-hood is qui-et,  
 — Al-tho' they're near the grave, they sim-ply can't be-have, — When they spy a lit-tle chick-en

Tho' they're twenty years past fif-ty, Rat-tle a skirt, — how the old boys will flirt, — Why they  
 Some old gink will start a ri-ot, There on the job, — al-ways look-ing for squab, — A - ny  
 How their puls-es start to quick-en, Coax them a-long, — and just sing them a song, — And they'll

dream a-bout dim-ples and curls, — One lit-tle wink, — and then they start in-to rave, —  
 time, a - ny place the wind whirls, — On ev-'ry cor - ner when there's skirts fly-ing high, —  
 fall for some dia - monds and pearls, — Ma - ny a prune — who has been nipped by the frost, —

— "Zip" goes the coin — that took them long years to save, — The old-er they get, — why the  
 — You'll al-ways find — them wip-ing dust from their eye, — The old-er they get, — why the  
 — Tries to make up — for all the time that he's lost, — The old-er they get, — why the

hard-er they fall — for the girls, girls, girls. The girls. —  
 hard-er they fall — for the girls, girls, girls. The girls. —  
 hard-er they fall — for the girls, girls, girls. The girls. —