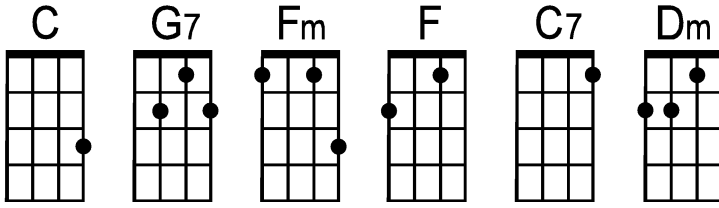


Miss Otis Regrets (She's Unable to Lunch today)

by Cole Porter (1934)



(sing e)

Miss Otis re—grets she's un—able to lunch to—day— Madam—

Miss Otis re—grets she's un—able to lunch to—day—

She is sorry to be de—layed—

But last evening down in Lover's Lane she strayed— Madam—

Miss Otis re—grets she's un—able to lunch to—day—

When she woke up and found, that her dream of love was gone— Madam—

She ran to the man who had led her so far a—stray—

And from under her vel—vet gown—

She drew a gun and shot her lover down— Madam—

Miss Otis re—grets she's un—able to lunch to—day—

When the mob came and got her and dragged her from the jail— Madam—

They strung her from the old willow a-cross the way—

And the moment be—fore she died—

She lifted up her lovely head and cried— Madam—

Miss Otis re—grets she's un—able to lunch to—day—

Miss Otis re—grets she's un—able to lunch to—day—