

A6	Ab7	A6	F#7
B7	F7 E7	A6 Ab7	A6 Ab7
A6	Ab7	A6	F#7
B7	F7 E7	A6 Ab7	A6 Ab7
A6	Ab7	A6	F#7
B7	F7 E7	A6 Ab7	A6

E7		A6 Ab7	A6 Ab7
E7		A6 Ab7	A6 Ab7
E7		A6 Ab7	A6 Ab7

A6	Ab7	A6	F#7		
B7	F7 E7	A6 Ab7	A6 Ab7	A6 Ab7	A6

She's a bit old-timey, but that's alright with me  
 She wears a dress of velvet that hangs below her knees, her knees  
 She's a bit old-fashioned, as all the world can see  
 The cameo she wears upon her bosom, puts me in ecstasy, ecstasy  
 Yes, she's her own grandmother, that's what they're telling me  
 But my old-timey baby is swell enough for me, you see

You see, she plays her old Victrola  
 The lamp is low, kerosene, you know  
 You know we lie, we lie upon her bed  
 The patchwork quilt beneath her head  
 or while her wheel is spinning  
 She sews some lace or we embrace

Or when we go out strolling, the world can plainly see  
 That my old-timey baby is swell enough, she's young enough  
 She's hip enough for me