It All Belongs To Me
Irving Berlin 1927   ukesterbrown.com (1st note sung is G )

Intro:
C         Gdim           G7                 C        Gdim    G7
Take a look at the flower in my button hole
C       Gdim              G7                       C
Take a look say and ask me why it's there
C              Gdim           G7                          C         Gdim  G7
Can't you see that I'm all dressed up to take a stroll
C             Gdim                    G7                      C   Cdim   Fm6  C
Can't you tell that there's something in the air
G7                         C                         B7                     Em           B7   G7
I've got a date— can hardly wait— I'd like to bet— she won't be late

Verse 1:
C                                    Cdim
Here she comes- come on and meet
     C                              Gm        A7                            D7     G7    G+ C   Gdim G7
A hundred pounds of what is mighty sweet and it all belongs to me
     C                           Cdim                        C                   Gm           A7
Flashing eyes and how they roll- a disposition like a sugar bowl
     D7      G7          C  Cdim  C
And it all belongs to me
     E7                                  Am
That pretty baby face, that bunch of style and grace
     D7      G7      Fm6  G7
Should be in Tiffany's window- in a platinum jewel case
     C                        Cdim                           C              Gm                        A7
Hey there you you'll get in dutch— I'll let you look, but then you mustn’t touch
     D7      G7    G+ C
For it all belongs to me

Verse 2:
C                                  Cdim
Here she comes- come on and meet
     C                        Gm       A7                             D7     G7    G+ C   Gdim G7
A hundred pounds of what is mighty sweet and it all belongs to me
     C                         Cdim                        C           Gm           A7
Rosy cheeks and red hot lips and polished nails upon her finger tips
     D7      G7    G+ C  Cdim  C
And it all belongs to me
     E7                                        Am
Those lips that I desire— are like electric wire
     D7      G7      Fm6  G7
She kissed a tree last summer— and she started a forest fire
     C                        Cdim                           C              Gm                        A7
I'm in love with what she's got and what she's got she's got an awful lot
     D7      G7    G+ C
And it all belongs to me.