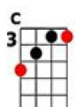
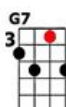
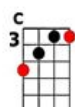
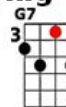
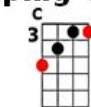
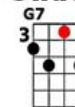


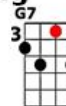
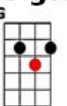
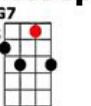
TIPTOE THROUGH THE TULIPS WITH ME



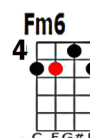
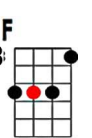
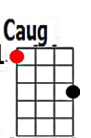
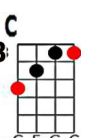
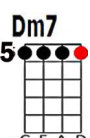
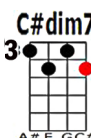
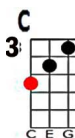
Shades of night are creeping Willow trees are weeping



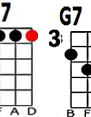
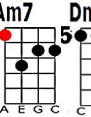
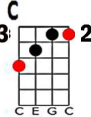
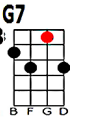
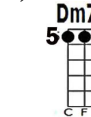
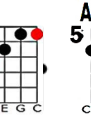
Old folks and babies are sleeping, Silver stars are gleaming



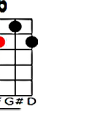
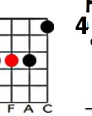
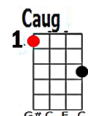
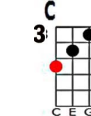
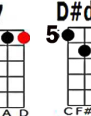
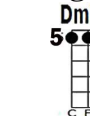
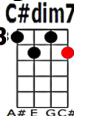
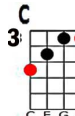
All alone I'm scheming Scheming to get you out here, my dear



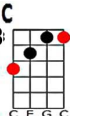
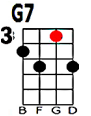
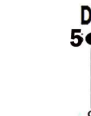
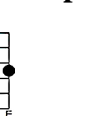
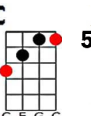
Tiptoe to the window, by the window that is where I'll be



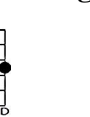
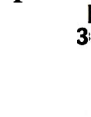
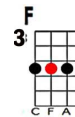
Come tiptoe through the tulips with me



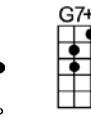
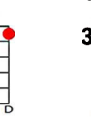
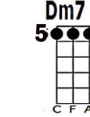
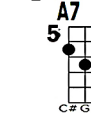
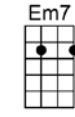
Tiptoe from your pillow to the shadow of a willow tree



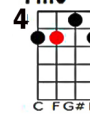
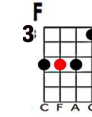
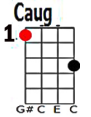
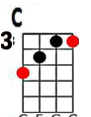
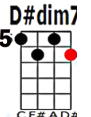
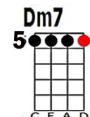
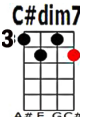
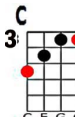
Come tiptoe through the tulips with me.



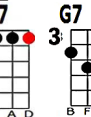
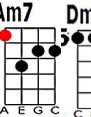
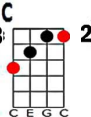
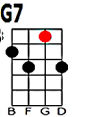
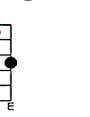
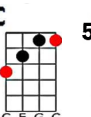
Knee deep in flowers we'll stray



We'll keep the showers a-way, and if I



Kiss you in the garden, in the moonlight, will you pardon me?



Come tiptoe through the tulips with me.

Go on to "It's Only a Paper Moon-C")