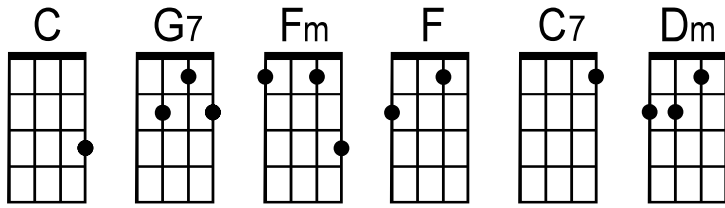


Miss Otis Regrets (She's Unable to Lunch today)

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—