

# Frank Mills

Words and Music by James Rado, Gerome Ragni, and Galt MacDermot

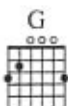
Moderately



I met a boy — called Frank Mills — on Sep - tem - ber twelfth, — right — here —



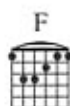
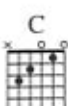
— in front of the Wav - er - ly, but un - for - tu - nate - ly —



I lost his ad - dress. — He was last — seen with his friend, —



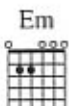
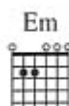
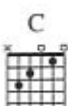
— a drum - mer. He re - semb - les George Har - ri - son of — the Beat - les, but he



wears — his hair — tied in a small — bow at back. I



love him, — but it em - bar - ras - ses me — to walk down the street with him. —



— He lives in Brook - lyn — some - where, and he

G C



wears his white crash hel- met. He has gold - en chains on his

F C



lea- ther jack- et, and on the back \_\_\_\_\_ are writ- ten the names—

F Am F



Mar - y and Mom and Hell's \_\_\_\_\_ An - gels.—

C G




I would grate - ful - ly \_\_\_\_\_ ap - pre - ci - ate it

Am F C



if you see him, \_\_\_\_\_ tell him \_\_\_\_\_ I am in the park with my

F G



girl - friend, and \_\_\_\_\_ please \_\_\_\_\_ tell him

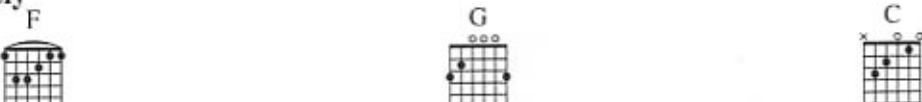
C G Am



An - gel - a \_\_\_\_\_ and I don't want the two dol - lars \_\_\_\_\_

Freely

F G C



back, \_\_\_\_\_ just him.