

# Honeymoon Inn.

Words by  
P. G. WODEHOUSE

Music by  
JEROME KERN.

Moderato.

VOICE.

Out be - yond the far hor - i - zon,  
Hap - py lov - ers there are a - ble

Piano.

*mp*

There's a place I've not set eyes on, Where a hap - py  
To hold hands be - neath the ta - ble, If they're caught em -

hav - en wed - ded lov - ers may win. Cov - ered deep in  
brac - ing there is no one to grin. No one pays the

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hon.-ey suck-les, Near a stream that laughs and chuck-les.  
 least at-ten-tion; Kiss-ing is a great in-ven-tion

Bathed in gold-en sun-shine, Stands the Hon-ey-moon Inn.  
 Ev-'ry bod-y does it At the Hon-ey-moon Inn.

Refrain.

Life's al-ways May there, For sweet-hearts who

stray there, A - way from the bus - tle and

din. All days are gay there And

no days are gray there When you're at the Hon - ey - moon

Inn. You live on bread and cheese and

kiss - es — You know that this is — the thing to

do. — I'd go and stay there, I'd

spend ev - 'ry day there, If on - ly the way — there, I

1 knew. 2 knew.