Verse 1:
Bb                                                                                      G7
Say, little honey, I haven't any money, But it's grand, it's grand
Bb                                                   F7                                             Bb  F7
It's grand when you haven't any money, To hold your honey's hand...
Bb                                                                                                               G7
Say, little honey, don't you think my clothes are funny, Being second-hand
C                                                               F7
And though I'm out of style, What is it makes my life worthwhile?

Chorus:
Bb                                                             G7
A little walk, a little park, A little bench, a little dark
C7                             F7                          Bb           C7             F7
A little who's this, a little what's this, And a great big bunch of you!
Bb                                                                                                               G7
A little kiss, a little sigh, A little when, a little why
C7                            F7                         Bb           F7            Bb
A little who's this, a little what's this, And a great big bunch of you!
A7  D      A7      D                                A7                       D
I'm like a robin in the Spring, That wants to sing all day
F               C7              F                              C7                     F7
I'll pawn my watch and everything, If you'll agree to what I say
Bb                                                                                    G7
A little house, a little lot, What have we got, well, you know what
C7                          F7                            Bb            F7           Bb
A little who's this, a little what's this, And a great big bunch of you

Verse 2:
Bb                                                                                      G7
I never weary when I hug and kiss my dearie, Oh, it's fine, just fine
Bb                                          F7                                             Bb  F7
It's fine everytime I kiss my dearie, For it's like a drink of wine
Bb                                                                                                               G7
We're very clever 'cause we never, ever, Ever have to spend a dime
C                                                               F7
We never will go short, Indulging in our favorite sport