

# THEY GO WILD SIMPLY WILD OVER ME

(F. Fisher)

They go wild simply wild over me, They don't  
 Ev-'ry night how they fight o-ver me, I don't  
 mad just as mad as they can be, No mat-ter where I'm  
 know what it  
 at, All the la-dies thin or fat, The tall ones, the  
 small ones, I grab 'em off like that, is that they can see, —  
 — The la-dies look at me and sigh, In my arms they want to  
 die, They go wild sim-ply wild o-ver me.