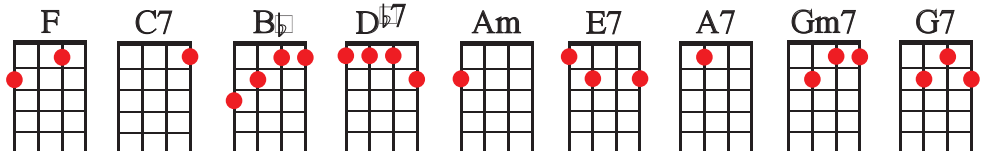




# AIN'T WE GOT FUN

Words by Gus Kahn & Raymond B. Egan Music by Richard A. Whiting - 1921



F

C7

EV'RY MORNING, EV'RY EVENING, AIN'T WE GOT FUN

F

NOT MUCH MONEY, OH BUT MONEY, AIN'T WE GOT FUN

Bb

(Db7)

F

THE RENT'S UN-PAID DEAR... WE HAVEN'T A BUS

Am

E7

Am

C7

BUT SMILES WERE MADE DEAR, FOR PEOPLE LIKE US

F

C7

IN THE WINTER IN THE SUMMER, DON'T WE HAVE FUN

F

TIMES ARE BAD AND GETTING BADDER, STILL WE HAVE FUN

Bb

A7

Gm7

E7

F

C7

THERE'S NOTHING SURE, THE RICH GET RICH AND THE POOR GET CHILDREN

F

G7

C7

F

IN THE MEANTIME, IN BETWEEN TIME, AIN'T WE GOT FUN

Ev'ry morning Ev'ry evening Don't we got fun,  
Twins and cares dear, come in pairs dear, Don't we have fun  
We've only started, As mommer and pop, Are we downhearted,  
I'll say that we're not.  
Landlords mad and getting madder, Ain't we got fun,  
Times are bad and getting badder, Still we have fun  
There's nothing surer, The rich get rich and the poor get laid off  
In the meantime, In between time, Ain't we got fun

Night or daytime, It's all playtime, Ain't we got fun,  
Hot or cold days, Any old days, Ain't we got fun  
If wifie wishes, To go to a play,  
Don't wash the dishes, Just throw them away  
Street car seats are awful narrow, Ain't we got fun  
They won't smash up our Pierce Arrow, We ain't got none  
They've cut my wages, (But my) income tax will be so much smaller,  
When I'm paid off, I'll be laid off, Ain't we got fun