

P.S. I LOVE YOU

(G. Jenkins)

Moderately

Dear I thought I'd drop a line, the weath-er's cool, the folks are fine
Yes-ter-day we had some rain, But all in all, I can't complain.

I'm in bed each night at nine, P. S. I love you. love you.
Was it dust-y on the train?

Write to the Browns just as soon as you're a-ble, They came around to call,
I burned a hole in the din-ing-room ta-ble, And let me see, I
guess that's all. Noth-ing else for me to say, And so I'll close, but, by the
way, Ev-'ry-bod-y's think-ing of you. P. S. I love you.