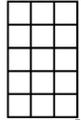


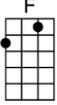
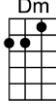
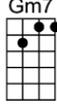
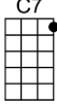
SING A

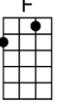
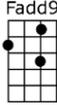
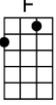
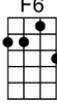
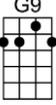
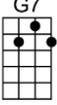
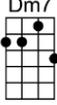
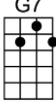


MY SUGAR IS SO REFINED - Sydney Lippman

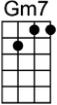
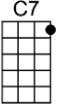
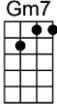
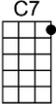
4/4 1...2...1234

- Sylvia Dee / Josephine Proffitt

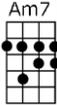
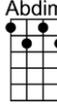
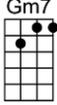
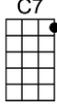
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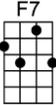
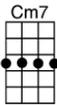
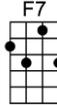
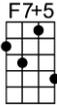
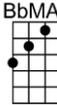
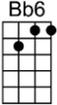
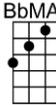
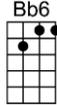
My sugar is so refined, she's one of them high-class kind
My sugar is so refined, she's got a real high-class mind

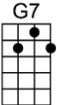
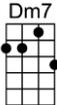
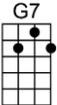
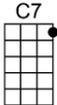
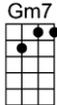
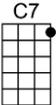
She doesn't wear a hat, she wears a cha-peau
She never buys a dress, it's always a frock

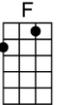
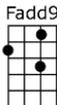
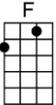
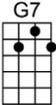
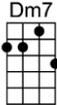
She goes to see a cinema, but never a show (2nd verse)
She always winds her timepiece up, but never her clock

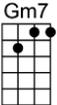
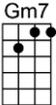
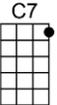
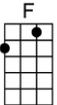
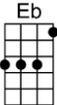
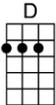
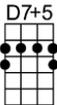
She says "to-mahto" in-stead of "toma-to." She says "po-tahto" in-stead of "pota-to"

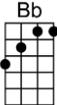
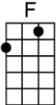
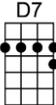
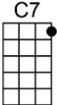
And you should see how she holds a cup of tea. With just two fingers while she sticks out three.

My sugar is so refined, She's one of them high-class kind

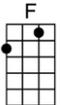
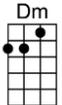
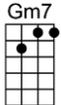
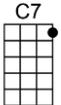
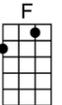
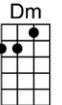
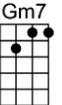
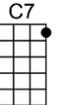
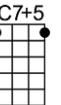
       

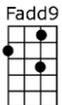
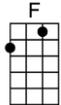
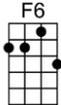
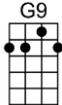
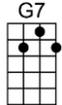
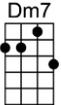
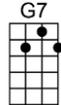
She never shares a kiss, she lets our lips u-nite, but, oh, it feels like kissin' and each kiss is dyna-mite

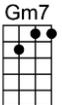
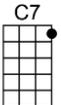
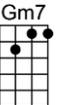
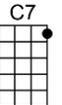
I wonder what she thinks of each time I hold her tight, ooh, she's so re-fined

p.2. My Sugar Is So Refined

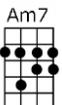
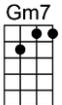
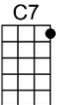
Interlude: ()        

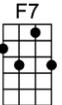
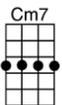
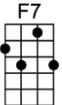
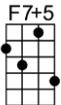
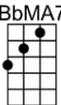
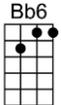
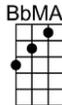
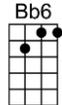
My sugar is real refined, got the finest kind of mind

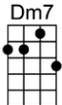
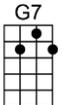
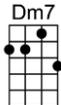
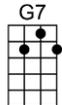
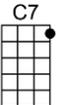
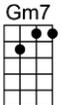
She never eats a meal, she “dines” or “sups”

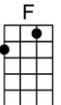
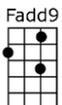
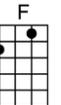
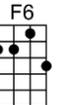
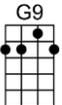
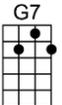
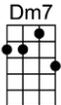
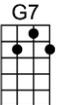
And of the little canine friends, they’re never “pups”

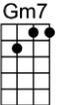
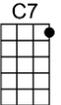
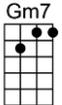
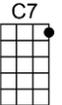
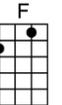
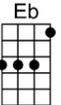
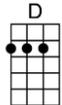
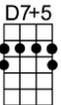
She says “ba-nahna,” in-stead of “banan-na” She says “pi-ahno,” in-stead of “pian-na”

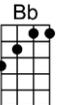
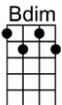
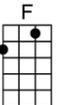
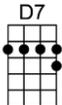
And you should see how she sits on her set-tee With cake and coffee balanced on one knee

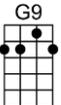
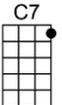
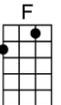
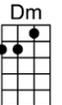
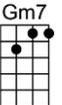
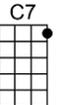
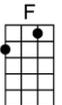
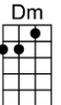
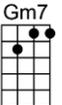
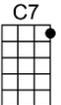
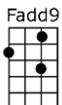
My sugar is so refined, she's one of them high-class kind

She acts just like her name is Mrs. Vander-loo, And, though I love her, and we’ll be married too

I wonder what she’ll do when we’re on our honey-moon,

Ooh, she’s so re-fined she’s so re-fined yeah, she’s so re-fined

MY SUGAR IS SO REFINED-Sydney Lippman

4/4 1...2...1234

-Sylvia Dee/Josephine Proffitt

Intro: | F Dm | Gm7 C7 | (X2)

F Fadd9 F F6 G9 G7 Dm7 G7
My sugar is so re-fined, She's one of them high-class kind

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
She doesn't wear a hat, she wears a cha-peau

Am7 Abdim Gm7 C7
She goes to see a cinema, but never a show

F Fadd9 F F6 G9 G7 Dm7 G7
My sugar is so re-fined, She's got a real high-class mind

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
She never buys a dress, it's always a frock

Am7 Abdim Gm7 C7
She always winds her timepiece up, but never her clock

F7 Cm7 F7 F7+
She says "to-mahto" in-stead of "toma-to"

BbMA7 Bb6 BMA7 Bb6
She says "po-tahto" in-stead of "pota-to"

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
And you should see how she holds a cup of tea

C7 Gm7 C7 C7+
With just two fingers while she sticks out three.

F Fadd9 F F6 G9 G7 Dm7 G7
My sugar is so re-fined, She's one of them high-class kind

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
She never shares a kiss, she lets our lips u-nite

F Eb D D7+
But, oh, it feels like kissin' and each kiss is dyna-mite

Bb Bdim F D7 G9 C7 F
I wonder what she thinks of each time I hold her tight, ooh, she's so re-fined

Interlude: (F) Dm Gm7 C7 F Dm Gm7 C7 C7+

p.2. My Sugar Is So Refined

F Fadd9 F F6 G9 G7 Dm7 G7
My sugar is real re-fined, got the finest kind of mind

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
She never eats a meal, she “dines” or “sups”

Am7 Abdim Gm7 C7
And of the little canine friends, they’re never “pups”

F7 Cm7 F7 F7+
She says “ba-nahna,” in-stead of “banan-na”

BbMA7 Bb6 BMA7 Bb6
She says “pi-ahno,” in-stead of “pian-na”

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
And you should see how she sits on her set-tee

C7 Gm7 C7+
With cake and coffee balanced on one knee

F Fadd9 F F6 G9 G7 Dm7 G7
My sugar is so re-fined, She's one of them high-class kind

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
She acts just like her name is Mrs. Vander-loo,

F Eb D D7+
And though I love her, and we’ll be married too

Bb Bdim F D7
I wonder what she’ll do when we’re on our honey-moon,

G9 C7 F Dm Gm7 C7 F Dm Gm7 C7 Fadd9
Ooh, she’s so re-fined she’s so re-fined yeah, she’s so re-fined